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THE
WORLD IN SNAP SHOTS
OR
LIGHT IN THE DARKNESS

REMINISCENCES FROM A

JOURNEY AROUND THE GLOBE

THROUGH EUROPE, ASIA AND AMERICA

ELEVEN WEEKS WITH THE MISSIONARIES

BOERRESEN AND SKREFSRUD

IN INDIA

29
24-24

BY

K. B. BIRKELAND

NEW AND REVISED EDITION

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LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

	PAGE
Baked Potatoes	31
Port Said	53
Railway Depot, Bombay	79
Musicians in India	84
Railway Travel in India	87
Shaving in India	101
A Hindu Girl	102
A Lady's Footwear	103
Heathen Children	112
Ebenezer, seen from the Church Tower	113
Benagaria	115
Rice-field in front of the Seminary	116
The Residence of Boerresen and Skrefsrud	117
The Girls' School, seen from the Seminary	119
School Girls	120
School Boys	121
In the Boys' School Yard	123
The Water Tanks	129
Ebenezer, from the Rear	134
The Church Building, seen from the Garden	136
Church Building and Congregation	141
Tea Festival	147
Mr. Boerresen and Native Evangelists	151
Saphadoa	165
Fishing in the River	175
A Cart	187
Rev. Sunna, his young Bride and Brides-Maids	191

PAGE
The House of an Evangelist 198
Girls Fetching Water 199
A Wedding Party 227
Different Ways of Saluting 285
View of the Market-Place 393
The Market-Place at Ebenezer 395
A Blacksmith Shop 399
Weaving 400
A Liquor Shop 403
L. O. Skrefsrud 417
In Court 423
The Seminary 427
Mrs. Boerresen's School for Girls 437
On the Wedding Day 445
"The Memorial Well" 455
Pavillion of Turka 465
Fortress at Agra 470
Balcony in the Palace 471
Sikindra, Akbar's Mausoleum 472
Gateway at Sikindra 473
Taj Mahal 479
The Interior of the Taj Mahal 481
An Entrance to the Fortress 485
Jumma Mosque 487
Benares 495
Ganesa 503
A Hindu Priest 508
The Burning Ghat 512
Carpenter Worshipping his Tools 526
Bathing in the Ganges 529
Holy Men on the Banks of the Ganges 537
A Fakir 540
A Devotee 541
A Street Scene in Benares 545

PAGE
The Serpent Charmer..... 548
Shri Swami Bhaskarandaji Saraswati..... 558
The Monkey Temple..... 565
A Holy Man..... 569
Worshipping the Serpent..... 571
A River Steamer..... 584
On the Ganges..... 587
Church Building and Congregation in Assam..... 589
In the Tea Plantation..... 593
Station Building and Church in Assam..... 595
Village of Takurpura..... 596
Transplanting Tea..... 597
Work in the Tea Factory..... 615
The Banyan Tree in the Botanical Garden in Calcutta..... 619
A Street in Penang..... 627
Malays 628
The Travelers Palm..... 629
Entrance to the Government Building in Singapore..... 631
Various Kinds of Fruit..... 633
The Harbor of HongKong..... 638
A Street in HongKong..... 640
Opium Smoking..... 645
Shanghai 655
The Harbor of Nagasaki..... 664
The Bronze-Horse Temple at Nagasaki..... 665
Jinrikisha 666
A Japanese Kitchen..... 667

INDEX

Page.

FIRST CHAPTER.

Leaving Home. — In the Steerage. — Our Young Men. — Home to Mother. — Disappointments. 17

SECOND CHAPTER.

Liverpool has Washed Itself. — The Slave-Trade and Smuggling gave the City a Start. — Bare-Footed in the Snow. — In the Railway Car. — The Sights of London. — Baked Potatoes. — Ugly Vehicles. — Lack of Artistic Taste in the Show Windows. — In the Public Houses. — At the Meat Shops. — The English Policeman. — London's Sanctuary. — In Another Church 25

THIRD CHAPTER.

In Paris. — The French Cafee. — The Gabbatha of France.— Place de la Bastille. — Marseilles. — The French Soldier. — An Acrobat in a Flourishing Trade.....37

FOURTH CHAPTER.

Through the Mediterranean. — At Port Said. — An Old Juggler. — Like a Worm in an Ant-Hill. — Blind Men. — The Canal. — The Red Sea. — Aden. — Divers. 49

FIFTH CHAPTER.

Good Company. — An American Missionary. — A Movement Among the Students. — Death and Funeral. — Dancing. 64

SIXTH CHAPTER.

In Bombay. — Helping Hands. — A Poor Selection. — A New Guide. — Number One Returned. — The Bill of Fare, Waiter, Wind-Maker, etc. — The Parsis. — A Modern School. 71

Page.

SEVENTH CHAPTER.

An Annoying Night. — Precaution Against the Bubonic Plague. — A Gruesome Incident. — Wild Beasts. — Poisonous Snakes. — In the Valley of the Ganges. — The same as in Days of Old. — Big Tobacco Pipes. — Monotonous Villages. — Artificial Irrigation. 85

EIGHTH CHAPTER.

Where I am Going. — One Day Alone in a Hindu Village. — In the Washing-Pond. — Shaving. — Trading-Booths. — Jewelry. — Cleanliness. — A Soothsayer. 96

NINTH CHAPTER.

The Results of a Telegram. — A Native Physician. — A European Physician. — Eight Men Pulling My Cariole. —My First Impression of Santhalistan. 107

TENTH CHAPTER.

Ebenezer. — Evening Prayers. — "The Christmas House." To the Woods for a Christmas Tree. — Skrefsrud Cuts Off a Pagans Pig-Tail. — A Violent Struggle. — The Ants Were Eaten. — Christmas Eve. 115

ELEVENTH CHAPTER.

A Fine Christmas Morning. — A Church Bell. — "Is Not This Peace?" — In Church. 137

TWELFTH CHAPTER.

Communion. — New Year's Festival. — Tea Festival. — Church Work. — Monthly Meeting. — Work Carried on by Natives. — How Christians Care for the Poor. 145

THIRTEENTH CHAPTER.

In the Palanquin. — A Native Poet. — Haripur. — For the Sake of the Heathen. — Mercy, Not Sacrifice. 161

FOURTEENTH CHAPTER.

A Charming Sunset. — Homesickness. — An Evening With the Natives. — Intolerable Music. — A Fishing Expedition. — Hunting. 169

Page.

FIFTEENTH CHAPTER.

In Basethkundi. — Chet Kana? — A Pair of Shoes. — Have You a Wife? — A Queer School-Master..... 178

SIXTEENTH CHAPTER.

Ranga. — Creaking Vehicles. — A Surly Station Leader. — A Powerless Head-Man. — We Obtained Carriers. — Chandupur. — A Lazy Catechist. — With Bodding. — Back to Ebenezer. 186

SEVENTEENTH CHAPTER.

Wisdom. — Zeal Without Knowledge.— The Missionary Must Learn from the Heathen. — The Heathen Knows of God. — The Testimony of Bishop Thoburn. — Idea of Right and Wrong. — Skrefsrud at the Feet of a Native. 194

EIGHTEENTH CHAPTER.

The Traditions of the Santhals. — The Creation of the World. — The Origin of Man. — Haram and Ajo. — The Fall. — The Origin of Liquor. — The Increase of the Race.— The Deluge. — Wandering About. — The Age of Hardships. — Mando Sing. Decay. 201

NINETEENTH CHAPTER.

Heathen. — Baptism. — Illegitimate Children. — Confirmation. — Branding. 210

TWENTIETH CHAPTER.

Marriage. — Preparations. — Good Omens. — The Girl is Called Upon. —Her Parents See the Young Man. — His House is Visited. — Betrothal. — Partial Payment of the Price of the Bride. — Nuptials. — Comprehensive Preparations. — "Water Wedding". — Molasses Given to the Bridegroom. — The Bridegroom Conducted to the Bride's Home. — The Washing of the Feet at Every Door, etc. — Wedding. — Distribution of Gifts. — "The Vegetables" are Gathered. — The Bride is Given Away. — In the Bridegroom's Village. — The Young Woman Put to Work. — Rules of Conduct for Her. — Visits..... 216

TWENTY-FIRST CHAPTER.

The Marriage of Poor People. — Widows and Divorced Persons. — They Are United. — Marriage for Love. — Arbitrary

Page.

Marriages. — Revenge. — "Saving the Young Man's Head". — Concubines. — Elopements. — Banishment. 236

TWENTY-SECOND CHAPTER.

Divorce. — Excommunication. — Re-admission..... 244

TWENTY-THIRD CHAPTER.

At the Home of His Parents. — Friction. — Friendship. — Old People and Grand-Children. — Dividing the Family. — Inheritance. — Independent Housekeeping. —The House. — Domestic Animals. — Clothes. — Ornaments. — The Man's Work. — "Sitting Days". — Industries. — Agriculture. —The Harvest. — The Occupation of the Women. — A Days Program. — Cooking. — Male Assistance. — The Occupation of the Children. — The Boys. — The Girls. — Plays. 250

TWENTY-FOURTH CHAPTER.

Conjugal Life. — Peculiar Women. — Peculiar Men. — Parents and Children. — Servants. — Wages. — Sickness. — Quacks. — Sorcerers. — Friendship and Relationship. — Mutual Help. — Ingratitude. — The Refuge of Wronged Wives. — Rights of Inheritance. 260

TWENTY-FIFTH CHAPTER.

The Village. — Search for a New Place. — Good and Bad Omens. — How to Build a Village. — The Sacred Grove. — The Gods Choose Their Places. — The Head-Man's Residence. — Election of Priests. — Covenants with the Gods. — Village Government. — The Head-Man. — The Paranik. — The Superintendent of Morals. — The Village Messenger. — The Priest. — The Field-Priest. — Distribution..... 269

TWENTY-SIXTH CHAPTER.

Village Life. — Wealth and Poverty. — Usurers. — Laziness. The Diligent are Prosperous.— Worthy Poor. — With or Without Fear of the "Evil Eye". — Mutual Help. — With or Without Interest. — Co-operation. — Mutual Visits. — Relationship. Conduct and Tokens of Honor. — Modesty. — The Times are Bad. —"Women and Children Rule the World". — The Courts Swayed by Money. — Intimate Friendship. — Unity. 278

Page.

TWENTY-SEVENTH CHAPTER.

Traits of Character. — Pride. — Anger and Fretfulness. — Jealousy. — Envy. — Hate and Vindictiveness. — Business. — Buying and Selling. — Debt and Loans..... 289

TWENTY-EIGHTH CHAPTER.

Amusements and Sports. — Singing and Dancing. — Drinking. — Anecdotes and Fables. — Mimicry. — Fishing — Distribution of the Catch. — Fish Traps. 294

TWENTY-NINTH CHAPTER.

Hunting. — Brave Men. — Preparations. — Sacrifices. — The Responsibility of the Priest. — To The Woods. —When an Animal is Killed. — Cowardice. — "Figs". — Hunting Council.— Supreme Court. — The Hunt Continued. — Division of the Game... 299

THIRTIETH CHAPTER.

Three Kinds of Councils. — European Laws. — Increasing Mendaciousness. — Ridiculous Oaths. — Different Crimes. — The Bengalis. 309

THIRTY-FIRST CHAPTER.

Religion and Worship. — The Day-God. — A Married Couple. — Devoured All His Sons. — Different Gods. — Sacrifices. — The Festival of the First Fruits. — Janthar Sohrae. — Busy Time for the Priest. — "Blessing the Cows." — Ox Dance, etc. — Sakrat. — Thatching Festival. — Flower Festival. — Impersonating Gods. — Sacrificing Their Own Blood. — Family Gods. — Too Many Gods, etc. 316

THIRTY-SECOND CHAPTER.

Superstition. — Witches. — Have Many Pupils. — "Eat" People. — The Devil Fooled. — Secrecy. — "The Evil Eye". — Digging up Gods. — The God of the Parents-In-Laä. — Exorcising Gods. — Santhal Fairies. — Gods That Reveal Themselves. Ghosts. — Names Must Not be Mentioned. 333

THIRTY-THIRD CHAPTER.

Death. — Burning of the Dead. — The Bones. — Comfort of the Survivors. — Purification. — The Sacred River. — Final Obsequies. — The Other World. 352

Page.

THIRTY-FOURTH CHAPTER.

The Rebellion. — In the Clutches of Money-Lenders. — All Kinds of Rumors. — Breaking Out of the Rebellion. — Leaders Delivered to the Enemy. — Suffering and Hardships. — Under European Supremacy. 364

THIRTY-FIFTH CHAPTER.

Something for Mr. Skrefsrud. — Tallies With the Bible. — Good Connecting Points. — The Devil Supreme. — Difficult Position of Witches. — Foes. — European Jurisprudence. — A Suffering, Friendless People. — Mr. Skrefsrud Narrates. 370

THIRTY-SIXTH CHAPTER.

Chandray. — Against Rats and Dogs. — A Swindler Caught. — Slow Work. — Butter-Making. — An Old Watchman. — Impudent Crows. — Medical Treatment. — Mr. Boerresen as a Physician. — A Poor Selection. — Nimai..... 381

THIRTY-SEVENTH CHAPTER.

At the Market Place. — A Syrup Merchant. — Merchandise. — Tobacco. — Pan. — Santhal Industries. — When the Machine Said "Click". 392

THIRTY-EIGHTH CHAPTER.

A Trip with Mr. Skrefsrud. — Struggle Against Intemperance. — A Woman's Rebellion. — A Perjurer. — In th Ox-Cart. The Bungalow. — In Suri. — Kerap Saheb Caused a Stir. — In the Court-Room. — A Man of Many Complaints..... 402

THIRTY-NINTH CHAPTER.

Mr. Skrefsrud's Birthday. — A Strange Life. — Mr. Skrefsrud as a Peace-Maker. — With the Magistrate. 416

FORTIETH CHAPTER.

School for Christian Children. — A Small Beginning. — English Abandoned. — Physical Labor. — High-School Plan Abandoned..... ....' 426

FORTY-FIRST CHAPTER.

School for Girls. — The Condition of Santhal Women. — Mrs. Boerresen's School. — Spring Life. — Harvest. — Piety. — Discipline. — Care of the Sick. — Seeds of Christian Life..... 436

Page.

FORTY-SECOND CHAPTER.

Indian Railways. — Cawnpur. — The Rebellion of 1857. — The Massacre 450

FORTY-THIRD CHAPTER.

Lucknow. — An Awkward Position. — Overcrowded Hotels. — The Seige of 1857. — High Prices. — At the Ruins of the English Residency. — Kalsomined Palaces. — The Bazaars of Lucknow..... 457

FORTY-FOURTH CHAPTER.

Agra. — Moonlight. — Akbar the Great. — Taj Mahal. 469

FORTY-FIFTH CHAPTER.

Punjab. — Delhi. — The Royal Palaces. — The Jumma Mosque. — A Monkey Mother. — Fine Work. — The Seige of 1857. 483

FORTY-SIXTH CHAPTER.

Benares. — Many Pilgrims. — An Experiment. — A Boat-Ride on the Ganges. — At the Burning Ghat. — Horrifying! — At the Marini-Karnika Well. — The Purse a Weak Spot. 493

FORTY-SEVENTH CHAPTER.

A Modest Waiter. — A Fell Dream. — Burning of the Dead. — Burning of Widows. — Desperate Condition of Widows..... 510

FORTY-EIGHTH CHAPTER.

In the Throng. — Bathing in the Ganges. — Abominable!.. 525

FORTY-NINTH CHAPTER.

Many Gods. — The Indian Fakirs. — Jugglers. — A Solution. — For Spiritualists and Theosophists. 535

FIFTIETH CHAPTER.

A Remarkable Deity..... 557

FIFTY-FIRST CHAPTER.

The Monkey Temple. — The Well of Knowledge. — Animal Worship. — Transmigration of The Soul..... 564

FIFTY-SECOND CHAPTER.

Caste.. 573

Page.

FIFTY-THIRD CHAPTER.

To Assam. — The Scotch. — A Pensioned Judge. — The Ganges and Bramaputra. — An Irksome Ride. — Thinking of Bread and Tea. — In the Christian Colony. — The Medical Art. — Three Lives Sacrificed. — On the Tea Plantation.— A Photographer. — The Soil. — Rain. — Famine. 582

FIFTY-FOURTH CHAPTER.

Good-by to Santhalistan. — Contradictory Testimony about the Mission. — Have Christianity and Paganism a Common Origin? — Calcutta. — Many Monuments. — England and India. 604

FIFTY-FIFTH CHAPTER.

A Cattle Steamer. — A Prompt Board of Health. — An Interesting Frenchman. — Irish Stew. — In Penang. — In Singapore.— Time for Our Departure Changed. — Extra Consumption of Coal. — One Hour Too Late. 623

FIFTY-SIXTH CHAPTER.

The Easter Holidays in Hongkong. — Soldiers and Warships. — Drunkenness Among Our Warriors. — Comfortable Vehicles. — Swift Runners. — The Police of Hongkong. — Mendacity. — Small Boats Used as Dwellings..... 636

FIFTY-SEVENTH CHAPTER.

Opium. — A Devilish Mission. — The English Government in the Role of Opium Smuggler. — A Heathen Government Confiscates Queen Victoria's Opium. — The Opium War. — Warnings 644

FIFTY-EIGHTH CHAPTER.

In Shanghai. — Eating With Sticks. — The Chinaman's Sense of Beauty. — Small Feet. — Christian Missionaries in Chinese Dress. — The Late Rebellion. — Locating the Responsibility. ..... .456

FIFTY-NINTH CHAPTER.

Japan and the Japanese. — The Cause of the Enterprising Spirit of the Japanese. — Two Wednesdays in One Week. — Conclusion. 663

FIRST CHAPTER.

Leaving Home.—In the Steerage.—Our Young Men.—Home to Mother.—Disappointments.

Now-a-days it is no great achievement to travel around the globe. It may be accomplished by any block-head having money with which to buy a ticket.

But even in our age it will be found teeming with inconveniences by those who are not blessed with a long purse. If you have money to scatter broadcast you only need to be on hand in order to be kept moving about without friction. But if your purse is slim you may as well be prepared to let your physical man suffer now and then without wincing.

A person can travel just as rapidly in a second class car as in a Pullman palace car, and the pain in the back and the limbs which is caused by a two days' confinement and lack of motion soon passes away or is forgotten in grappling with other adversities. This has been my experience in this country on former occasions. Accordingly my spirits were quite buoyant when I said good-by to my family and left Minneapolis on the eleventh of November, 1898, and started for the Orient.

The distance between Minneapolis and Chicago was covered in the night, and I saw nothing to write about. My observations between Chicago and New York were interesting to me; but enough has already been written on that subject by others.

In New York I saw many sky-scrapers and great parks. But we of the Northwest may justly boast of such things, too. There was any amount of foul air and high prices. But if I write about these things the people in the Northwest will hardly believe me.

An Irishman standing at a corner was scolding his wife, who begged him to let her have some money before he spent it for drink. I have met many of his brothers even in Minneapolis.

There are many narrow streets in New York, and that city is behind the modern cities of the West in many other respects. But you must not mention that to the boys down there, or you may get yourself into trouble; for to them there is nothing in the wide, wide world that is so great and so perfect as Greater New York.

Having spent two days of rest with my old friends and school-mates, the Revs. Hegge and Tollefsen, of Brooklyn, and having accompanied them on a visit to Rev. Rue, in Staten Island, I embarked on the sixteenth of November in the Majestic, of the White Star Line.

A first class steamer, an able crew, blameless stewards and edible food—for those who relish it.

But only a steerage accomodation! Well, my berth

was passable. It would be a pity to complain of it. But dear me, what people!

Far be it from me, however, to wrong anybody. Permit me to make an explanation. The emigrants (I flocked with them, though I did not emigrate), upon embarking, are divided up into three classes, namely:

1. Family people,
2. Single men, and
3. Unmarried women.

Each of these classes has a certain part of the ship assigned to it. The families are located amidships, where everything looks neat and comfortable and where the children are rapidly blending into one great family. The single men, of which class my humble person was made a member, were directed to the aft part of the steamer.

Here people could live comfortably if they only wanted to. To be sure, the bed is hard, and at times the food is indigestible. But if you are kind to the stewards and slip a dollar-piece into the hand of one of them he will gladly find an exceptionally good hair mattress for you, and a trifling investment will also bring better food.

But an untoward fate willed that we should have as companions a few people whose sum total of sublunar happiness seemed to be to indulge in coarse, obscene language and abominable gestures. These are the ones who make a life of travel so disagreeable to the most of us who are doomed to be together with them.

The meal-times are the most trying. Even if the fare

were of the choicest kind it could not be relished on account of the vile talk to which the ears are exposed.

And yet some of my companions tell me that this is nothing compared with what they have heard and seen, and they add, "But we are so accustomed to such things that we no longer pay any attention to them."

"Accustomed to such things!" How much must a man pass through in order to reach that stage? What changes must take place in the character of a young man who has come from a pure home before he can enjoy such company as this?

Merciful God, what our sons must face when they go out into the world!

We often grumble when they fail to behave according to our notions. But how many of us realize what they must pass through?

If we knew of the storm and stress in the young man's bosom, if we knew how earnestly he fights the battle of conscience we would surely, as a rule, reserve our grumbling.

The young man has not made the world what it is. He finds the surroundings as they have been fashioned by his predecessors. And he knows it. When we fuss and fret because he does not behave properly he is grinding his teeth and cursing the conditions which robbed him of his greatest boon.

He looses faith in himself because no one seems to be able to comprehend what odds he has to contend against and what struggles he has to pass through, and because

he thus receives no encouragement or advice. He gives up everything and permits himself to be carried along by the current.

Then he soon becomes so "accustomed to it that he no longer pays any attention."

I sympathize with the young man. It is the result of our sins that meets him in life. He must wade through the mire or remain floundering in it.

But shame on him that berates a young man who is struggling as best he can!

Rather speak a word of cheer to him. To make a false step is bad indeed. But do not break down his courage. Do not try to conceal your own sin and your own responsibility for the present conditions.

But let him see and hear that there is hope for you and hope for him.

If it is necessary to struggle in order to reach the goal there is also something worth struggling for, and if the young man perceives that his seniors understand him and trust him, no one is more eager than he to strike a blow and suffer for a good cause. But if he does not feel this backing he is discouraged; he thinks there is nothing to win, and he gives up everything.

Among my fellow-travelers were several young Norwegians who were going to visit their birthplace and to spend the Christmas holidays with their old mother. Most of them had not been in good company, at least for some time past. They could not keep up with a number of Irishmen in telling horrible stories and singing lewd

songs, but a couple of them had made great headway in drinking whiskey and swearing in English.

But old mother had a place in their memories. Something was still beating in those bosoms. There was still a tie which was not severed, a writing which was not blotted out. When the prodigal son found himself lonely and forsaken, without a friend, without money, without food, the memories of home rose in his mind. This became his salvation. Where the thoughts of father, mother, relatives and fatherland fail to arouse tender feelings the last redeeming vestige of good is blotted out.

Affection for father, mother, relatives and fatherland is the best trait which nature has implanted in man. When this natural gift is spoiled or rooted out there is no longer any moral foundation to build on. Hence it will be found that a man who is ashamed of his nationality and of the tongue in which his mother spoke while he sat in her lap, rarely advances to any prominent position of trust or influence wherever he goes, and he can never be a father in a happy home—the foundation of a nation's greatness and progress.

Do not tear with a rude hand this affection for the old home and the esteem for the mother tongue out of the breast of the young immigrant! They are his noblest heritage. Rather cultivate them, and he will thrive the better in the new soil, and in the course of time you will find in him a man with a large heart and a powerful arm.

There is hope for the young man who in his defeats and victories is still thinking of his people and his kins-

men in the old country, who tugs and toils through the hot summer day and through the fall season that he may be able to visit them during Christmas. He is full of longing. Maybe the triviality of his surroundings, the emptiness and wretchedness of the life which he is leading, has aroused this longing. Maybe he has misunderstood himself in supposing that a trip to his native land will serve as a remedy. Maybe he ought to look higher up in order to get broader views, in order to comprehend his own existence and grasp its central idea. Maybe his soul, though he has not understood it, is troubling him for better food and purer air. Be that as it may, his soul is yearning, and he believes that a Christmas eve in the cosy home of the old folks will help him. May God bless him whose soul is yearning. And pity on him who has no yearning.

For this time of the year the weather was pleasant and the sea was rough for a couple of days only.

Toward dusk on the twenty-third of November we came within sight of the coast of Ireland, and the passengers for Queenstown made every preparation for disembarking.

What rejoicing among our Irish fellow-passengers! And the joy increased as we passed one lighthouse after another; for within this or that length of time—at first in so many hours, afterwards in so many minutes—their feet would be on dry land; and several of them mentioned the particular public house in which they would meet in the evening, the general understanding being that they

must have some of the genuine old country beverage after such a long absence.

But our calculations are often upset in this world. He that rules over winds and waves often seems to work on a sort of haphazard principle, thereby disturbing our little plans. This was the case now. The Irishmen rejoiced in the thought of leaving us and our narrow, puny world, and we who were to remain did not take unkindly to the idea of getting rid of them and their intolerable singing in the night. But to our mutual disappointment no landing was effected that evening.

As we were trying to find the way to Queenstown a violent storm arose, and when we dropped anchor the sea was so high and the wind so strong that it was not possible even to reach the shore with the mails. There was no alternative but to raise anchor, face the wind up through the Irish Sea and take the sons of the Emerald Isle to Liverpool, compelling them to wait for another chance to reach their homes.

There was no such thing as sleep that night, for those who had figured on landing gave vent to their disappointment and spite by keeping up a general racket as long as they could, and the storm took care of the rest. At times the wind made such assaults that we felt as though the ship would be shaken to pieces.

When we came on deck next morning we noticed a bright streak of the English coast, while the Irish Sea was whipped into foam by the storm. But the ship steadily plowed her way against the furies of air and sea, and by noon we lay at the quay in Liverpool.

SECOND CHAPTER.

Liverpool has Washed Itself.—The Slave-Trade and Smuggling gave the City a Start.—Bare-Footed in the Snow.—In the Railway Car.—The Sights of London.—Baked Potatoes.—Ugly Vehicies.—Lack of Artistic Taste in the Show Windows.—In the Public Houses.—At the Meet-Shops.—The English Policeman.—London's Sanctuary.—In Another Church.

That Liverpool is the next largest city in England and one of the chief commercial marts of the world, is a fact which is known to every school boy who has learnt geography; and thousands of emigrants from northwestern Europe remember—often with regret—the city with the uncomfortable boarding houses and the divers temptations which they come in contact with while waiting for the next steamer bound for America.

But a city like Liverpool does not remain stationary. What we knew of this great city many years ago no longer holds good. It has washed itself once in the course of the past few years. I do not know exactly when this happened; for it is based on second hand information. Indeed, I would not even vouch for its truth. But my exceedingly amiable host assured me that the new management—cannot recall how new it was—had cleaned

the stable, and that the establishment now was really exemplary in point of cleanliness. I mentioned the saloons at every corner. "Oh, the public houses? Well, they are all right." He made me think of the woman who turned her skirt inside out on Christmas eve because "cleanliness is a good thing." Maybe my host was of the same opinion.

But from a commercial point of view, Liverpool has made magnificent progress. It is an old city. For a long time its growth was slow. Originally it was only a fishermen's hamlet, which in 1173 received a charter as a market town from Henry II. But four hundred years later it had only 138 house owners and twelve ships. The origin and basis of the real greatness of Liverpool was its slave trade and its smuggling trade with Spanish America during the War of Succession. With this backing and the experience gained at that time, Liverpool has enjoyed a steady growth until its exchange has become the center of the world's trade in wheat and cotton. Here the price of the chief products of the globe is fixed, here it is decided how much the western farmers are to receive for their wheat. Liverpool has actually controlled the American trade for many years, and from its present vantage-ground it may remain in the lead for a great length of time.

It was not the overwhelming evidence of wealth, however, which captivated me most strongly upon my arrival at Liverpool. The snow storm which raged during the previous night had spread a white, thick sheet over the

city and its vicinity. This was now soaked in rain, and I had to wade through the streets. The first incident which made a deep impression upon me after landing was the sight of poorly dressed, bare-footed little children who were walking in the snow. Maybe the late Father Kneipp would have found this proper, for according to his notions it is healthy to walk barefoot in the snow. But it is one thing to run barefoot for the sake of health, and an entirely different thing to "Kneipp it" because there is no honest way of procuring a pair of shoes. In America, I thought to myself, such a thing would go to the hearts of people of means, and they would not allow themselves to see it without extending the hand of charity. But it would, perhaps, savor of self-praise to say so, and, moreover, the kind-hearted Englishman might not like it; for as to kind-heartedness he has long claimed to be superior to the restless, money-making American.

Between Liverpool and London I traveled in lord-like fashion. Indeed, I had only a third class ticket, and my car wore the same label. But it was brand new and luxuriously furnished. The seats were soft, there was a small closet where I found water for drinking and washing, and all other conveniences, and I was the sole occupant of my compartment.

This struck me as a fine thing and a great thing. Just think of it, such accommodations for a third-class ticket! This was something different from what we are used to in America! ,

But where is the heating apparatus? Whence is the

heat to come? It is bitter cold. I looked under the benches, up to the roof, I looked up and down and all around; but nothing was seen which indicated heat. This was a desperate pinch. Am I doomed to sit here in the cold and get sick or even freeze to death because John Bull has not yet been able to make up his mind as to the best place for a heating stove in a railway car?

I went out on the platform and sounded the alarm. I would not permit myself to be treated like a dog, not even in England.

"How is this, Mr. Conductor, have you no warm car to let me ride in? It is altogether too cold here. I come from America, and I am not accustomed to freeze on the railroad cars."

"All right. They are bringing the tanks now."

The tanks? Yes, he was right. Immediately there came a wagon loaded with narrow, two foot long iron cases, filled with hot water. Two such tanks were thrown into each car for the passengers to put their feet on. Now I had two all to myself; and off we started.

But that day I shall not forget. It was not eventful. I was sitting, ticket in hand, waiting for the conductor to come and call for it so that I might have a chance to give him a piece of my mind on the subject of the temperature in the English railroad cars. But no, sir, I was permitted to keep my ticket until, hungry and benumbed with cold, I finally reached London. My gymnastic performances, I think, contributed more than those tanks

of lukewarm water to keep my blood in circulation on that trying trip.

London, of course, offers many sights to the curious traveler. It is said to be the biggest town in the world—four times as large as Chicago and more than twenty times as large as Minneapolis. This is a little too much to take in during two days, therefore I must make a selection. There are the Royal Palaces, the House of Parliament, St. James Palace, Marlborough House, the Crystal Palace, Westminster Abbey, the British Museum and the many magnificent parks. But any cyclopedia will tell you about such things. The one that I have lying before me states that beer-brewing and sugar-refining are the leading industries of London—beer and sugar. There are many people who have spent all their lives in London but who still are not aware of these facts. There are even thousands of people in this cosmopolis who never heard of Westminster Abbey, the Crystal Palace etc. The hand-books tell you about this, and the traveler must read the hand-books, the result of which is that he is fooled to trot from one curiosity to another, and by the time he has to leave the city he knows neither more nor less than he did before about the "doings and drivings" and general condition of its teeming millions of human beings.

I wonder whether any traveler has paid much attention to a man who tramps about with a hot oven, selling baked potatoes. At any rate, I can find nothing about him in Johnson's cyclopedia. But to me he was an interesting specimen, and there is scarcely a five-year old

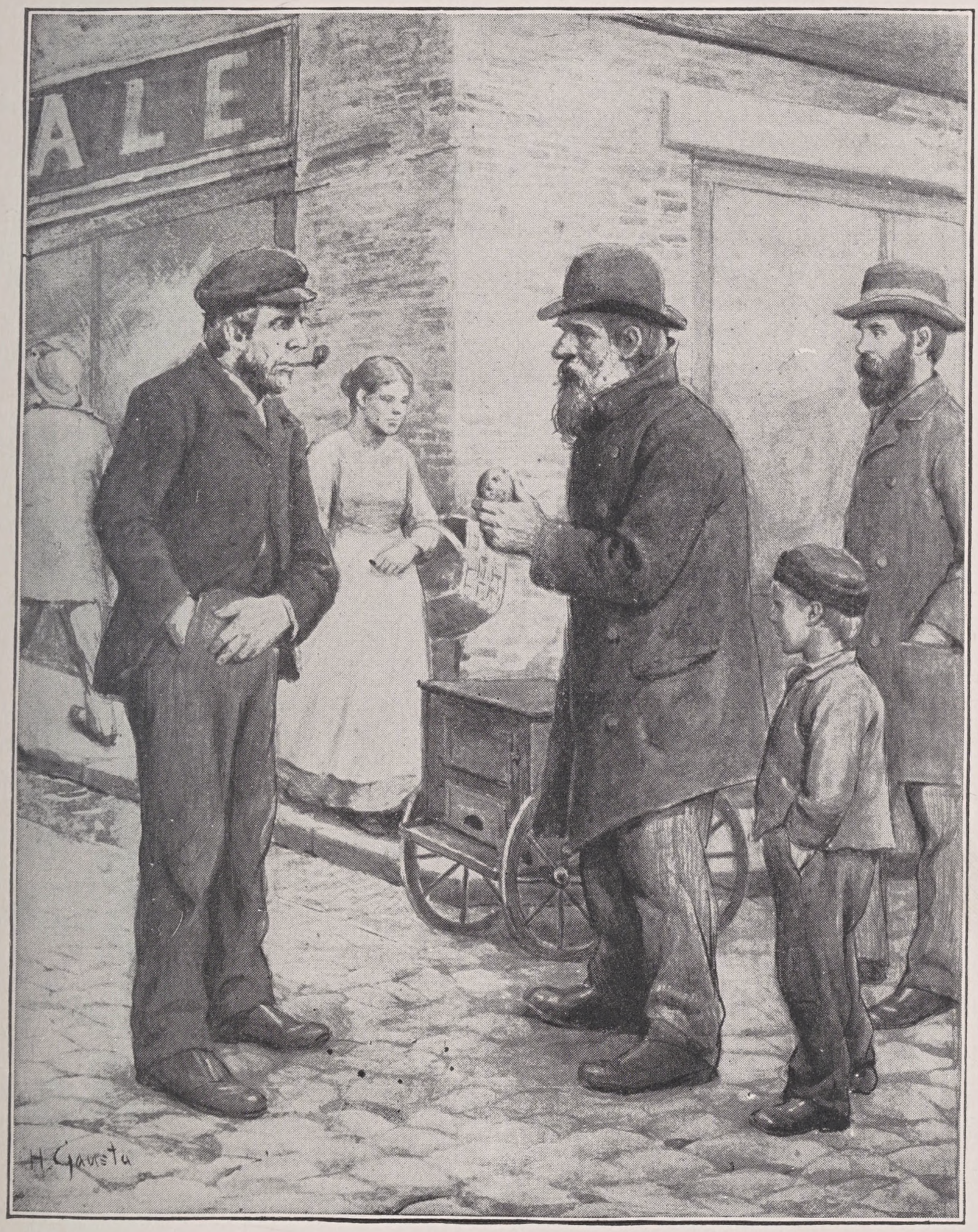
child in London that does not know of him. He is usually to be seen at the railway stations, and the indications are that his business is in a most flourishing condition.

When some one gives him a penny or a half-penny, according to the size of the potato involved in the deal, he takes a potato out of the oven, opens it lengthwise, puts a little salt into it, presses it together again and hands it to his customer who consumes it then and there. I saw one man gobble three plump potatoes in rapid succession. This customer was no beggar, either: when he was to pay he carelessly pulled out a gold piece, which the potato peddler found no difficulty in changing.

I was told that only Irishmen enjoyed this tit-bit. Maybe that is true; but in that case there must be many Irishmen in London.

They are no slouches, these potato peddlers. It is told that the Prince of Wales once thought he would sample this kind of dainty and, disguised as a private person, he bought a well-baked, salted potato and ate it, believing that no one present knew him. But the next day the potato peddler showed up with a big sign which he had placed above his oven and on which could be read: "Patrick O'Donnell, Purveyor to the Court of His Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales." He was reported and charged with lese-majesty. But being able to prove that he was entitled to the honor, the humble potato peddler was "released from office," with assurances of royal favor, and was given a pension for life.

We are now coming to the London street cars. They



Baked Potatoes.

are two stories high and have winding-stairs at either end. They are covered with advertisements inside and outside, on the roof and along the stairs, and everything so clumsily done that it is disgusting to the eyes of those who are not accustomed to see ugly traveling accommodations. And only two horses to pull this load! Think of a large street car crowded with people inside, on the platform, in the stairs and on the roof, and finally rigged out with placards and inscriptions in all the colors of the rainbow! If this is not a sight, then I am really afraid I don't know what is. And, excepting the railroads and the cabs, this is the best conveyance to be had on the streets of London. To be entirely fair, I must mention the three electric tramways in London, but they are all under the ground. You may slip down through a hole in the street, sit down in the car and ride until you decide to return to your fellows who are yet above the ground.

The exhibits in the windows are also worth mentioning. The goods are lying around in the wildest confusion, they are dusty and sun-browned or covered with a thick layer of cob-web. Behind them it is all dark, every inch of the windows being filled up with the exhibited goods. I entered several shops, and when I asked for something the salesman would light a candle and show me how the goods looked. There are exceptions, but only exceptions, to the general rule. A few streets look a little more inviting; but even in such there is a marked lack of taste.

Saloons? Indeed! They are called public houses in

England. We complain about the condition in America. But come to London! Not only the men are drinking, but the women also enter the saloons without the least shame, and sit down to drink with the men. In several instances I saw mothers sitting in narrow grog shops with babes on their knees. Young girls very often served as bartenders behind the counter. They talked and laughed and made themselves sweet to their more or less tipsy customers.

Nearly all of these institutions present an attractive exterior, and the more "respectable" places are luxuriously furnished inside. But the most of those I passed looked like dreary stalls inside. Strange to say, however, this class seemed to draw the greatest number of customers.

At the bazars, where the people buy their provisions, it is an easy matter to study the general condition of the common people. There is a striking difference between such places in London and the markets in the American cities. For instance, let us take the meat bazar in a certain street. For a trifle one may buy the neck, head and legs of a goose tied together with hemp twine, five sheeps' tails in a bunch, skinned and unskinned goats' heads, tails of cattle of different ages and so forth to suit anybody's fancy. The manner in which the people would sneak around Saturday evening to procure a little food for the Sunday, turning and squeezing the meat-lumps and expressing their feelings by unmistakable grimaces when the prices were beyond their means, this

convinced me that the American has nothing to begrudge the common man in London.

The English policeman is an interesting figure. Tall and straight, he stands at the corner or in the middle of the street, turning his head in every direction, but seeing and hearing nothing except what concerns his special calling. In his uniform he looks dread-inspiring, and one may shrink from speaking to him. But if you make a venture you will find him to be kindness personified. It seems to afford him great pleasure to give some one a pointer, and he is apt to accompany you to the next corner to ascertain that you follow his directions. The impression you receive from him is that he is a faithful functionary. In one respect it may be said of the patrolmen of London, however, that hearing they hear not, and seeing they see not: they seem to have received instructions from their superiors to shut their eyes and ears to that which is London's greatest shame.

Sunday forenoon I attended mass in St. Paul's Cathedral. This great and venerable edifice constitutes the centre of London. In giving distances, St. Paul's Cathedral is mentioned as the starting-point in the same manner as Grand Opera is referred to in Paris.

I shall not attempt to write an account of this structure and of all the great men whose remains are gathered there: I am dealing only in trifles.

But the high mass! Those who despise the Lutheran Church because some of its congregations tolerate mass

and sacerdotal robes ought to pay a visit to the "Evangelical Church of England."

It goes without saying that the church was not filled. Why should it be filled? It was not built for the purpose of gathering a congregation of living men and women who desire mutual edification by way of "speaking one to another in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs." On the contrary it seems to serve as a repository for the dead bodies of heroes and famous men; for of such there are many. Besides, the words of the preacher die away before they reach half way across the immense room.

Though it was eleven o'clock by the time I entered, there were yet empty seats in the front. The ministrant boys, dressed in white garments, and unnumbered priests and deans—or whatever they are called—had been chanting to each other I do not know how long, and they kept on for the next forty-five minutes.

Then came the sermon. It was the delivery of a well written discourse on the advent of the Lord. The preacher remained in the pulpit exactly fifteen minutes. No prayer whatsoever, for in the Church of England no prayers are offered but those found in the book.

Then the others resumed their chanting and continued for fully an hour, closing at one o'clock by marching in a splendid procession into a side-room. Not a single hymn was sung by the congregation. Why should those people sing? They could not have done half so well as the trained ministrant boys, and I suppose the Lord would not have enjoyed their singing so well. The congregation

may listen to the priests and kneel when they are chanting. That will do them good. Such at least is the view held at some places where no missionary ever put his foot and where the New Testament is not known. Now, why should not the metropolis of Evangelical England be just as far advanced?

It was a magnificent performance, and that the music was inspiring cannot be denied. But I was unable to discover the whereabouts of New Testament Christianity in it. There is also many a good man in the Church of England who has commenced to protest against the modern tendency toward paganization.

There are surely hundreds upon hundreds of regular attendants at London's vast sanctuary who are yearning for deliverance. Oh, if a word of deliverance could be spoken to them! Oh, if the Lord were permitted to come in the humble garb and form of a servant as He Himself and His immediate messengers came! Oh, then there would be a different strain and a different spirit within those mighty walls, and it would be delightful in that space which now is so gloomy! For then the hearts would meet, and where the hearts meet there is God's dwelling-place.

In the evening I attended another church. This was large too, but packed to the last pew. There was singing. Those who had no books could borrow books. There was no restraint. The organ did not drown the singing. It only elicited and guided the strains, and they did come forth. People like to sing if they only dare and

are permitted to do so, and the most of them, nay, practically all, can sing if there is some one to take the lead —not to teach others, but only to interpret the craving of the heart. There is warmth in this, it thaws out the most stolid, making it difficult to refrain from singing; and before you are aware of it you are singing as never before. Oh, how easy it must be to preach after such inspiring singing from every mouth! I do not think the Lord has anything against congregational singing in church.

Perhaps the curiosities of London do not properly include the fact that it rained as long as I remained there, and that upon entering the street I was immediately sprinkled with the mud that sputtered and spattered in all directions. But in those days nothing intruded itself more persistently upon the attention of the traveler than this very fact. For this reason it must be mentioned in the summing up of my impressions of the giant city; and it may also serve to explain why my description of it is so gloomy.

THIRD CHAPTER.

In Paris.—The French Cafe.—The Gabbatha of France.—Place de la Bastille.—Marseilles.—The French Soldier.—An Acrobat in a Flourishing Trade.

Paris is in many respects a contrast to London. The main streets are immensely wide and planted with trees along the middle or on both sides. Everywhere they are paved with stone, brick or asphalt, and they are smooth and clean even in rough weather.

The buildings along these streets are exceedingly artistic, not very tall, and generally built in the same style. The ground floor is used for shops, the upper floors are fitted up as elegant family accommodations. The stores are neat and light, and the exhibits in the windows are simply fascinating. One does not receive the impression that the goods are exposed for sale, but only for the sake of decoration. This is true not only of the large stores, but the same wonderful taste and sense of beauty is conspicuous on every hand.

The French cafe is renowned throughout the world, and a person coming from America cannot avoid paying attention to it upon entering Paris. Every Parisian has

his favorite cafe where he spends at least half an hour every day. In summer he is seated at a little table out on the sidewalk, smoking his cigar and taking an occasional sip from his glass or from his cup of coffee. In winter he keeps himself inside, playing cards, dominoes or billiards. From this it is evident that there is a multitude of cafes, and along in the afternoon there are customers in every one of them.

Everything going on inside may be seen from the street, for in Paris it is no disgrace to drink, provided the drinking is done "in beauty." And it must be admitted that though the Parisian consumes immense quantities of wine, he does it in such a manner as to keep all of its unsightly features wholly in the background.

Far be it from me, however, to hold that the French cafe is better than the American saloon. It may be even more dangerous because it is more attractive. But if the people in America drank so "artistically" as the French our usual arguments in favor of total abstinence would not be applicable: it would at least be necessary to recast them into a different form.

Besides the cafes, Paris has a multitude of other public places, chief of which are the parks and the public halls and the theaters, and the Parisians spare no pains to make these attractive. There is Grand Opera, the grandest and most expensive theater in the world. It is an imposing structure indeed. Its foundation was laid in 1861. The site cost over two million dollars, and almost five hundred houses had to be torn down to give place for the

building. Thirteen years later it was finished, and then it had cost about seven million dollars. This is mentioned only as an instance of the liberality of the Parisians in the interest of amusement and art.

Having only a day and a half at my disposal, I could visit only a few of the most famous places.

There is the Palace of the Louvre with its rich archæological and art collections. Close by, or rather in connection with the Louvre are the Tuileries, which once served as a royal palace but which was largely destroyed during the regime of the commune. Only a few pavilions remain. The magnificent garden between the Tuileries and the Place de la Concorde must be seen in fine summer weather in order to be appreciated.

Place de la Concorde is the place where the guillotine was located. This place has a terrible history. There is scarcely another spot on the face of the earth where so much human blood has been shed and so many cruel deeds perpetrated. It is the Gabbatha of France. On May 30th, 1770, the wedding of the Prince of Dauphin, afterwards Louis XVI., and Marie Antoinette was to be celebrated with magnificent fireworks. From some unknown cause a panic arose, and 1,200 people were killed and 2,000 injured. The guillotine was erected here in 1793.

The first head to drop was that of Louis XVI. Nor was the queen spared. She was accused of having led her young son astray and was sentenced to death without proof. "I appeal to the hearts of all mothers

present," were her last words. But they could not hear, for the women were, if possible, even more bloodthirsty than the men. Mirabeau said at the beginning of the revolution: "If the women do not join us nothing will happen." But they did join. They were prominent in the riots. They were the first to put the heads of the victims on stakes and carry them in triumph through the city. Some of them took a pleasure in scoffing at those who were sentenced to death, calmly plying their knitting-needles while waiting for the execution. The intention was to have the queen executed together with two harlots. But when they heard of it they said they would throw themselves on their knees before her, and that had to be avoided.

In the course of two years about two thousand heads dropped from this terrible engine.

On three occasions foreign armies have camped on this open ground in the centre of Paris—the Allied Forces in 1814, a part of the British army in 1815 and the Prussians in 1871.

A knowledge of these historical facts makes the Place de la Concorde peculiarly interesting to the traveler. One who never has thought of this spot without dread must, upon facing the scene, admit that nothing so magnificent, nothing so charmingly beautiful can be found elsewhere in Europe.

Exactly on the spot where the guillotine once stood may now be seen the obelisk of Luxor. It is a seventy-six foot shaft of stone which weighs two hundred and

forty tons. It stands on a solid block of granite weighing ninety-six tons. Eight statues surround it, and they symbolize the eight leading cities outside of Paris: Lyon, Marseilles, Bordeaux, Nantes, Rouen, Brest, Lille and Strassburg, the last mentioned of which now belongs to Germany.

Place de la Concorde affords a view of the Triumphal Arch, the finest and most expensive of its kind. It was begun by the first Napoleon and completed by Louis Philippe, is one hundred and forty-six feet wide and one hundred and sixty feet high and has cost two million dollars.

From the Place de la Concorde extends the splendid parkway, Champs Elysees, with Palais Elyse, where the president of France resides.

Place de la Bastille is the present name of the place where the notorious palace Bastille St. Antonie once stood. It was built by Charles V. and Charles VI. and afterwards used as a state prison. At the beginning of the French Revolution it was "leveled with the ground" by the maddened mob. The governor and his garrison made a desperate resistance; but when he saw that he could not keep his ground against the axes and lances of the raging multitude he surrendered on condition that he and his soldiers should be spared. It was only with the utmost difficulty that the soldiers were conveyed to a place of safety. But the governor and his officers were killed and their heads raised on poles and carried around amidst the shouts and yells of the crowd.

The site of the Bastille is now an open square. In memory of the revolution of July, 1830, a one-hundred and fifty foot column has been erected on a square foot-piece of marble. On the top of this column towers the goddess of liberty, holding a bird on one hand and a broken chain in the other.

But I must not tire my readers any more with my admiration of Paris. I must continue my journey.

In the afternoon of November thirtieth I sped southward, and the next morning I was in Marseilles.

This is the most flourishing commercial city of France. A confusion of narrow streets and old buildings indicates that the city was not planned in modern times. But in the main streets there is much which is not inferior to Paris. The motley crowd, the surging life is highly characteristic. One cannot escape the idea that this is the dividing line between civilization and barbarism.

Upon traveling through France, the great European republic, where kingdoms and empires have been doomed to destruction one after another, where "liberty, equality and fraternity" has been the great watchword for more than a hundred years, one cannot fail to notice the numerous uniformed men who are met with in highways and byways almost everywhere, on foot or on horseback.

Whether they be privates or officers they are stately figures, and the mere sight of them is enough to make common people tremble from respect. I actually felt a chill running down my back as I was walking from the

steamer to the custom-house at Calais between two solid columns of soldiers who were armed to the teeth.

Is this the way a liberty-loving people receives a stranger? I asked myself. Soldiers here and soldiers there, everyone of them looking like Goliath of Gath!

But a little closer observation of the movements of the French soldier will soon convince you that he is not an invincible giant. He is stubborn and stolid, his uniform is too heavy, there are too many belts, and the whole figure conveys the impression of clumsiness and uncouthness. He may strike a hard blow if he only hits. But compared with the American volunteer he is too slow, and by the time his rifle is raised the battle is over.

It stands to reason that the soldiers of the other European powers are no better than those of France. This throws an instructive light on the fact that the Spaniard was so easily done up by the American. He had to shoot before he had time to aim, making the war a chance-game on his part.

It is elasticity of body and mind that the drafted soldier of France is lacking, and this defect cannot be remedied under the old system. To lop off the heads of kings and princes or send political opponents to Devil's Island does not necessarily usher in that "liberty, equality and fraternity" which produces energetic and dauntless soldiers.

The French aristocracy must be profoundly humiliated, and a thorough rejuvenation must take place in the mind of the people before the French youth can attain

that combination of skill and promptness and impetuosity which distinguishes the American and which, above everything else, carried the day at Manila and Santiago.

But the French have much to suffer and much to learn before they reach that point.

We find that the natural bent and bias of men is infinitely differentiated. Whoever was cut out for a blacksmith will not feel at home in a tailor shop. Everyone should try to find the niche for which he was made, and he that finds none should start on an exploring expedition. It will not do to relapse into idleness. One cannot make a living in that way. But if one finds out to a certainty what he is fit for, he then asks, Will it pay? And here we find that some people enter upon business for which they are not suited, but which nevertheless is profitable and brings handsome returns.

In Marseilles I saw such a man. He was a genius in his way. He had made the discovery that travelers are big children who may easily be fooled to part with their money, and in a girl he had found certain capacities which he knew how to utilize.

He evidently had no talent as an acrobat. Yet he attempted to do something in this line, and maybe it was his clumsiness and helplessness that attracted attention and created the greatest merriment among the passengers who were watching him.

This man reminded me of a penniless and friendless tramp who came to a certain town in Norway and advanced so rapidly that he soon became a wealthy and in-

fluential citizen. He pretended to be an opera singer and drew a full house though the admission fee was rather high. He could not sing. But the people got fun for their money anyway, and he raised sufficient funds to begin a flourishing business.

But our friend in Marseilles has new customers every day and often several times a day, enabling him to run his business the year around. He does not receive his pay in advance; but the travelers are generous people who do not want a hearty laugh for nothing, and they are very apt to throw a coin each upon the quay as the ship is about to depart. This makes him so madly happy that he attempts a new experiment which turns out still more disastrously, and there is always some one on hand to pay him for repeating it. But he is plainly going from bad to worse until orders are given to untie the line and put off.

Then he seizes a ladder, and as he raises it a ten-year old girl climbs up past him. By the time she reaches the top of the ladder he has raised the lower end of it above his head, and, standing erect on the topmost rung of the ladder, she kisses her hand and shouts to us in English as we are departing, "Happy voyage!"

The effect was instantaneous. A storm of applause greeted her from the steamer, and the coins rang and rattled along the quay.

This man, you see, was persistent. I said to myself that he was a fool, but I take it all back. He had made

the discovery that travelers are good-natured people whose purse-strings are slack, and when he counts his money in the evening he may justly flatter himself that there are bigger fools in this world than he.

FOURTH CHAPTER.

Through the Mediterranean.—At Port Said.—An Old Juggler.—Like a Worm in an Ant-Hill.—Blind Men.—The Canal.—The Red Sea.—Aden.—Divers.

We left Marseilles in the afternoon of December first. The next morning the islands of Corsica and Sardinia were in sight.

The Strait of Bonifacio between these islands is not very wide, and by means of field glasses we could easily see the people moving on either side of the strait.

The country looks very barren and uninviting from the sea. But in Corsica, which is a mountainous country, there are extensive forests, and the climate is said to be

very pleasant. On the contrary, the interior of Sardinia is said to be unhealthy, yet very fertile. In ancient times the Romans used to send their worst criminals to this place.

The next day we passed the Lipary Islands. One of these is Stromboli, which we passed close by. It looked like a huge coal-pit in the process of brisk charring. At first there was a strong wind, and the smoke was swept in a northwesterly direction without being detached from the summit of the mountain. Later on the wind abated, and the smoke was formed into a column which spread out at the top and finally assumed the shape of a stupendous mushroom. There must be a pretty big fire somewhere in the bowels of this island since it keeps on smoking from century to century.

Later in the day Italy and Sicily hove in sight. The Strait of Messina, which separates Sicily from Italy, is very narrow and shallow, and our speed had to be reduced one-half. The beauty of this place is great.

The city of Messina is located on a slope on the Sicilian coast, as if gazing at its own image in the sea. It is a good-sized town, having some two hundred thousand inhabitants. It has a fine harbor, a university and many large buildings.

Farther to the south rises Mount Ætna, the volcano. It is generally quiet, and its sides were covered with snow. History tells us that great eruptions have taken place in this volcano at great intervals for more than two thousand years past. The most violent eruption was that of

1669. On that occasion the lava current reached the ocean.

On Tuesday afternoon, December sixth, we were in Port Said. This city is situated at the end of the Suez canal, on a narrow strip of land extending into the Mediterranean Sea.

Here we had a foretaste of Oriental life.

We had to stop for coaling. Two or three barges, strung together, loaded to the gunwales and crowded with people on top of the coal, were towed up to either side of our steamer. And how those people did yell! Everyone used his mouth as though his living depended upon that organ alone.

What in the world are all these people going to do, dirty and repulsive as they look?

Carry coal!

Two planks were placed from the barge to the steamer, one for carrying coal, the other for returning to the barge. A rope was stretched from the gunwale of our steamer and simply tied to a man standing on the barge. It was used as a hand-rail by the coal-carriers when they entered the steamer with baskets of coal on their heads. There were always about twenty robust men walking up the plank, all of them using the rope to steady their gait, and the one man down at the barge had to keep it tight. This was cheaper than to put up a post of wood or iron.

It was also cheaper to hire hundreds of men to carry the coal than to keep machines for hoisting the coal on board the steamer.

The Arabs have discovered where the Europeans have their weakest point, and they also know how to take advantage of it. Our steamer soon swarmed with merchants, and all imaginable kinds of goods seemed to be represented. Those who had money bought something either for the fun of the thing or because they took pity on the poor creatures.

None of them, however, was more successful than a good old soul of a juggler and his young son. They both knew their business, but the old fellow carried off the pastry.

Indeed, he was a man of many tricks. Without any apparent effort he would pull a big hen's egg out of the nose of one of the passengers and recover a lost coin in the mouth of another. To make a little chick lay two big eggs was no trick at all, he assured us. But if we would give him a little more money—English or French, it made no difference to him—he would show us a sight worth seeing. The money was forthcoming, of course. He borrowed two silver coins and let one of the company hold them in his hand. The latter doubled up his fist and held the money tightly.

"If you lose them," said the juggler, "you must pay me a pound. Oh, no, don't get scared, I'll spare you."

Then, cutting a few capers along the floor and whistling, he asked for the coins.

"I have them."

A few more capers.

"Have you the coins yet?"

Port Said.

"Yes."

Whistling and blowing.

"Do you still keep them?"

"Yes."

"I don't believe it. Open your hand and let me see."

Bah! There were two copper coins in his hand.

"Did I not tell you that you would lose them? What has become of them? Cannot find them? Well, then, I'll eat the copper coins."

And down his throat they went, apparently. But they got stuck on one side of his throat, and he could not force them any farther down. They were there, sure enough. Every one could hear them rattle when he struck the spot. Nothing remained but to gulp them up, and now they had been turned into silver again.

These and many other tricks he performed.

I forgot to ask him how he managed to do it, hence I cannot explain.

The traveler, upon landing in Port Said, is treated like a worm in an anthill. From the stores, which generally are well furnished, the Arabic merchants rush out to meet us with open arms, urging us to come in and look at their goods. One is bringing a sheep-skin with snow-white wool and wishes to sell it at an unheard-of reduction. Another comes trotting with a piece of needle-work in his hand and protests that money cannot buy a duplicate of it in the whole world. The little boys point this way and that way and ask only the merest trifle for conducting you to the best public house or the finest ho-

tel in town. Arabs wearing long, white skirts come in couples, each one leading a donkey and offering the traveler a cheap ride. When a traveler mounts a donkey its owner runs behind, jerking the animal's tail or goading it with a sharp stake to make it walk fast.

Here comes a boy leading a human specimen which he claims to be blind and which puts up a horrid-looking face. He wants money. Of course! That's what everybody does. And who is callous enough to say no in a case like this? It would be a pity to send one like him away empty-handed. There goes the sixpence!

Lo, there comes another! Sixpence again!

"Mister, mister, poor blind man!" shouts a third one who thinks he is almost too late to reap a harvest for his blind man who, by the way, looks even more miserable than the others. Well, this time only a copper coin is forthcoming. Such a rushing business as this compels a reduction of the investments.

"Here, here!" yells still another, who almost drags his blind man along. "Well, here's a penny for you too." It is written: "Give to him that asketh thee." But ask yourself, my dear reader, when you are at Port Said, whether you don't wish you were on board again before you are besieged by too many blind men. I would also add that the blindness of these men presents a debatable question. Many of them may see as well as you or I.

It took us a day and a half to pass through the Suez canal. This waterway between the Mediterranean and the Red Sea is so narrow that when two ships meet,

one of them must be stopped and crowded up to one side while the other glides by. The northgoing ships having the right of way, we had to stop several times and were thus somewhat delayed. We usually made about five miles an hour while on the move.

In ancient times a considerable trade was carried on between Europe and the rich Indies across the neck of land between the Mediterranean and the Red Sea. This gave rise to the idea of facilitating the intercourse by building a canal either directly from ocean to ocean or from the Nile to the Red Sea. The latter plan was put into execution by Sesostris and Necho, but Darius Hystaspis completed the work. This canal was reopened by the Ptolemies, but the trade along this route was not active. The canal was repaired in 640, A. D., but soon decayed again. Traces of it may yet be seen. Several Turkish sultans thought of building a new canal along the same route. Napoleon I. advocated the plan. But the English, supposing that it would injure their East India trade, were against it. In 1843 Mehemed Ali ordered surveys to be made, and it was demonstrated that the level of the Red Sea was not, as formerly supposed, higher than the level of the Mediterranean Sea. The idea of cutting a canal through the isthmus of Suez from sea to sea was at last taken up in all seriousness by Ferdinand de Lesseps, the famous French engineer, in the year 1854, and he was supported by Said Pascha, the viceroy of Egypt.

An international committee of prominent engineers

from the different countries of Europe was appointed. This committee convened in Paris and thence proceeded to Egypt. The immediate result was the organization of a stock company having a capital stock of two hundred million francs, and the work was begun in the spring of 1859.

It was a stupendous undertaking. No less than twenty-four hundred million cubic feet of earth had to be removed. Imagine what a large force of laborers it required and under what singularly difficult circumstances the work had to be done — in the middle of a desert, far away from places where provisions and water could be procured. Until a canal was dug from the Nile to the place of operations no less than sixteen hundred camels were used every day for supplying men and beasts with water.

Several large camps were built, and these soon assumed the appearance of towns, having hospitals, post offices, telegraph offices etc.

One of the first things to be done was the construction of a fresh-water canal from the Nile to Suez for supplying water and for transporting provisions, tools and other necessaries. This canal was completed throughout its whole length in 1863. At Lake Timsah, where it is connected with the main canal by means of two locks, the town of Ismaili was established. The main depots, shops and offices were located at this place.

Many difficulties were met with. England persisted in antagonizing the work. The laborers were greatly

harassed by fevers. But worse than anything else were the ravages of the cholera in 1865. In spite of all difficulties and disappointments, however, the perseverance of de Lesseps was crowned with success, and in the fall of 1869 he witnessed the opening of the canal for public traffic.

These plains, dreary, ash-gray, devoid of the slightest trace of vegetation, present a most disheartening appearance. Sand, sand, and nothing but sand as far as the eye can see.

Somewhere in this region Abraham was once traveling back and forth with his wife Sarah. The brothers of Joseph made two strips across this waste between the fertile valley of the Nile and Canaan, laden with bags of grain, and Joseph and Mary with their child Jesus fled the same way from the cruel hand of Herod. It can not be so very far, since the ancients were able to cover the whole distance on foot. Now it takes less than a day to travel from Port Said to Jerusalem, the distance between Port Said and Jaffa by steamer and the balance by rail.

But I wonder whether the country really was so barren in ancient times. It is claimed that traces of cities have been found here and there throughout this desert, indicating that the ground must have been tillable; but that points to prehistoric times.

The small stations along the canal were surrounded by luxuriant palm trees, presenting a refreshing contrast

to the eye, which grew tired of staring at those endless sand-plains.

Here and there were small huts which served as homes for human beings. It is difficult to tell how they make a living. But they seemed to realize the value of money: their little boys — some of them were big too, for that matter — came running after us along the canal with open mouths and outstretched hands, groaning and moaning as though their lives were at stake. There could be no mistake about it, they wanted money. When something was thrown upon the shore they did not take time to pick it up, but placed a mark in the sand and kept on trotting alongside our steamer. Some of them would follow us for miles until they were exhausted, whereupon they slowly returned, hunting for the coins thrown to them.

At one place we noticed about fifty camels engaged in carrying sand up from the canal out on the plain. Instead of panniers, two big boxes were strung together and placed on either side of the back of the animal. When the boxes were to be filled, the animal lay down carefully and remained quiet until the men had loaded up. At a given signal the camel rose and faithfully carried its burden out upon the plain.

The monotony of the scene was pleasantly relieved by an occasional railway train rushing past.

The Red Sea! I do not know anything about the origin of the name. To my eye it looked light blue. But colors must not be discussed. I know a printer

who cannot distinguish between white, yellow and blue. It is all one color to him. When the common run of people have agreed to call it red I yield my point and join the majority. That's the easiest way.

As long as we could see the land after leaving Suez everything was dreary and gloomy. If the Bible did not tell us that Moses conducted the children of Israel dry-shod across this body of water as they were emigrating from Egypt to the Arabian desert, and if Mount Sinai were not located so close by that one who is well posted can point it out, there would be nothing to look for. There are both lofty mountains and broad plains; but all are ash-colored. I really wonder whether it looked so forlorn when the Israelites were tramping around in this vicinity? Well, then I can easily tell why they complained, and how it came about that they were so dependent upon the manna which they obtained from day to day.

We left Suez Thursday morning and arrived at Aden early the next Monday. Thus it will be seen that it took us four days and nights to plow through the Red Sea. We faced a brisk wind throughout this stretch, and for two days the sea was lashed into foam, the steamer pitching and hewing its way, as it were, through wave upon wave, mile upon mile. The Red Sea is usually calm at this time of the year. The cause of this unusual storm, according to an explanation volunteered by the stewards, was the presence of so many "sky pilots" on board. (A sky pilot is one who tries to point out a safe passage to

heaven.) Well, it did happen once before that a storm arose because there was a missionary on board. But on that occasion the upshot was that he only traveled so much more rapidly, and although he did not land exactly where he intended to go, he turned up where the Lord wanted him.

I am not quite certain as to the cause of our storm. Yet I know that but for the brisk wind the heat would have been well-nigh intolerable.

Aden is situated on the south coast of the Arabian peninsula. It is an English possession and is surrounded by steep mountains, making it an almost impregnable military stronghold. It is an important commercial mart. About three hundred thousand camels bring merchandise to this city every year.

Drinking water is obtained partly through mains leading from wells dug in the valleys among the lofty mountains, partly from distilled sea water.

Arabian merchants, who are always on the qui vive, of course did not fail to board our ship with their goods, their main article being ostrich feathers. It struck me that their goods were expensive; but connoisseurs assured me that the feathers were fabulously cheap, and many passengers purchased a goodly supply.

The boys of this place have an interesting way of making money. They swarm in small boats around the steamers, proposing to dive and fetch up coins thrown down into the water. But they refuse to dive for copper coins, presumably because these cannot so easily be

seen in the water. They will sing a song for a copper coin if it is thrown down into the boat to them; but if it is thrown into the water they simply let it sink to the bottom. They want an English shilling for a dive, and for two sixpences you may make them dive twice. For the fun of the thing I threw down an American ten cent piece. Like an arrow one of the boys shot down through the briny liquid and fetched the coin. This coin created great excitement and wonder, and the whole crowd had to see it. They seemed to discuss the matter quite exhaustively. I have no idea as to the conclusion arrived at; but they seemed to be well pleased and concluded by singing a jolly song to us.

FIFTH CHAPTER.

(Written during the voyage.)

Good Company.—An American Missionary.—A Movement among Students.—Death and Funeral.—Dancing.

How we are getting along on board our steamer? Well, I have no particular reason for complaining. I know nothing about the first class. But the second class passengers are well provided for. Good board and accommodating stewards.

Our fellow passengers? They are a fine lot. To begin, four of us occupied one state room. One of them is a garrison chaplain, a member of the Church of England, who may boast of being a living link in the Apostolic succession. One is a traveling merchant, and a pleasant fellow he is. But he has no use for the representative of the Apostolic succession. The third one is a young Mohammedan from Agra, India. His complexion is dark, almost black. He walks about with his shirt dangling outside his trousers and with a huge turban on his head. But you had better pay your respects to this man, my worthy reader, for he is a member of Her Majesty's staff of domestics at Windsor castle, London! This position is above everything that you or I can ever aspire to in

this world. I wish you could get a peep at the uniform and medals which he preserves as sacred relics. One evening when he complained that the sea rushed in through the porthole and sprinkled his bed, and the steward told him that he knew of no remedy, our good friend hinted that he would report this outrage to the queen upon his return to London. It strikes me that life ought to be sweet to a man who is in a position to complain of his troubles to such a personage as that. But the steward did not seem to be very much alarmed at the threat, and the water was as persistent as ever in squirting through the porthole.

Among the passengers are several missionaries, one of whom is a young American named Max Moorhead. I took a liking to this man for several reasons: he had a fiery temper; he was an American — I like Americans wherever I meet them — and, finally, he had been in Norway twice. — I have been there too, but only once. On his second visit to Norway his chum fell in love with a Norwegian lady to the extent of marrying her, the happy rites taking place in Christiania.

The last mentioned episode acted upon me like a fairy tale. I was anxious to know more about that friend of his, whose name was Robert P. Wilder, and since I have reasons for believing that it will be of interest to the reader I reproduce Mr. Moorhead's account in full. Here it is:

"In the summer of 1886, Mr. D. L. Moody invited to Mount Hermon, Mass., numbers of college men to study the Bible. Two hundred and fifty accepted the in-

vitation. Amongst others to go was Robert P. Wilder, who had just graduated from Princeton College. Mr. Wilder's father and mother had been missionaries in western India. Mr. Wilder has often told how he left his Princeton home to go to Moody's summer school, his sister's words ringing in his ears: 'Robert, I am praying for a great missionary awakening amongst the students at Mount Hermon.'

"Kindled by missionary zeal, Mr. Wilder early in the session approached Mr. Moody on the plan of a series of platform addresses and Bible readings on Missions. But the great evangelist declined to fall in with the plan on the ground that he had called the young men together for a different object, namely, Bible study. And so, quietly, Mr. Wilder assembled a few to pray daily for the awakening which God had laid upon his heart. After some days a meeting was called which afterwards became known as the meeting of the Ten Nations. Three minute addresses were given by a representative from India, China, Siam, Japan, Turkey and other countries. Each one of the ten speakers closed his appeal to the students to evangelize the country whose needs had been freely depicted, with the words 'God is Love,' in his native tongue. About eighty to one hundred students were present. It was a meeting of great power. Men filed out silently; many spent sleepless hours that night. The personal question, 'Shall I go?' was beginning to be pressed home by the resistless power of the Holy Ghost.

"From the date of the evening of this meeting of the

Ten Nations, the subject of the claims of foreign missions upon the students was in the air as uppermost. If one took a walk in the woods a group of men would be found on their knees praying about this matter of the evangelization of the heathen. If one walked to the river, young men in twos and threes might be found in earnest conversation upon this all-absorbing topic.

"Mr. Moody took the cue: he saw God was in the movement; and he called meetings where experienced missionaries expounded God's Word on what constitutes a missionary call, while others pleaded for the heathen. At the end of the summer school one hundred young men had signified their intention to become foreign missionaries. And thus the students' volunteer movement for foreign missions had its origin.

"These one hundred young men were so fired with enthusiasm for evangelizing the heathen that they decided to send a deputation of four to present the claims of foreign missions to students in educational institutions throughout the United States and Canada. Out of the four chosen only one could go. And Mr. Robert Wilder selected Mr. John Forman, now a missionary in the Punjab, India, to accompany him on his tour. Women's colleges as well as men's were visited. God honored the message of these young men, and several hundred were added to the list of student missionary candidates.

"In due time the movement was organized with its executive committee and advisory committee. The executive committee was formed by a representative of the

Y. M. C. A., the Y. W. C. A. and the Inter-Seminary Missionary Alliance.

"The movement has for its object the threefold work of (1) inducing students to become foreign missionaries, (2) bringing student missionary candidates in contact with denominational mission boards and (3) strengthening the purposes of students already pledged while they are being educated.

"Among other results accomplished might be mentioned: The preparation of missionary tracts and books and their dissemination in schools and colleges, and the fact that many churches, colleges and individuals support a representative on the foreign field.

"The movement is inter-denominational. It does not send missionaries to the field. It numbers thousands Several hundred are now scattered throughout the world, laboring to extend the Master's kingdom. May our merciful Father, who began this movement and who has guided its leaders in days past, keep them humble and true to His Word, is the prayer of one who owes much blessing to its instrumentality."

In the early part of the nineties Max Moorhead and Robert Wilder took a notion to spend their vacation in Norway. They became so fond of the country that they returned the next year, and it was during this last stay in Norway that Mr. Wilder found a wife, who afterwards accompanied him to India. At present he is carrying on revival work in America, his chief aim being to arouse the students in the interest of missionary work.

If I am asked whether the passengers became weary of staying so long on board — at this writing we have entered the third week since our departure from Marseilles, and we may count on at least three days more — I may safely answer that the days have glided rapidly by, and no one has complained of being bored.

There is the pack of cards for those who like that kind of amusement, as well as divers other games, and these are used with assiduity. Some of the evenings have been devoted to entertainments, the program consiting of singing, declamation, music and story-telling. An English physician, who left us at Aden, was in the habit of getting up something funny, treating us to a refreshing laughter for a change.

Death has paid us a visit since we lost sight of land. One of our fellow passengers is no more. He was an Indian laborer who embarked at Aden for home. But he died at six o'clock the next morning, and two hours later his remains were consigned to the sea. Most of us knew nothing about it until the engine stopped and our speed was reduced. Then the word "funeral!" passed among us like wild-fire. A gate was opened, and the corpse was lowered in less time than it takes to write these lines.

The engine began to beat again, and the people breathed more freely. "It was only a native." Is it worth while to make any fuss about the death of a native of India? There are still three hundred millions of them. And yet this "native" was as important to Him who holds

life and death in His hand as the viceroy of India or the queen of England.

Oh, world, how cold thou art! "Only a native!"

Shortly afterwards we had a dance. That is, the others. I did not dance, have never learnt that art, nor have the missionaries, as far as I know. But that is a different subject.

The dancing took place on the second cabin floor the first evening, and on the first cabin floor the next. Only fine people, of course, took part in the dance — "cultured" people I ought to have said; for no others had dress suits along. A woman — lady, I mean, who wore a decidedly low-necked Paris dress, was at an awful pinch: she had a little baby. Well, why not make her husband tend to the baby while she attends the ball? But here is a new snag. He too was figuring on a social hop. Nevertheless, she had dressed and made every preparation for any emergency that might present itself. She walked about in a low-necked dress, shaking the baby, until one of the lady missionaries relieved her so that she could step out on the deck, where the dance was already in full swing. But then my comrade, the traveling merchant, swore a stiff oath — he had learnt this art, but used it only on this occasion during the voyage — that if this lady had been his wife he would have sued for divorce as soon as he landed.

SIXTH CHAPTER.

In Bombay.—Helping Hands.—A Poor Selection.—A New Guide.—Number One Returned.—The Bill of Fare, Waiter, Wind-Maker etc.—The Parsis.—A Modern School.

And this is India! What a motley and multitudinous life!

Contrasts, nothing but contrasts, it seems to me.

The harbor of Bombay is literally covered with vessels. Here we see battleships with their murderous outfit surrounded by the most innocent fishing smacks. One steamer towered higher and bulkier than the other among a swarm of craft of the most laughable appearance, some of them using crazy patchwork as sails, others being covered with thatched roofs as decks, and a large proportion of them indicating a seaworthiness which was at best debatable.

People? Bless your soul! Think of an anthill. A restless, swarming, seething multitude. But of the monotony of the anthill there is none, nor of its feverish activity. It is a mixture. Here you see the pale or fair European who is traveling for recreation, by the side of the bronzed and red-nosed seaman, the well-fed and well-dressed Parsi, followed by the lean and half-naked coolie. But all of them have plenty of time. No one is in a hurry. In-

deed, these people do move, and their movements are uniform and deliberate, but miraculously slow.

Upon facing land, you look in vain for the city of thatched mudhuts. On the contrary the eye is attracted by modern fortifications, carrying the most terrible engines of murder, and beyond these rises one edifice above another in Gothic and Saracenic style. This is called the European section of the city, while the city of the natives lies concealed behind it.

We did not have time to take a good view even of the European section, only a few hours being allotted to us for making preparations to continue the journey. But these hours were both interesting and busy. Our baggage had to be taken to the custom-house, but mine was not opened. Nor was it necessary to open it; for I had prepared a complete list of the contents, and this was accepted, as it surely ought to be, because it was correct.

I do not know whether there are many preachers among my readers; and it makes little difference so that my work is read by so many more of their parishioners. But sometimes the preacher is in an embarrassing position on account of the difficulty of procuring helping hands. There may be no lack of people who want to work — for pay. But they seem to think that it is improper to charge the minister the regular rates. It might be looked upon as discreditable. Nor do they like to assist him for nothing, provided they can put their hands to something else. They may make an excuse like this, for instance:

"I would gladly do it, but today I have no time to spare. I am bound to go to town." Or: "My horse is not shod, so I cannot take him out on the road, otherwise I would have been pleased to help you out." Thus it will be seen that the preacher is left in a quandary though he may have a plentiful supply of money and good words. I admit that my experience is not very extensive on that score; but I have seen enough to sympathize with those who complain that assistance cannot be had on any terms.

But come to Bombay, and you will find plenty of help. At least two hundred men crowded around me to help me carry the few trifles that I could easily carry with my own hands. As I have already hinted, I have occasionally been embarrassed, though I have found helping and accommodating hands everywhere, and I can properly appreciate a good opportunity to hire servants when I need them. But this was too much for me. Why should they select me in particular? Do I look so much more helpless than the rest, or did they take me to be more stupid? Well, they doubtless perceived that I was green. I had never been in their country before, and, to tell the truth, to me it looked like a new world.

Their jargon I could not understand. But their gestures plainly indicated what they were after. A guide—I would not use the word servant—might come handy in such a strange place. But it must needs be one that could speak with me.

Could they speak English? "Yes, me know, saheb!" they all shouted in chorus. This left my difficulty as great

as ever. How could I make a good selection out of this crowd?

A new idea struck me.

"Does any one know the way to Cook's tourist office?"

"Yes, me know, saheb!" yelled the whole company as before, faced about and started up hill. By means of grunting and gesticulating and cutting faces they tried to induce me to follow them. But now I considered it most advisable to wait for a new idea. It came, and it was better than the others. All of a sudden I scooted past the whole army up hill as though I knew the way. This was a lucky move. After a little while I looked back, and then I found only twenty-one men close upon my heels.

"Me know, saheb, me know Cook!" All of them knew it, but by this time I had fewer to choose among, and I pointed out the one that struck me as the most loquacious in the gang, whereupon we two started off together.

As soon as we had distanced the others I began to test his oratorical powers. But whether I failed to understand him or he me, that question I shall leave unanswered. It soon dawned upon my mind, however, that he and I did not hitch very well.

In a hand-book I had read that the tourist office was directly above the landing-place. But my guide made the way as long as from Christmas to Easter Sunday. Afterwards I found out that he wanted me to pay him

by the hour. The tourist agent at once told me how much the services of my guide were worth in the money of the country, and I settled with him. He did not fail to express his opinion in regard to myself; and the coin which I gave him and which the agent said was more than large enough seemed to be so unsatisfactory to him as to justify him in throwing it back to me. I too made strenuous exertions to let him know that it hurt my feelings to dispense with his services so abruptly. But it proved to be quite impossible to arrive at a mutual understanding.

A new guide had to be procured, for without this equipment no one can get along. This time I struck a Brahmin,—according to his own story, at least. He had a big book full of recommendations from Americans whom he had taken care of and conducted to all parts of the country.

"Me know abery thing ober whole India, saheb," he assured me time and again. I asked him if he could read the recommendations himself. Ah, no, but the sahebs could read them.

"But none of them are very good," I told him.

"How?"

Then I explained to him that they were too long to read when a traveler is in a hurry. If he would do satisfactory work I would write a recommendation of only two inches. Then people could see at a glance what a good fellow he was. This idea seemed to please him.

"Yes, yes, me know abery thing, saheb."

We became good friends at once, and a few minutes later we were riding in a cab toward the custom-house.

But I soon found that I knew very little about manners yet. My intention was that he should carry one of my valises—I had two of them—from the custom-house. Not much! It was at this juncture he told me that he claimed to be a Brahmin. He was no carrier. Such work would call the wrath of the gods down upon him and exclude him from his high caste. Then I thought to myself, respect for a man's religion, though he be a Hindu! It is not advisable even for him to act against the dictates of his conscience. Besides, I could easily carry my baggage alone, as is customary among common people in America.

In America! How different everything is in India. A tourist carry his own baggage! What a sight in cultured India, the cradle and home of aristocracy! No, sir, that would never do. Two robust men simply seized my valises and asked me to follow them. One wanted to carry my light over-coat, and if I remember rightly another offered to carry my cane. This treatment was rather too much of a good thing, especially in view of the fact that I had to pay for every little attention paid to me.

I felt relieved upon returning to my cab and my dear Brahmin. Here I settled with my carriers, and afterwards with another who had followed me all the time in the custom-house and who claimed that he was entitled to receive pay because he had shown me where my bag-

gage was. The truth is that I found my baggage myself without asking any human being for it. But the man received his pay anyway, and I hope he has made good use of it.

Now we started for the railway station at a full trot. On the way we met the first guide, of whom I had taken such sad leave only a short time before. He seemed to be delighted to see me again and jumped into our cab at once. This was well done, but it must not be assumed that the joy was mutual. Was the man daft? He made a fearful racket, and by the aid of my aimiable Brahmin he made me comprehend that he had a serious charge against me. He had served me faithfully half a day and had received no pay.

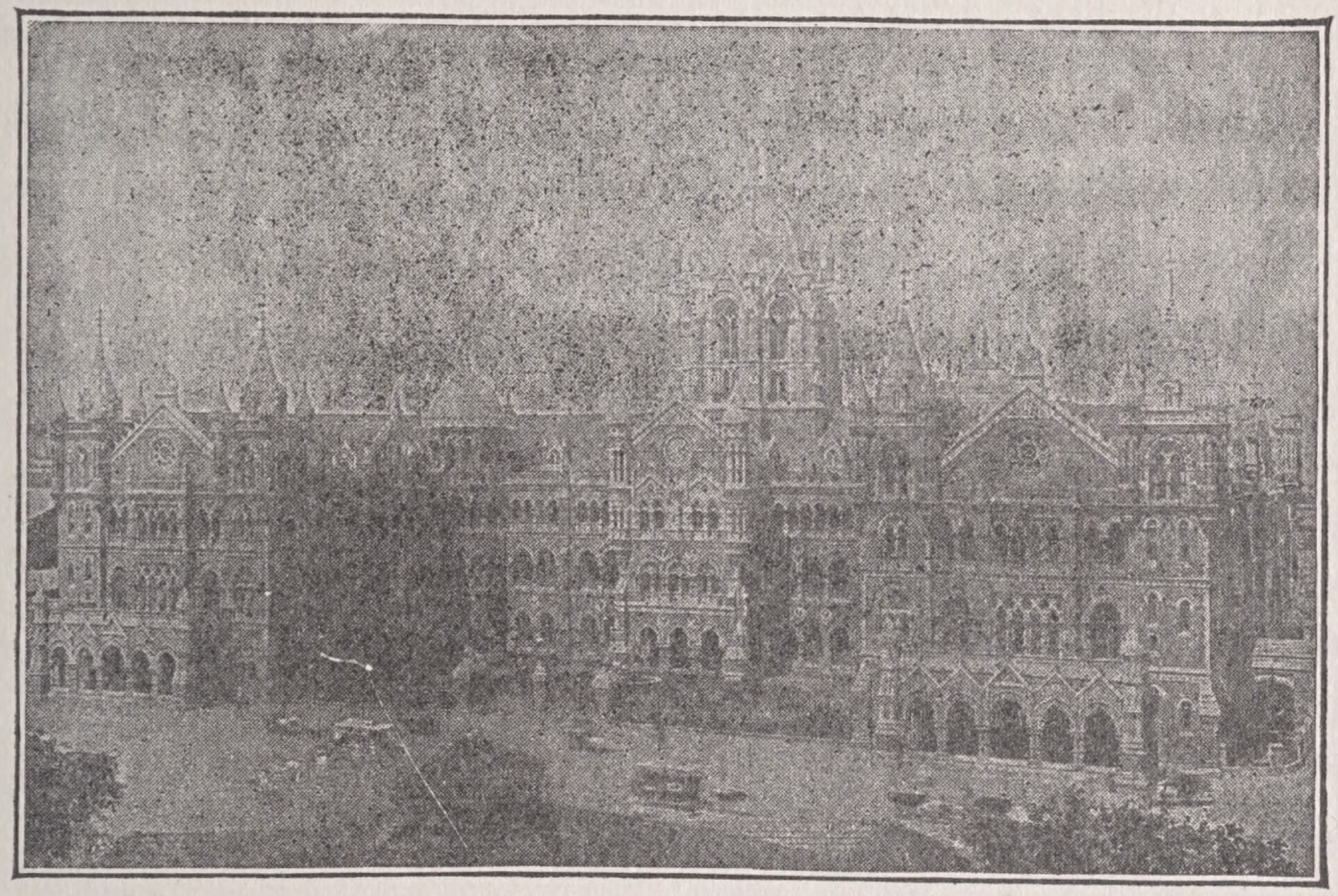
What occurred in my mind on this occasion would not be flattering to me if it appeared in print. But our horse had to be stopped, and the man was assisted out of the cab as decently as the circumstances would permit. It made little difference to him, however, for by the time we reached the depot he too was there. This was so well done on his part that I involuntarily saluted him and, in order to convince him that I was not joking, I handed him a coin. The result was what I had expected. With a profound bow he expressed his gratitude. The coolies who stepped up to carry my baggage into the station were chased away by him, and he carried it himself, following close upon our heels. But he had to stop at the gate, for here a corps of uniformed carriers were stationed, and they had a monopoly of the work and the

earnings inside the gate. I let one of them relieve him and thanked him for his services. This again put an end to our mutual understanding and friendship. He wanted his pay for the five steps he took with me, and he got it; but we never arrived at a perfect agreement, though a sober afterthought must have convinced the man that he was well paid.

There was yet an hour and a half before the train was to leave. This time was employed to good advantage in the shape of instructive experiences. Many things had to be learned that I might avoid an unreasonable amount of discredit as well as pecuniary loss. So much was brand new to me, all huddled together in confusion, without system, without harmony. This was my impression at any rate. A mongrel mixture of human types which indicated a difference in origin and each of which had its peculiar customs and manners. To move among these people and get along with them without offending this man and that man, without making a fool of oneself or being ridiculed as one who has not acquired even the rudiments of good manners, this is not an easy matter for people who are slow to learn.

We enter the large dining hall. It is likely that you never saw one that was more elegantly furnished in an American railway station. Behind each guest stands a man holding an immense palm leaf. He supports the stem on the floor and moves the leaf vigorously back and forth. In this manner he produces a breeze which keeps down the temperature of the guest.

If I only knew the meaning of all these inviting names on the bill of fare! "Fried chicken." Yes, I understand that. "Coffee" I understand too. "Whiskey?" Well, I will not protest that I am utterly ignorant of its qualities. But my contact with it occurred long, long ago, and even then I really had no taste for it. These were the only



Railway Depot, Bombay.

items I could master. Let me take chicken with bread, potatoes etc. and a cup of coffee.

One must not be in a hurry if he orders a meal in a restaurant in India. The waiter takes his own time. But he performs his work with the greatest conscientiousness. If he brings you meat and no knife he returns to fetch one, but, of course, forgets to bring you a fork. But you need not become discouraged. He will bow

profoundly and say "all right" or something which remotely reminds you of that expression, and in ten minutes he will bring you a fork. If you have hired a servant he will wait on you at the table without extra pay. I was not aware of this at the time, and my good Brahmin remained standing by my side to see that everything was done in a proper way. At last the bill was presented to me on a dish, and when it was paid I naively imagined that my way was clear. The reader can easily imagine my feelings when the waiter demanded pay for his trouble. Well, I concluded that this was the custom of the country, and to this power everybody must submit. Having dispatched the waiter, I was immediately tackled by the wind-maker who had been fanning me from behind during the whole performance. To take artificial wind with the food may be pleasant at times, and in India it practically amounts to a necessity. But this was the first time in a life of ups and downs and tos and fros that I had to pay for wind. I asked my Brahmin whether there were any others who were entitled to remuneration, and a sigh of relief escaped me upon my receiving a negative answer.

According to the figures of my good guide the city of Bombay has about one million inhabitants. But Pinder's hand-book, which was printed several years ago, puts it at "821,000 souls." There are about one hundred cotton-mills, which employ seventy thousand persons. There are several silk-mills, numerous iron foundries and machine shops, employing thousands of workingmen.

Bombay is controlled by Europeans. There can be no mistake on that score. And they live like kings and princes, the European quarter of the city being one of the finest to be seen on a trip around the globe.

There are also many prosperous natives. Particular mention must be made of the Parsis, or the Jews of India, as they are called. The Parsis constitute a race which is characterized by a fair complexion and a symmetrical form of the face. The Parsis are said to number about one hundred thousand.

They were originally Persian slaves who were persecuted and driven away by the Mohammedans; but of late they have advanced to a position of considerable esteem, and as a class they are prosperous.

In Bombay they are quite numerous. Several of them met us on board the steamer with their money-bags to accommodate us with change.

These people are presumably best known from the manner in which they bury their dead. In fact they don't bury them at all. They place the corpse in a little court surrounded by a high wall, which looks like a low tower. On the walls are a flock of hungry vultures waiting for the departure of those who brought the corpse, and at the earliest opportunity they pounce upon the corpse and devour it in a few minutes. Only the bones remain. These are afterwards thrown down into a deep well.

The Parsis are fairly well educated, and they operate good schools for their children.

The Mohammedans of Bombay are courageously and

successfully struggling to improve their condition. In 1893 they opened the Anjuman-i-Islam School for the purpose of giving their young people an education which will put them on a level with the Europeans.

The more intelligent Mohammedans gradually perceived that an educational system based mainly upon the European plan, is one of the chief means of saving the natives from being hopelessly beaten in the struggle for supremacy in India. As it is, the English have assumed control of the commerce of the country and have managed to conduct the industrial enterprises in such a manner that English interests are particularly favored. The natives have gradually discovered the secrets of the Europeans and have imitated them on a modest scale; and along with this progress they have discovered the only solution of the all-absorbing problem: how can the white man be made to respect the native? And simultaneously they felt the necessity of a thoroughly modern institution of learning.

It might have been expected that the English, who are rather inclined to boast of their Christianity and their dear wards, would have taken the lead in building schools for the education of the natives, especially in a country where the English have acquired such great wealth as in India. But my knowledge on that subject is highly meager. An educated Mohammedan with whom I afterwards became acquainted on a journey in northern India assured me most positively that the English are heartily opposed to the education of the natives along

the lines indicated above. The English foresee what it will lead to. If the native acquires a European education which is adapted to the special needs of India he will be able to assume control of the industrial enterprises and establish commercial connections abroad; the white man will be beaten in the race; and England's commercial interests in India will be at an end.

Indeed, this is nothing but conjectures. Yet it remains a fact that the natives were the prime movers in establishing said school. The Mohammedans of Bombay collected over one million rupees among themselves. They applied for and received an annual contribution from the government, and by means of this and their own subscriptions they have gradually improved the school until it has become one of the most noted in India.

My guide in Bombay—I mean number two of them—spoke English fairly well for a native of India. He had attended an English school for some time and could read short sentences if they were plainly written. But he complained that most Europeans write a bad hand. Then he pulled out his book. It was soon time to take leave of him, for I could not afford to keep him any longer. Then came the recommendation which I had promised him.

"He is the boy," I wrote in his book. He pondered a long while, and a little assistance enabled him to make out the meaning. Then he laughed and thanked me again and again. Would I kindly add his name? He repeated it three of four times to me as distinctly as he could. But before he reached the middle of it I forgot the beginning.

It was constitutionally impossible for any and all business purposes, and I flatly told him so. It must be cut down from its original to an inch or two before it can be attempted with any degree of success by people having such poor memories as the average traveler enjoys. I gave it up. But I handed him a rupee for his services, and we said good-by to each other as the best of friends. May he get along well all his days!

Musicians in India.

SEVENTH CHAPTER.

An Annoying Night.—Precaution against the Bubonic Plague.—A Gruesome Incident.—Wild Beasts.—Poisonous Snakes.—In the Valley of the Ganges.—The Same as in Days of Old.—Big Tobacco Pipes.—Monotonous Villages.—Artificial Irrigation.

The old story again! Here I am in the midst of fresh tribulations on account of my ignorance. It was no fault of mine that the two lower sofas were occupied when I came. First come first served, is a practical rule in India too. You need no special sleeping car ticket on the railways of India. In each car is a sofa on either side, and above each of these is a shelf which may be turned up in the day; but it is so far up that a person may sit on the sofa beneath even if it is turned down. If you enter the car in time you simply place your baggage on one of the sofas and direct your servant to see to it that no one else takes your place. But if another comes before you nothing remains for you but to mount the shelf.

There were only two ahead of me, so I had my choice between the two upper beds. The bench in the middle escaped my attention for the time being. When the train started we were five passengers in the car, all Europeans. Consequently one had to sleep on the middle bench. The

last arrival supposed that this properly belonged to me, and he was willing to lie on the shelf if I chose the middle bench below.

His offer appeared to me to be very liberal, and I accepted it without hesitation.

But that man knew what he was doing. He evidently had been away from his family hearth-stone before. That bench was not made to sleep on. Mine was a sad experience. But my polite and accommodating fellow passenger has no reason to complain that I kept him awake reproaching him. Not a harsh word passed my lips. Such things must be submitted to with resignation, or else a person would fly off at a tangent too often.

The heat was oppressive, and I failed to see why my companions, instead of wide, light night-shirts, put on clothes that fitted tightly from head to foot. Such a garb as this might do very well for a morning suit or to wear in case of a general smash-up which would compel each one to run for dear life irrespective of toilet or no toilet. But the idea of going to bed in such a garment as this, and in such heat! But it was a part of the regular program. I followed the example set before me, doffing my night-shirt for a suit like those worn by my comrades. But it felt like going to bed in one's usual wearing apparel, and I gave it up.

The others were well supplied with blankets and sheets, in which they carefully wrapped themselves when they retired. What sense is there in this precaution? In

a temperature of ninety degrees Fahrenheit I surely would not miss my bedclothes. Or what do you think?

By three o'clock in the morning I had put on all the clothes I could scrape together, and yet I suffered almost

Railway Travel in India.

as much from cold as I did on my way from Liverpool to London. This was an eye-opener, indeed.

What's that? Train robbers? Or am I only dreaming? I started, rubbed my eyes and saw a veritable man standing in our car and babbling something to the effect that all of us had to be examined. I thought of "hands up!" But this was not the exact language he used. He

wore a decidedly peaceful aspect, and as the others seemed to take the matter quite coolly, simply extending one of their arms to him, I gradually overcame my first terror and confidingly asked him if he wanted to bleed us in the literal sense of that expression. No, that was not his aim; but all precautionary measures had to be taken to prevent the spreading of the plague.

The plague? What plague? Do you mean the influenza? No; it was the bubonic plague, the Black Death, or whatever you choose to call it.

Is it not a year or two since the bubonic plague raged here? "Since it commenced to rage, yes," said the man, feeling my pulse. "All right," was the judgment pronounced upon the condition of my health as he slipped out of the car.

I tried to indulge in another nap. But this news about the plague, the unpardonably narrow, convex bench and the ever sinking temperature were more than sufficient to banish sleep from my eyes for the balance of the night. Am I to be thrown into the very jaws of the black plague, too? What will my wife and children say if they hear of it? Maybe they have already heard that the plague has broken out afresh and are mourning because they think they may never see me again!

A couple of hours later our sanitary condition was tested a second time, and a third time, and then again and again.

Oh, a plague upon this plague!

It was a great treat to get out next morning and

stretch the limbs while the train stopped about half an hour. And there were a great many strange things to see. The clothing of the people seemed to represent all the costumes in the world and all the colors of the rainbow. There were half-naked and well-dressed, cleanly and filthy, ugly and beautiful people, mixed up most democratically. There stands an elderly man as if chained to the spot. Is he sick or is he freezing? His arms hung loosely, his body began to shake, and in a little while he fell forward, his face striking the hard pavement with a loud clap. Not a limb stirred, there was no sign of life.

The signal for starting was given. I jumped aboard the train, and it was a positive relief to get away from this dismal place. Was it the plague? I do not know.

Where are the wilds of India with their fierce tigers and roaring lions? Where are the impenetrable jungles, where is the home of the beasts of prey and the terrible python?

While a boy I read about a party of German tourists who went to Norway to hunt bears. They were dressed as though they were going to spend a winter in Siberia. Upon landing in Christiania they were greatly disappointed to find that very few if any bears had shown themselves in that part of the country for one thousand years past. They had read about bear-hunting in Norway, and was not this Norway? What foreigner can think of Norway without the idea of ice and snow and bears! Thousands of men, however, have traversed the country from end to end without seeing a bear-track.

India has an area of about two million square miles and a population of almost three hundred millions. Even if there are forests and tigers and pythons in India you may have to search both long and carefully before you find any of them. It depends wholly upon your choice of a landing-place and of a field for your further operations. Where three hundred million people are scattered over a territory of no greater extent than this, and where their ancestors have lived for three or four thousand years, we should not expect to find large forests nor beasts of prey in great numbers. And yet there is scarcely a country on the globe where the forests are wilder, the beasts fiercer and the serpents more dangerous.

The statistics tell us that the number of tigers killed annually in India is 9,500, that of leopards 3,000, that of wolves 5,000 and that of bears 1,300.

And still there remain enough of those wild beasts to kill over 3,000 people and 50,000 head of cattle every year.

But this is nothing compared with the poisonous snakes. No less than 17,000 deaths a year are charged to this account. The snakes are most dangerous because they live not only in the forests and mountains but wind their way everywhere so that a person is not wholly secure against their treacherous attacks anywhere when the weather is warm enough to permit them to keep themselves above the ground.

But now it was winter, and at this season of the year the snakes are so drowsy that we could safely put our

feet on the ground when the train stopped. Along our route there were no backwoods with tigers, leopards, bears and elephants to be seen. On the contrary, recently sowed patches of wheat, carefully cultivated fields, palm-trees of different sizes and shady fruit-trees, villages and herds of cattle met our eyes wherever we turned. Only at long intervals a range of mountains or hills was seen in the distance.

Although India has become famous as an exceedingly rich country it is one of the poorest on the globe. The soil seems to be rich in most places, but it is a matter of record that it is not able to produce a good crop if the rain fails. For this reason failures of the crops and their attendant, famine, are so frequent in India.

In the valley of the Ganges, where we are at the present moment, the soil is very rich, and provided it receives enough moisture it easily produces two crops annually. In winter the wheat does well here, and oats and rye also, may be raised. Besides these cereals, even barley and corn thrive in northern India. But rice is raised wherever there is sufficient rain. Cotton, indigo, jute, hemp and flax are raised in considerable quantities in different parts of the country.

The Ganges valley looks like an immense farm. The occupation of the people is tilling of the soil. That fact is undeniable. And this has been the occupation of the people in this locality from time immemorial, for they have made no innovations of late. It is a part of their religion to make a living in the same fashion as their fore-

fathers did. Thousands of years ago they plowed their fields by means of oxen. Their plow is of the same style as that used one thousand years before Christ. Seeding and reaping are performed in the same way as in the days of Solomon. They do the threshing with oxen that are not muzzled, they clean the grain with a hand fan, and two women grind with one mill, just as described in the Bible.

People are seen at work everywhere, women as well as men. But they take their time. The man that has his hand on the plow looks straight ahead, and this is necessary in order to keep the furrow straight. The oxen are in no hurry, and the driver does not urge them on. There seems to be a mutual understanding that whatever cannot be done to-day may safely be put off till to-morrow. The sower must conclude that he can easily keep up with the plowman and that it makes but little difference whether the grain is put into the ground a week earlier or a week later; and he calmly squats by the roadside and lights his pipe.

While he is smoking he can do nothing else, for his tobacco-pipe differs very much from ours. His pipe is really a sort of diminutive brick-kiln, a tube which is from six to ten inches long and has a fire-box at the top. Into this box he first puts a dough of tobacco and divers spices. On the top of this he places a thick layer of burning coals and folds his hands around the lower end of the tube. Between his thumbs he adroitly forms an aperture through which he draws the smoke. This apparatus

excuses him from work as long as he is smoking. If he can afford it he uses a far more complicated affair. He connects the tube with an earthen jar containing about half a gallon of water, and he runs the tube down to the bottom of the water. A flexible tube is connected with the top of the jar, and through this he draws the smoke. The smoke is thus washed and cooled by being forced through the water before it enters the mouth. If I ever get a notion to while away my weary moments by smoking tobacco I shall employ the second method, thereby enjoying the smoke after it is well cleansed and cooled. It is not so handy as to walk about with a pipe or a cigar in the mouth; but I protest most emphatically that it is better for the health.

The peasants do not live scattered here and there on the patches of ground owned by each. They live in villages, some of which have thousands of inhabitants. In these villages each man has his own compound, which is the abode of man and beast alike. The animals seem to enjoy more extensive privileges than the people. Between the compounds are narrow passages, and through the middle of the village runs a wider passage which constitutes the main street.

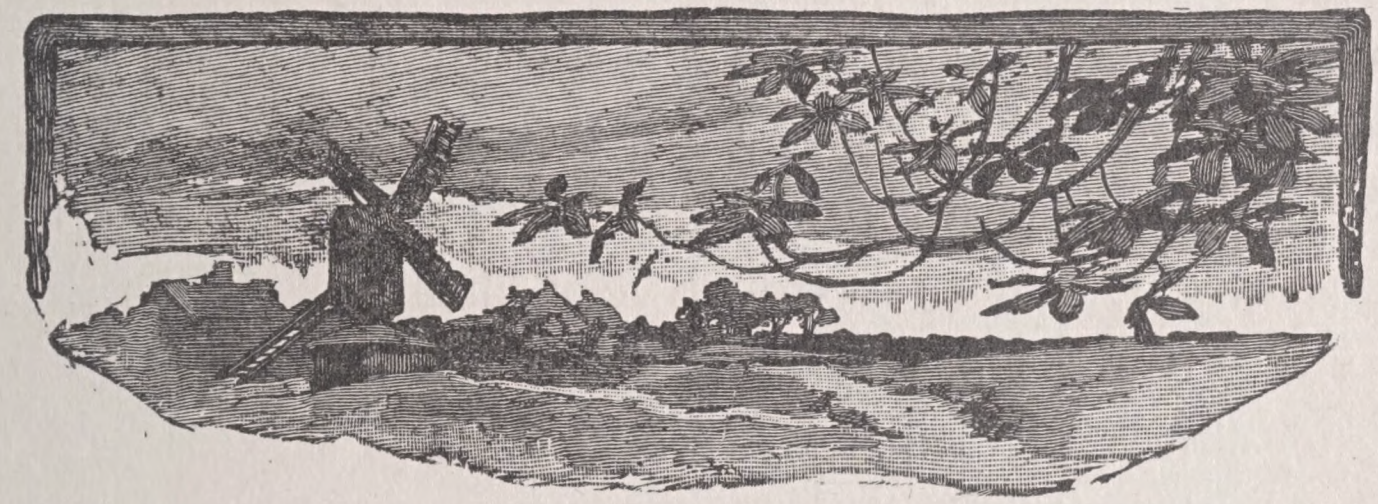
All the villages that we pass look so much alike that even a stranger may get weary of the monotonous repetition, and all of them bear the stamp of old age. The houses are built of clay and are thatched with straw. One wall seems to have been repaired last year, while the house is about to tumble down on the opposite side.

But it is to be hoped that this portion will be repaired next year. After this fashion things have been dragging along from generation to generation.

There surely must have been a time when the Indian peasant had some thought of the future. This is evident from the numerous water reservoirs from which the fields can be watered, either for winter crops during the dry season or during dry spells in the rainy season. If these ponds are located on elevated ground it is very easy to conduct the water from them to the fields; but when they are located on low ground the operation requires much labor. In the latter case it was highly interesting to notice the different methods of raising the water and spreading it over the fields. One man would dip the water from a river or a pond up into a smaller pond, from which another man dipped it up into the next one. It was slow work. But we must bear in mind that time is no object in India. Sometimes the trunk of a whole tree is used. In the butt end is cut a trough-like reservoir, and from this a gutter leads to the top of the tree. The tree is balanced on a fulcrum. The top end is raised and the butt end is dipped into the water. When the trough in the butt end has been filled that end is again raised until the water flows along the tree to the field which is to be irrigated. If there is a fall in the river a wheel is used for raising the water. Sometimes water is raised from deep wells by means of a horizontal capstan. A rope is wound around the capstan a few times, a bucket is tied to one end of the rope, a yoke of oxen is

hitched to the other end, and everything is ready for work.

I do not consider myself capable of passing judgment on the advantages and disadvantages of these different systems of irrigation from a financial point of view. But if that which has been long and carefully tried must invariably be practical and profitable, then there can be but one side to this question.



EIGHTH CHAPTER.

Where I am Going.—One Day Alone in a Hindu Village. —In the Washing-Pond.—Shaving.—Trading-Booths.— Jewelry. — Cleanliness.—A Soothsayer.

Now I have already written several chapters about my journey without telling where I am going. Some people travel without any aim. They simply travel, and do not know where; nor by what route they are to return home. Others travel continually and never get home because they neither have a home nor care to have one. They are called tramps. Their necessaries are few and insignificant, and they travel very cheaply. Still others travel only for pleasure, they take their time and spend money liberally. Business often serves as a good excuse for traveling long distances. What excuses one may trump up when he is at a pinch! Deaths, weddings, relatives, enemies, friends! And yet I have not mentioned plagues, gout, pain in the back, nervousness, consumption and other social and individual ailments. But when one is neither a tramp, nor is rich, nor poor, nor going to a sick-bed, wedding or funeral, nor has a very dear friend or relative to visit or an enemy to do up, no war, pest, gout, or other abomination to flee from,

when one is not recently married or has any very urgent business on hand—when a person is so hopelessly at sea, what explanation is he to concoct for the gratification of the curious questioner?

Write a book! Well, yes, I had an idea of writing a book, but not one like this. This work is an accident. I did not travel for the sake of this book at all, I went for the sake of another book which was already written.

Some twenty-five years ago I read an account of a Christian mission among the Santhals of India. It was a lecture given in Exeter Hall, London, in 1874, by L. O. Skrefsrud, a missionary. This lecture made a profound impression upon me, and since that time I have studied this mission with ever increasing interest. In 1881 I met Mr. Skrefsrud in Norway, and during his tour of America, in 1894, I became still better acquainted with him. For years I kept on collecting all obtainable literature on his mission, and in the fall of 1897 I published a good-sized volume on his work among the Santhals. In my reply to a letter of thanks from the missionaries a few words escaped my pen to the effect that I might possibly go to India at some future time in order to see with my own eyes what had been done among the Santhals and what had become so dear to God's people both in Europe and America. My remark was made offhand and without any idea of making this trip. Two months later, however, I received a letter from Mr. Skrefsrud in which he invited me to come and spend the Christmas with him and Mr. Boerresen, his co-worker, in San-

thalistan; I decided to go; and three weeks later I was on my way.

Santhalistan is located in Bengal, about one hundred and sixty miles northwest of Calcutta. At this time we were within an eight hours' ride of Rampur Hat, which is the nearest railway station to Ebenezer, where the missionaries Boerresen and Skrefsrud reside. I did not like to arrive in the evening. I desired to see how the country and the people looked when I arrived, and I stopped at Mokame and waited twelve hours for the next train. This gave me a chance to devote a whole day to the study of this town and its people.

Pagan life pure and unadulterated stared me obtrusively in the face at this place.

On a public square between the depot building and the town was a large, magnificent well, about ten feet across and I do not know how deep. To this well come the people of the town, men and women, to fetch water. The women carry their pitchers on their heads as did Rachel of yore, while the men of the water-carriers' caste come to the well with a sheep-skin bag (leathern bottle) suspended across the back by a shoulder-strap, the neck protruding under the left arm. When this bag is filled it assumes the shape of a sheep with feet and tail. Only the head is lacking. The man grasps the neck with his left hand and starts off.

Several of these water-carriers were engaged in washing the platform of the depot, while others of the sweepers' caste were scrubbing.

This well also seemed to be the public bath of the town. I saw several parties bathe in it. They were evidently men of noble birth. A well-fed man came riding through the city on an elephant, which he left standing outside the gate while he was bathing. A word must be said of the bathing performance itself. A servant mounts the three-foot curb surrounding the well, pulls up water and pours it on the one who is bathing. Thereupon the bather changes clothes before the eyes of the people.

On another side of the town was a pond in which many women were washing clothes. Each of them was standing outside a big rock, churning the water into foam. Seizing the garment at one end they thrashed it against the rock like mad furies. There is a sneaking misgiving in my mind as to their success in dissolving and removing the dirt in this manner. And maybe this is not their object after all. What made the matter look dubious, to say the least, was the fact that they afterwards spread the clothes out upon the dusty, clayey ground to dry in the sun.

But I do declare that no living thing could be subjected to such a radical treatment without being at least crippled for life; and this may have been the real aim of this extraordinary proceeding.

In the shade of a tree sat an old and a young man—father and son, no doubt—putting old patches on old shoes. I could not make out what the shoes were to be used for, because I did not see anybody using foot-wear

L. of C.

in that town—excepting, however, a few women whose toes were richly ornamented with metal rings.

Outside a large gate which had to be opened before a person could enter the village, a hair-dresser was sitting on the ground, busily engaged in cutting the hair of a number of shabby boys, and a little beyond him was another engaged in the same trade. But he was a barber too.

Shaving was not a pompous or complicated affair. The barber and his customer squatted on the ground, facing each other, and the shaving began. Soap is a luxury. A man can be shaved without soap; that much I learned then and there. But it takes lots of water, and the water must be rubbed in well. The razor strop is not superfluous, for the razor should always be kept sharper than a saw. But the Indian barber is practical. It would hardly pay for him to buy a strop. Nor does he need to buy any. It is much cheaper for him to use his own cuticle. And this is highly andvantageous in various ways. His own skin cannot easily be stolen; nor does he run the risk of forgetting to take it with him when his business compels him to move from place to place; and it is practically indestructible, lasting at least as long as himself. He simply stretches forth one of his legs, sharpens his knife on it, and solemnly inaugurates the ceremony.

The operation is not entirely painless. This is manifested by the workings of the face of the patient. But

it is only a transitory affair, as the fox said when he was skinned.

Inside the gate were several trading-booths on either side of the street. I walked all around to look at the goods, but I was not able to detect anything that I could

Shaving in India.

make use of. Among the lot were a confectionery and a butcher shop. The sweet-meats did not look particularly appetizing. But the tastes are variously shaded and graded in this world. I do not doubt that many found the confectionery very toothsome. But the confectioner did not do a rushing business as long as I was around. The people were kept busy wondering at me while I was in sight. They must have taken me to be the craziest of creatures they had ever seen.

The butcher sat brooding over the remains of the carcass of a goat, and unless the meat was sold very soon it would become tender enough even for toothless people.

One shop was well supplied with what Americans would call jewelry.

A Hindu Girl.

The women of India are as fond of ornaments as are their sisters elsewhere. They are chips of the same block.

Hats and feathers and ribbons and laces and clouds of other things, so dear to the European lady, do not seem to strike the fancy of the dusky dames of India. The women in this part of Bengal do not seem to care much for clothing of any kind. To be sure, they wear a little more clothes than the men, still I must say that, considering their sex, they are very sparingly dressed.

But as to the use of bracelets and rings and all imagin-

able kinds of metal trinkets they far outstrip their white sisters. Be it the poorest man's daughter or the ugliest old crone, she is bound to have a ring or two in her nose, eyes, ears, around her wrists and ankles, on her toes and fingers or wherever a quantity of metal can be attached.

Of gold she has none. There is but little of that material in India. But she is fond of silver. If silver comes too

A Lady's Footwear.

high for her she is contented with cheaper metal. Brass may do well enough, and at a pinch even iron is used.

Some women carry heavy brass clamps around their legs. In some cases these clamps seem to have been put on at an early age, and as the limbs have grown the clamps have caused great pain. At a later date, Mr. Boerresen, the missionary, told me that one day he was approached by a Santhal whose sick daughter was in need

of medical aid. The ailment was in her feet. Boerresen suspected what was the matter and took a file along. His suspicion was well founded. The brass clamps around her ankles had become too narrow, and they had to be filed off. Her father was of course glad that his daughter's life was saved, but he wanted Mr. Boerresen to pay for the ornaments that he had destroyed.

It does not occur to me to accuse these people of being filthy. I have already spoken of bathing and washing. I have seen people carry the garbage from the house and throw it into a neighboring pond where they also wash their clothes, bathe and take their drinking water. To see them scratch and rub themselves is apt to create an able-bodied suspicion that they are not alone under their clothes. But circumstantial evidence is not sufficient to convict a person.

In the middle of the street sat an old woman, and behind her a young one, perhaps her daughter or daughter-in-law, who was busily engaged in searching for something in the old woman's long, tangled hair. I do not know what she was hunting for; but what she found she put into her mouth. A little farther away were other women similarly occupied. The reader may draw his own conclusions.

By this time the dogs had become aware of the presence of a stranger in their village, and they became so aggressive that though I spoke kindly to them—first in English and then in Norwegian—I found it to my advantage to retire outside the gate.

From the advertisements in the daily papers one may infer that America is the paradise of professional prophetesses. But I used to believe that it was only the lowest and most ignorant classes that permitted themselves to be imposed upon in that manner. That the better educated Americans were so superstitious as to consult soothsayers and clairvoyants in all seriousness with regard to family and business affairs had never occurred to me before.

Here I found evidence in black and white.

A man handed me a book in which were written recommendations, mostly by Americans, to the effect that the bearer was the best soothsayer that they had ever met.

He boasted that he could tell me anything and everything, for he was no Mohammedan soothsayer. He was a Brahmin and had not learnt to be a bungler.

In order to make it plain to me that he knew his business, he would tell me, free of charge, that I fear only God and shun no man. "It is all one to you what people think or say about you. For that reason you have also met with many reverses. But your courage is still undaunted, for you trust in God."

He said this in tolerably good English.

If he were to tell me more I would have to pay him, and the amount of information would be in proportion to the money invested.

But he had told me all I cared to hear.

I attempted to say a few well chosen words to him.

But then his English seemed to give out. He continued in Hindustani, however; but now it was my turn to get stuck, and we had to part.

At dusk I withdrew to the waiting-room. The outside life became altogether too uncomfortable. While I was sitting in there and picture upon picture of what I had seen during the day rolled up before my mind's eye I involuntarily folded my hands and silently thanked God because I was born and brought up in a country where His gospel is known. It may have been a matter of weakness on my part. But the sight of paganism made an overwhelming impression upon me.

Our own civilization is defective in many respects; but we are enjoying advantages which I for my part shall prize more highly in the future.

NINTH CHAPTER.

The Results of a Telegram.—A Native Physician.—A European Physician.—Eight Men Pulling My Cariole.—My First Impression of Santhalistan.

By a telegram from Bombay to Mr. Skrefsrud my coming to Santhalistan was announced two days in advance. It was sent in a spirit of perfect innocence, but I afterwards found that it had been received with grave suspicion, the authorities being atraid that I might transmit the plague. The telegram was reported to the board of health of Calcutta, and from there orders were forwarded to the health commissioner af Rampur Hat and the district physician at Dumka, instructing them to be on their guard.

The functionary at Rampur Hat was awake, and I am under great obligations to him for the services he rendered me. He was a native but was dressed like a European, and his English could be understood. At first I thought he had been sent by the missionaries because he gave my name and seemed to know where I hailed from. Then he brought up the question of the plague. The plague! Just as though I had not had enough of the plague already! Well, he had to obey orders and control all my movements closely for ten days!

Oh, thou world! And now I am to be kept here ten days! And this is the twentieth of December. A merry Christmas I have in sight! Only twelve miles from my place of destination, and then be quarantined during the Christmas holidays. And all of this on account of that dispatch.

But the native physician was a sympathetic man, God bless him. As I was on the point of breaking down from discouragement a squad of twelve men came walking up to me. Their leader was a man of magnificent physique, "higher than any of the people from his shoulders and upwards," and he carried a staff twice as long as himself.

He first spoke to the physician in a tongue which I did not understand, whereupon he handed me a letter from Mr. Skrefsrud. In this letter it was stated that four of the men were to carry my baggage, and the other eight were to pull a cariole in which I was to ride. Eight other men were to meet us half-way to relieve the first ones, making twenty men in all. The horse was sick.

The twelve men came to serve me. But none of them understood me. Here it was that the physician came to my assistance. He forgot what was his official duty, and only after he had assisted me into the cariole and we were speeding along at a lively rate did he again think of the plague and the quarantine.

We had to stop.

He politely begged me to excuse him for troubling me. Did I have any fever?

Upon my assertion that I was as sound as oak, only a little tired after the journey, he bowed and said that he would send a man every day for the next ten days to Benagaria, where Ebenezer is located, to ascertain the condition of my health. This was the last I saw of him.

But further consequences of my telegram were yet to come. On the thirtieth of the month a European gentleman came from Dumka to Ebenezer. He had a very weighty duty to perform and was bound to have a secret conversation with Mr. Skrefsrud.

After a little while the missionary came out again and asked me to step in and have a talk with the stranger. I could see that Mr. Skrefsrud was up to some trick, but until I was introduced to the late arrival I had no idea that he was a physician and that my person was the object of his visit. He presented his orders from Calcutta to keep me quarantined for ten days.

I protested against going, on the ground that his orders were already ten days old, and told him that he ought to have come before. But Mr. Skrefsrud opined that he had come just in time to cure his sick horse!

But let us return to the cariole. I could not wholly rid myself of a sense of shame at permitting myself to be conveyed in this fashion by eight of my fellow-men. Is it not a pity and a shame for one to be served in this way, even when the servants are dark-brown heathen?

In America or Europe the answer would have been self-evident. But on this side of the globe it is not an easy matter to decide what constitutes sin and shame. The

power of custom is great, and it stands to reason that even a comparatively short stay in India will reconcile a person to this mode of travel. To me this little junket was so funny that I considered it worth a snug sum of money and to deserve lasting gratitude to my human locomotives.

Having repeatedly heard Mr. Skrefsrud describe the country of the Santhals, and having read his and Mr. Boerresen's accounts of it, I had naturally drawn a picture of the general contour of the country between Rampur Hat and Ebenezer. This picture was completely demolished. Of the rustling forests of Santhalistan I saw but straggling trees here and there. Of the wild and magnificent scenery there was not a trace. The forests were gone, and with them the savage aspect of the country. Now the landscape looked like a rolling prairie, with stony, sterile soil on the elevations and well-tilled rice fields in the depressions.

And the Santhals! Let us begin by taking a look at these young men who are pulling my cariole: none of them wore a particularly Christian aspect; nor was this to be expected, for they were all pagans. But the great bulk of them did not tally with the description which Mr. Skrefsrud gave of them at the time when he began to come in contact with them.

To be sure, he has always praised them for their gentleness and simplicity, but more than once he has also pictured them as wild and wooly forest-dwellers who might be a little dangerous at times. But when I compared these people with what I had already seen of paganism

on my way through India I could not help becoming fond of them. They did not behave like uncivilized heathen. They made no coarse or unseemly gestures, and as my eye was gradually accustomed to see them in their light clothing, which was limited to a six-inch wide strip of linen cloth, I could no longer see anything offensive in it. In fact it was becoming to them.

The largest Santhal village on our way is situated close to Ebenezer. Its people, with a few exceptions, are still pagans. But what a difference between this one and the Hindu towns I had passed on my way! I admit that the houses are small and low, so low that a tall man reaches almost to the eaves of the roof; but the street is swept clean, the walls of the houses are smooth and white-washed, and the compounds look clean and inviting.

My first impression of Santhalistan completely upset my preconceived notions, and this question arose in my mind at once, What is the cause of this obvious difference between what I have seen of pagan life outside of Santhalistan and what I face here? Or what explains the difference between the real state of things now and the accounts given by the missionaries in the sixties?

A converted Hindu, who is a teacher at Mrs. Boerresen's school for girls, and a Scotch merchant who makes a business trip to India every winter, who, during the past twenty-five years, has repeatedly visited Ebenezer and who was again spending the Christmas holidays with the missionaries, solved the riddle. Their unanimous testimony is that the Santhals, in this mission district at least,

have been changed beyond recognition. They have cut down the forests until there is but little left of them and have cultivated every patch of ground where anything can be raised. They have changed the aspect of the country, and meanwhile Christianity has leavened the masses of the people to such an extent that not only have single individuals and single villages been transformed, but even paganism has become ashamed of itself and has commenced to behave a little better.

Heathen Children.

Ebenezer Seen from the Tower

Benagaria.

TENTH CHAPTER.

Ebenezer.—Evening Prayers.—"The Christmas House".—To the Woods for a Christmas Tree.—Skrefsrud Cuts off a Pagan's Pig-Tail. — A Violent Struggle.—The Ants were Eaten.— Christmas Eve.

We next turn our attention to Ebenezer. "Benagaria!" our people shouted as soon as we sighted the steeple of Mr. Boerresen's "cathedral", all pointing as one man in the direction of our place of destination. In fact the church steeple is the only object that can be seen from a distance, the whole group of buildings being wholly concealed by the luxuriant trees which Mr. Boerresen planted many years ago. The station is located on a beautiful eminence, and a more suitable place for a missionary station cannot be imagined.

Having entered the compound of the station, we notice the houses of the native teachers to the left. They are but slightly larger than the common Santhal dwellings and are built mainly on the same plan. To the right are two brick buildings, where the boys live, and still farther to the right is the seminary building. As we

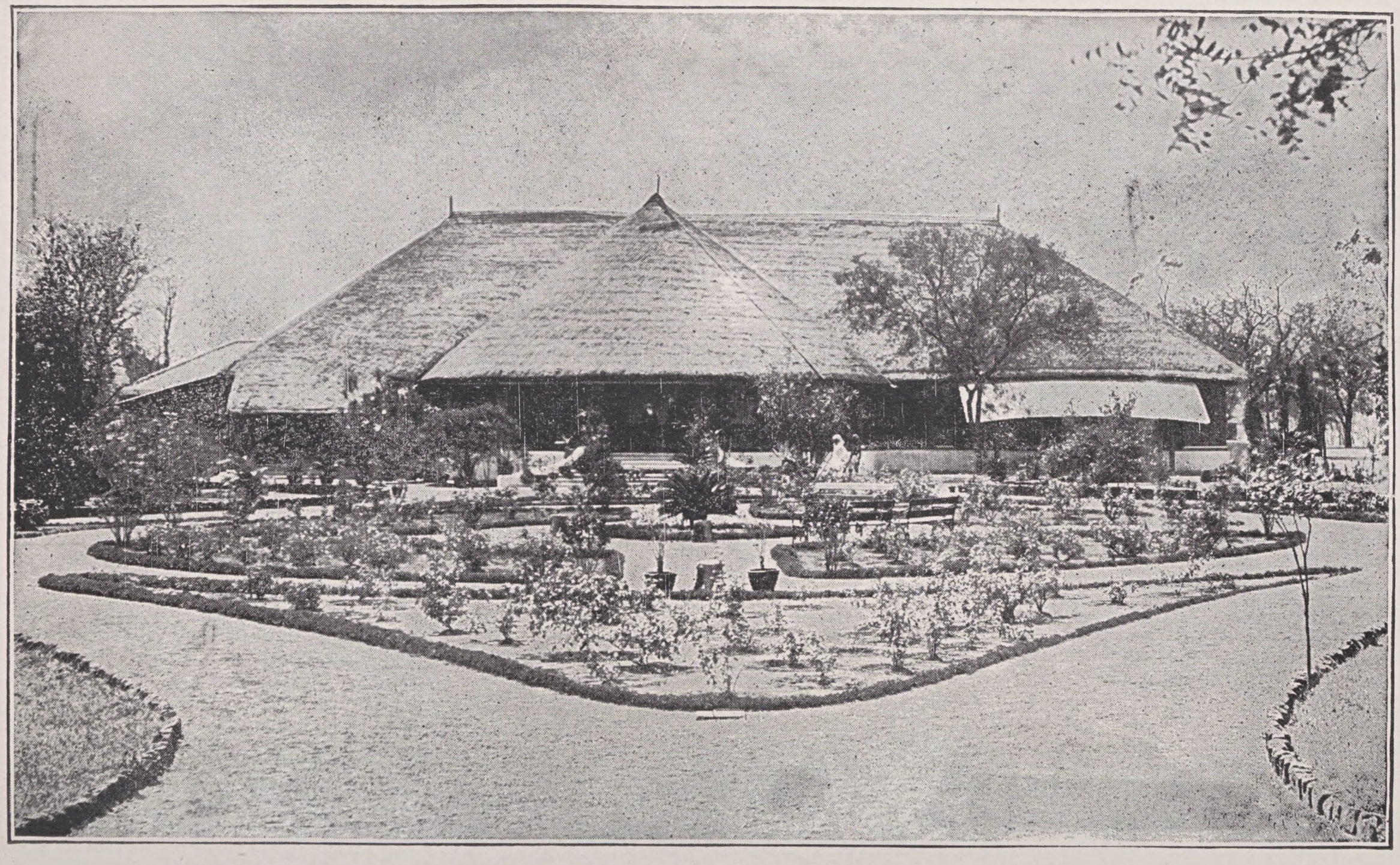
advance we see the building for the girls to the left, and across a narrow passage to the right stands the residence of Boerresen and Skrefsrud. Between the latter and the residence of Mr. Muston, another missionary, is the beautiful garden of Ebenezer, from the center of which the magnificent church building may be seen towering up in the background, and from which fine alleys afford views to the other buildings.

Rice-Field in Front of the Seminary.

To the right of the church are two large ponds which Mr. Boerresen constructed many years ago and around which the earth was thrown up in the shape of high embankments. Standing on these embankments, which are planted with trees and palms and traversed by fine walks, a person may have a most enchanting view of the surrounding landscape.

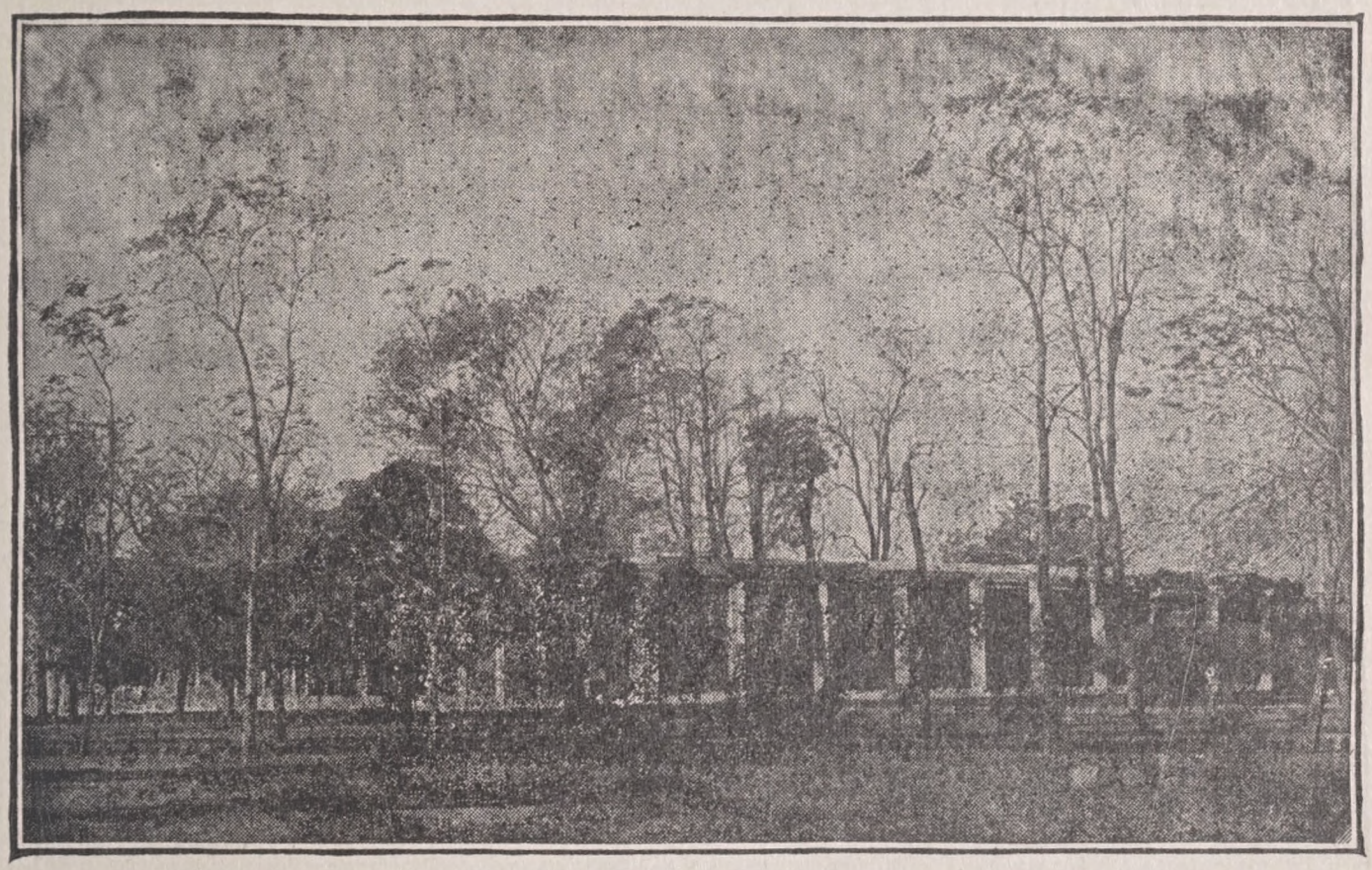
One does not receive the impression that he is at a missionary station surrounded by uncivilized people. And yet this was the home of bears and tigers only thirty years ago.

Mrs. Boerresen and Mr. Skrefsrud were very busy,



The Residence of Boerresen and Skrefsrud.

making preparations for the Christmas holidays. There were about five hundred boys and girls, every one of whom was to have new clothes and other Christmas gifts. Everything had to be measured and fitted, marked and arranged in the festive hall. Every one must be remembered and nobody forgotten.



The Girls' School seen from the Seminary.

Mr. Boerresen has charge of the congregation, and his work is practically the same the whole year around. He is always occupied but is never busy. He takes his time just as well during the pre-Christmas rush as at any other season.

I count this as a streak of good luck, for I was impatient to have him explain everything to me at once.

He took me around to show me everything and to tell me how one improvement after another had been made, and the Lord received honor for everything as His work.

School Girls.

"Here is nothing of which we may justly boast," he said. "We have been beggars. We have prayed to the Lord and He has been good to us. The honor is His, not ours."

What made an indelible impression upon my mind even the first day was the schools, and Mrs. Boerresen's

school for girls in particular. It is unique. But the schools demand a separate chapter, and we shall return to them later on. For the time being we shall devote only a few

School Boys.

words to the first evening prayers I attended in the court-yard of the girls' school at Ebenezer.

All the children, the boys as well as the girls, were gathered in a group on the pavement which had been made and kept in repair by the girls. Mrs. Boerresen was

sitting on a chair while Mr. Skrefsrud kept moving about among the children.

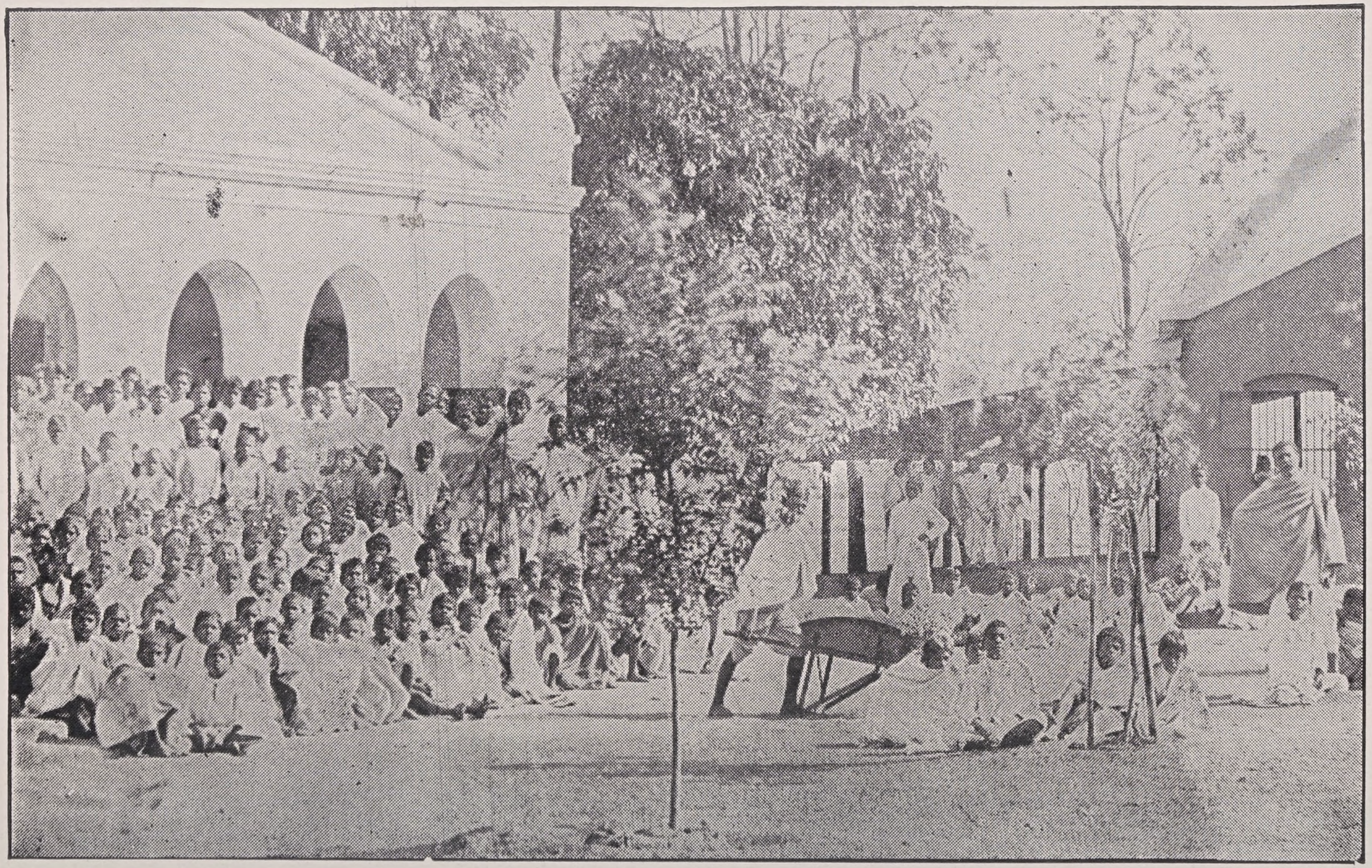
When Mr. Boerresen appeared on the scene, Mr. Skrefsrud began to sing a song, still walking about, and immediately the children joined, singing from several hundred little throats.

They did not yell, they sang, and they sang as no fancy singer can sing. It was not only a beautiful strain. It was rich and deep and full of intense feeling, it possessed an elevating and absorbing power. It takes something besides training, something besides well prepared lessons to sing this way. Only a heart that throbs with a happy, cheerful, innocent life can produce such vocal music as this.

I admit that a trained musician might have found fault with it. But I wish our congregations and Sunday schools could put so much life and warmth into their singing as these small and big children did!

One of the houses surrounding the rectangular courtyard of the girls' school is an assembly hall usually called the Christmas House. The walls are tastefully decorated with Norwegian, Danish, Swedish and English flags of different sizes. The American colors surely ought to have been there, but they were lacking because no American flag had been sent to the institution.

Large quantities of Christmas presents had been received from all quarters of the globe, but none from America. This does not mean that the numerous American friends of the Santhal mission are indifferent, but that



In the Boys' School Yard.

they are ignorant of what amount of happiness a few trifling Christmas gifts might create among these children.

In order to give the Americans a pointer which, I trust, will offend no one, I submit the following list of articles which would be highly appreciated: white linen jackets, thread, needles, scissors, small knives, portfolios, dolls and jumping jacks (for some of these children are quite small), little boxes to keep bric-a-brac in, pictures (even newspaper clippings will do, for the Santhal children are by no means fastidious), fancy cards, pens, lead-pencils, paper, rulers, in short anything which children in other parts of the world are fond of, excepting dresses, stockings, mittens and shoes, for such articles are not used here. Pack down everything carefully in a box which is strong but not heavy, and send it prepaid to

REV. H. P. BOERRESEN,
Rampur Hat,
via Calcutta, Bengal, India.

Such gifts will be more valuable than money, for the little ones will keep them as souvenirs from their distant friends, and though they scarcely know the value of a penny they will never cease to bless those good people who sent them so many nice things for Christmas.

The girls had made a large number of baskets from big leaves which were held together by means of splints of wood. These baskets were intended for the edible gifts,

which consisted chiefly of home-made sweet-meats and roasted rice.

Two large tables were put up, one for the boys and one for the girls, and on these tables the Christmas gifts were placed, each basket containing the name of the child for whom it was intended.

A Christmas tree was still lacking. It was Mr. Skrefsrud's business to procure one. There are no coniferous trees in this region. But as the deciduous trees are green the year around there was an easy way out of the difficulty.

We made a reconnoitering expedition to a little grove which had been saved, and selected a tree which had the right kind of top.

The tree was to be cut down the next day. Mr. Skrefsrud requested the chief of the nearest village to send out men with tools early in the morning to cut down the Christmas tree and carry it home.

The request was promptly complied with. At seven o'clock, exactly twenty strong, well-built Santhals came to the station armed with axes, ropes and poles, and off we started for the woods, Mr. Skrefsrud and I at the head and the others behind, twenty-two men, pagans and Christians indiscriminately.

The problem confronting us was to fell the tree without spoiling its top, though it was about fifty feet high. Every one seemed to have a plan of his own, and the deliberations which followed in the Santhal tongue

convinced me that these people do not suffer from a lack of the gift of gab.

Mr. Skrefsrud did not say anything at first, he only walked around and looked and looked. But when he was ready his orders came like a clap of thunder which fairly made the natives jump. In a jiffy two men were fastening ropes to the top of the tree, while the others were cutting down some smaller trees to be used as supports.

For a little while they tore about in a manner indicating that the job would be finished in no time. But the discussion was soon resumed. There must have been some question connected with this important affair which was not yet fully explained, and as I observed how Mr. Skrefsrud had to explain the matter to them over and over again in a voice which might have been heard throughout seven German kingdoms I began to realize what patience and perseverance it takes to make these people accomplish something. They are in fact nothing but overgrown children. Common sense and physical strength do not go far in controlling them. A powerful voice and a never failing good humor are equally necessary.

One man, for instance, was stationed at a tree to slacken the rope a little. But he did not succeed in making it work. "Look at that man over there!" Mr. Skrefsrud shouted to the rest. "He ought to go home and exchange clothes with his wife, for he does not act like a man." This had the desired effect. The man did not like to be called a woman, and from now on he performed his part of the work promptly.

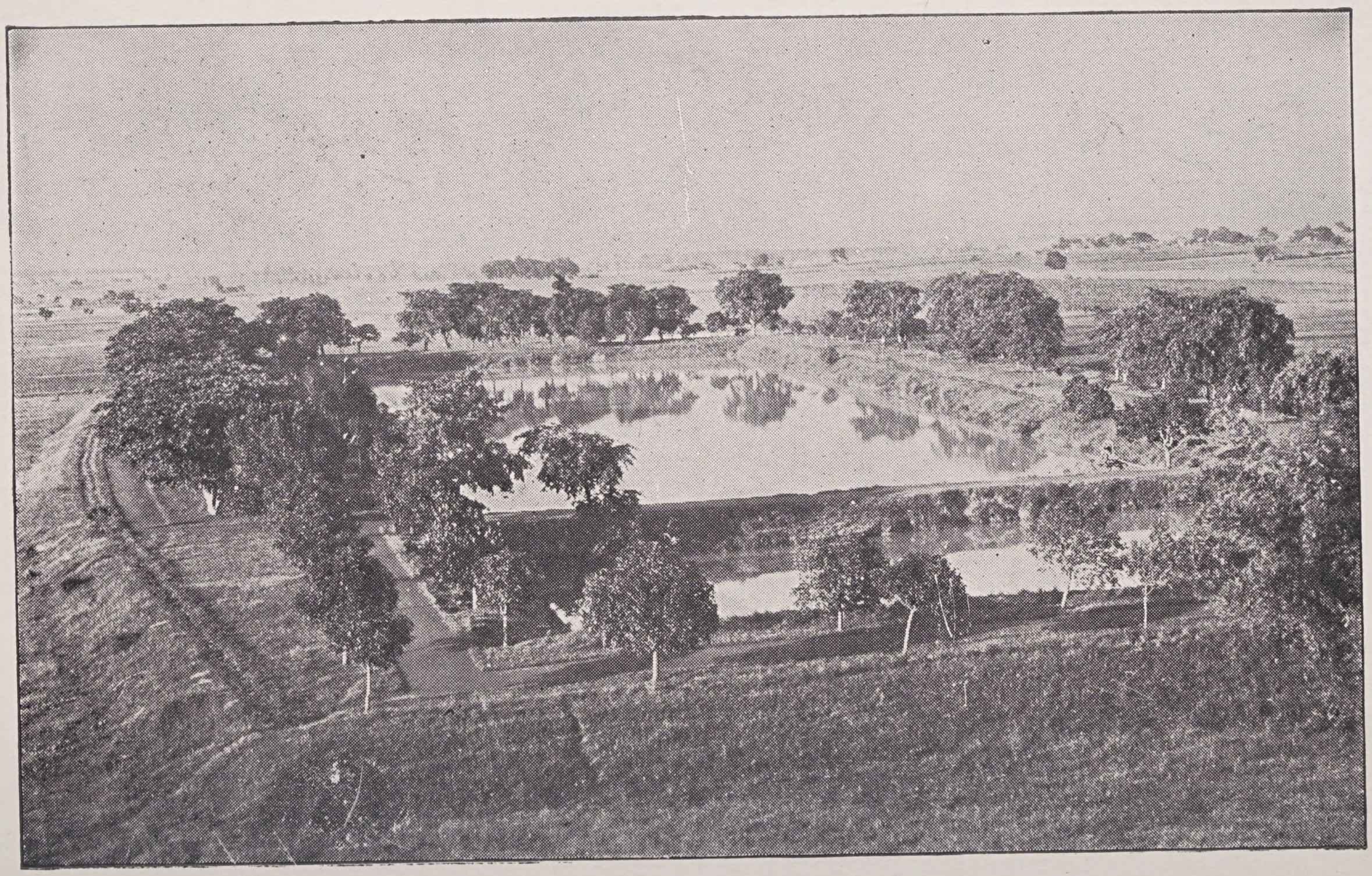
There were several strange figures in this group. One of them distinguished himself by a long pig tail hanging down from the top of his head. Only "holy" men and priests carry pigtails, and these ornaments are gradually disappearing. The particular pigtail in question looked so tangled that I expressed my curiosity to know how long it had remained unwashed and unkempt.

Mr. Skrefsrud, instead of answering, pulled out his pocket-knife, stole up to the man, who was standing with his shoulders under the felled tree and could not get away, seized his pigtail with one hand and cut it off, wrapped it up in some leaves, handed it to me and told me to take it home as a token of the appearance of the Santhals when he first became acquainted with them. At that time everybody's hair was as tangled and dirty as this.

I felt a little uneasy at first, considering the procedure of the missionary to be rather risky.

He also made this admission himself: "If I had done this twenty-five years ago it would have cost my life. Now they take it only as a good-natured joke and a friendly admonition. I am no longer a mere missionary among these people. Many years ago they elected me their pargana (spokesman of the chiefs of the surrounding country). The pagans look upon me in that capacity, and they know that I desire their welfare."

This treatment, which to me seemed to be little short of a brutal outrage, only started a hearty laugh, and even the man that was shorn of his natural ornament took his loss good-naturedly and laughed with the rest.



The Water Tanks.

One more incident must be mentioned in this connection.

There is a kind of ants in this country which often build their houses in the trees. In the Christmas tree which had been cut down there was a respectable colony of these little animals.

When they perceived that they were in danger they sent out an army to defeat the enemy, if possible, and soon there was not a bare shoulder or back under the tree that escaped the angry attacks of the ants.

You ought to have seen the faces of the men. The situation was so comical that I could not make myself sympathize with the poor sufferers. The quicker and heavier the blows and the greater the numbers of the slain, the greater were also the numbers of the ants attacking the naked men.

The nest was finally discovered and swiftly thrown away, and the invading armies were doomed to destruction, because they had no more reserve forces to draw upon.

But this was not the end of the ant campaign. A little chap of about twelve years of age appeared on the scene and began to pay extraordinary attention to the conquered nest.

First he trampled it down under his feet, then wrapped it up carefully in the folds of his clothes as though it were a precious jewel.

Mr. Skrefsrud asked him what he wanted to do with it.

"Eat it," he answered.

"Raw or cooked?"

As an answer he took a few dozen and put into his mouth. Then the missionary laughed, and I will not deny that some one else joined in the laughter.

"Are they good?"

"Yes, but they bite my throat," said the boy, and took another dose of ants.

The Christmas tree was conveyed home, and by the time it was put in its proper place in the Christmas House it had kept twenty men busy half a day. By this work our Santhal brethren earned the handsome amount of one rupee, or about thirty-three cents. This makes thirty-three cents for ten days' honest work, and it is good pay in Santhalistan.

This might be something for the political economists of America to consider. It is at any rate worse than in Mexico. Even under favorable circumstances in America, where people demand their money's worth, thirty-three cents would have been considered fairly good pay for this amount of work.

To trim up a Christmas tree in the missionary field is no easy task. But by means of energetic co-operation we succeeded in making it look quite attractive on Christmas eve. From the roof, around the tree, were suspended several large chandeliers which the little boys had made out of bamboo and paper, and I would like to see a Christmas tree displaying greater splendor than this one when all the candles had been lighted.

At six o'clock the bell in the church steeple was rung.

From the girls' building Mr. Boerresen came with a lantern in his hand and was followed by almost three hundred girls dressed in holiday attire, all of them marching in procession down towards the boys' school, or the seminary, as it is usually called.

In the large, cross-shaped hall, which formerly had been used as a church, both schools met for a short service which was conducted by Mr. Boerresen.

To see this simple, natural and yet venerable figure and to hear him speak in a voice which expressed both power and simplicity, was in itself a sermon to me, though I did not understand a single word of what he said. He plainly bears the stamp of old age. But this evening he seemed to speak with unimpaired vigor. It was also easy to read in the faces of both children and grown people that "papa" was speaking.

After the service the meeting broke up and convened after a little while in the Christmas House.

The building proved to be entirely too small for the occasion, Christian and heathen having rushed in from the neighboring villages to hear and see, and the people were literally jammed together. No one complained, however. But big and small seemed to be happy, except the pagans, who were seated behind the others. They looked like strangers in this audience and were all astonishment.

A program of singing, praying and speaking having been given, the little ones were permitted to move about

and look at the Christmas gifts, — only look at them, not touch them. And when they had seen the things they had to thank the Lord for the Christmas and say good-night.

These exercises were repeated evening after evening, and the gifts were not distributed until just before New-Year.

Ebenezer from the Rear.

The Church-Building Seen from The Garden.

ELEVENTH CHAPTER.

A Fine Christmas Morning.—A Church-Bell.—"Is not This Peace?"—In Church.

We had an enchantingly beautiful Christmas morning at Ebenezer. The rosebuds in the garden were just bursting into blossom. Green trees were standing all around, and among their trunks were flowers and palms of different kinds. Mrs. Boerresen's numerous stock — cows, calves and goats, danced merrily away towards the pastures, the geese and ducks chattered and bowed and laughed, waddling in files on their way to the ponds. The little birds were hopping about from branch to branch, chirping and singing, and did not manifest the least fear of the people who came and went in a steady stream to say their "johar" to mamma, papa and kerap, as the Santhals call their three European friends and benefactors. To them the earth seemed to be full of peace.

Besides the natives who came in families to say their "Merry Christmas" to the missionaries, the schools must be mentioned in the first place. The boys and their teachers took the lead.

Mr. Skrefsrud gave them a short talk. He asked them

what they had done before they came there. They had been praying. Then he wanted to know how they had done it. They had prayed during the exercises, of course. Mr. Skrefsrud next explained to them how he speaks with God all alone in his room before coming to the public prayer meeting, and he would recommend that every one of them do the same. When he had finished his remarks the boys returned to their school, a happy and contented lot.

Next came the girls. "Johar, mamma! Johar, papa! Johar, big brother!" (Mr. Skrefsrud).

Young people are bubbling over with life. But to witness the animation of these young people on an occasion like the present one is worth a long and expensive journey. They have received their Christmas gifts, and they are able to appreciate their good fortune. They know paganism at close quarters, and realize that they are saved from its dreary darkness. Is it not natural that they are happy on this Christmas morning and that they endeavor to express their gratitude to those who have literally pressed them to their bosoms and carried them to the heart of Jesus and who have been the means of giving them such a Christmas? God bless them!

The bell in the steeple announced divine service. Oh, what a wonderful sound this church bell had in the far-away heathen land!

This bell has a history of its own. It was once sent as a gift from friends in Denmark. The missionaries

waited and waited, but nothing was heard of the bell. Several letters passed between Mr. Boerresen and the London office of the steamship company. It had been sent with a steamer, but no one seemed to know what had become of it. The warehouse in Calcutta was carefully searched, but no trace of the bell was found. It was finally reported that it had dropped into the sea from the ship which was to carry it to India, and the bell was given up as lost forever. But one day an employe in Calcutta decided to move a box which he had used as writing-desk for a year or more. But to move the box was more easily said than done. When he did succeed in turning it over he found the name of Mr. Boerresen on the side which had been concealed, and the lost bell was recovered. Now it is doing a noble duty, every Sunday morning and every holiday pealing forth its joyous message upon the Nankar highlands, inviting hundreds and thousands of men and women, children and parents to assemble in the house of God and rejoice in His name and have the craving of their souls abundantly gratified by the gospel of Christ.

On this Christmas morning the bell pealed forth its come! come! come! with such a deep, rich melodiousness as to melt the hardest of hearts. At least I thought so. But perhaps I thought so only because I was sojourning in a strange land and heard these familiar sounds which called forth dear memories.

But the people came. Parents and children, old, stooping women and men with canes in their hands moved slowly and solemnly up through the alleys to the large,

beautiful house of worship. Solemnly. Not silently, with faces sad and turned earthward; no, this is the way of gentiles and hypocrites. These Santhals are Christians, to whom the Christmas tidings bring true joy. Therefore they came with uplifted foreheads and cheerful countenances. And when they met and said their "johar," the salutation of the Santhals, there was a ring and a fire in it as though they would say, "Now we are happy, for there is born to us this day a Savior."

On the veranda in front of the residence of the missionaries, Mr. Boerresen was standing, a venerable figure whose face indicates goodness of heart. Why, the man seems to be all heart, and its every pulsation is devoted to this people. Ought he not to be happy? By his side stands Mr. Skrefsrud. He is like the deep sea. He is the terror of the gods, and the faithful friend of the Santhals. If he is stirred up his forehead is apt to swell with frowning furrows, and then the man is dangerous to come in contact with. The idol priests, the usurers and the liquor-sellers can verify this statement. But to-day the surface is serene and bright, there are no surges or groundswells. "Just look about you," he said, "isn't this peace?"

The boys came from the seminary with their principal at the head of the procession, walking through the garden up to the church. Next came Mrs. Boerresen with her little girls. She reminded me of a mother who has many happy children, one who no longer remembers all the cares and sorrows, all the toil and trouble she has had with

Kirke og menighed.

them but who, in the midst of a crowd of children, herself is the happiest of them all.

Everything is plain in this church. Near the upper wall stands a table which serves as altar; on either side of this are a few chairs for Europeans; farther down to the left is a plain but solid pulpit; and down at the foot of the steeple is a small table with the contribution box. These articles comprise all the furniture in the church. The Santhals need no chairs or benches. They sit like our tailors. Hence they need but little space. They crowd together closely, the men on one side and the women on the other. The elders are seated in the front, and next to them the school children. When pagans are in attendance they remain in the rear.

Mr. Skrefsrud conducted the services. While the congregation was singing he walked up and down the floor in order to get a better chance to lead with his powerful voice.

Only a few had books. But that made no difference. They seemed to know the whole hymn-book by heart.

The Santhals like to sing, and they have good voices. But their singing is not harmonious. In this respect, however, they are like all other Orientals, and it stands to reason that what we call discord sounds harmonious to them.

The school children sing beautifully. They have been taught to do so by the missionaries. But when they sing with the congregation there is apt to be friction. In such cases Mr. Skrefsrud is on his feet, moving slowly and de-

liberately towards the headquarters of the discord and leading the erring ones out of the difficulty so skilfully that no one knows what his aim is.

During prayer and the confession of sins the whole congregation is kneeling, or rather, it "falls on its face." When the Santhals kneel they cover their foreheads with their hands and bow close to the ground. The congregation rises and remains standing while reciting the profession of faith.

Though I understood but little of the sermon it made a powerful impression upon me. It did not only remind me of the time when I heard this rich voice from the pulpit in Norway and America and the weighty truths which never can be forgotten. But this sermon was characterized by an ease and power and sonorousness which told that the preacher was now at home and in full sympathy with his hearers.

And the faces that met him! To such an assemblage of people an evangelist may preach with great cheerfulness. But when the hearts are closed, the ears deaf and the faces turned to the earth, how difficult and disheartening! The preacher feels as though he were speaking to stones. And how often he must strive and struggle before he succeeds in arousing himself and his audience sufficiently to establish a living rapport between them! But now this rapport was there from the beginning. Consequently there was no uphill work in this sermon. The very first word went home, and all the faces combined were like one great "amen" to every sentence — just the way it ought to be in a Christian congregation.

TWELFTH CHAPTER.

Communion.—New-Year's Festival.—Tea Festival.—Church Work.—Monthly Meeting.—Work Carried on by Natives.—How Christians care for the Poor.

On the first or the last Sunday of the month all the native evangelists in the whole missionary district convene at Ebenezer. Such a gathering was to take place on New Year's day, and the autumn festival of the congregation had been announced for the same day.

The meeting was opened with divine service and communion.

There were about five hundred communicants. Those who did not want to partake left the church after the sermon.

This looked to me like an old nuisance which the missionaries inadvertently had brought with them from their old homes and transplanted into the missionary field. The Lord's supper is a repast for the congregation, not merely for a portion of it. The congregation is the family whom the Lord invites to His table to partake of Him with all His mercy and gifts to the edification of the brotherhood. Can anything more distracting and disintegrating be im-

agined than to have a part of the congregation partake of the communion while the other members leave the church or witness the ceremony as outsiders? How would it look if two-thirds of the members of a family ran out when dinner was ready, or said, "No, thank you, I do not want to go to dinner?" Or is it possible to imagine that this custom prevailed in the first Christian churches? Foolish and vicious habits have so confused the conception of the congregation as the body of Christ and the edification of the brotherhood that they are almost bound to continue their work of confusion in the missionary field.

Mr. Boerresen officiated at the altar. Having consecrated the bread and the wine, he first administered the sacrament to four native brethren sitting in the front row. Then he appointed two of these to go down among the rows and commune the men, and the other two to perform the same rites among the women, the congregation meanwhile singing a hymn. Mr. Boerresen himself remained standing at the table, breaking the bread and filling up the cups, while the others were serving out the consecrated elements.

Everything was done in a simple and unostentatious way. There was nothing stiff or stilted either about the ministers or the other communicants. They were sitting as is their custom when they take their meals, and the whole assemblage really bore the stamp of one great family where love and harmony prevail and where the Lord is both host and guest.

In the afternoon the congregation assembled at a "tea

Tea Festival

festival" outside the seminary. The refreshments consisted of tea, several kinds of cake and pastry, and roasted rice. Prayers were offered and addresses made, and singing was an important part of the program. Both old and young fairly shouted for joy.

Were these people orderly? Indeed, they were. If we could introduce such order in our informal religious gatherings at home very few would go away with a sad heart. Here love ruled supreme, there was no refined frivolity. But these people were cheerful. And why should they not be cheerful when they were so fortunately situated?

The Ebenezer congregation is not a small one. The whole mission under the care of these two men, after a period of thirty years, comprises almost twelve thousand souls, and this particular church has about four thousand members. The spiritual needs of these people individually devolve upon Mr. Boerresen as their pastor. In addition to Mr. Skrefsrud, who usually conducts the services and preaches on Sundays, Mr. Boerresen has a considerable number of native assistants whom he calls elders or evangelists.

The work of the evangelists is to walk from house to house, from village to village, proclaiming the gospel of Christ. They visit the sick, nurse them, give them medicine, which Mr. Boerresen always supplies, and in general render them whatever help they may need. The assistants also care for the Christians in the villages, teaching them Bible stories and hymns, conducting prayer meetings

etc. They visit the heathens in their homes, sit down on the floor among them, sing to them and tell them about the Savior.

When some one manifests a desire to hear more they cheerfully visit him every day. If some one is anxious to be saved they pray with him and teach him about Jesus; and when he testifies that he is truly converted they bring him to Mr. Boerresen.

The chief work of Mr. Boerresen in this particular congregation is to meet with the native assistants and give them instruction. Every other morning he calls them together in the church or on the front veranda. Here each one reports what he has done and experienced the previous day. Here they ask questions and make complaints. And Mr. Boerresen gives advice and encourages them to be faithful in their calling.

Several of them are unable to read. But strange as it may seem, they are familiar with the word of God, and their hymns, all of which are comparatively long, they sing by heart from beginning to end. But they have made up their minds to learn the art of reading, and after the meeting of the elders they take hold of the A-B-C book, some of the younger ones who have attended school serving as teachers. Some of these scholars are quite old, and it is interesting to witness with what youthful zest they apply themselves to the study of the little children's book only in order to learn to read the word of God, which has become so dear to them.

The work is carried on in the same way at the other

Mr. Boerresen and Native Evangelists.

stations, though on a smaller scale. At each station is a leader who is either a minister or a catechist. He has his elders, or evangelists, with whom he goes out every day, and he guides them by giving them instruction individually or in meetings with them. If several stations have a common superintendent he visits all of these in the course of the month and invites all of the station leaders and elders once a month to a meeting and tea festival.

During the meeting at Ebenezer only one worker remains at each station. The others leave on Saturday for the common meeting, either on foot or on their ox-carts. At this meeting all the missionaries, — at present only Bodding, a Norwegian, Muston, a Scotchman, and the two founders of the mission, Messrs. Boerresen and Skrefsrud, — and the native ministers, catechists and evangelists present reports on their work.

Here all affairs of the church are discussed. If there is any disagreement among the workers or complaint against a church member, missionary, minister, catechist or evangelist, it is presented here, and when all sides have been heard and all parties desiring to express themselves have done so, Mr. Boerresen, whom they all call "papa", settles the matter. The Santhals are satisfied with his decision. No vote is taken. The church has adopted the usages employed in civil affairs: When both sides have been heard the chief and his advisers decide who is right.

Only a few matters were considered at this meeting. But the methods of these people became perfectly clear to me. About one hundred native evangelists were present.

One by one the station leaders, who were sitting in a circle around Mr. Boerresen, were called upon to report. No distinction was made between natives and Europeans. Mr. Boerresen also reported on his work.

When all of them had reported any one had an opportunity to speak, and whoever had anything on his mind received courteous attention.

One of the elders explained that he was at loggerheads with his station leader. There was a festival in the church on Christmas eve, and the elder in question, who was a man of noble blood, found fault with the arrangements. He remained in the church only a short while, after which he went home. Later in the evening he invited his neighbors, treated them to tea and had a fine time. When the station leader was informed of this he went to the elder and told him that his action was not creditable to him. He ought to have remained in the church even though he thought the arrangement was defective. But the man could not stand this rebuke, and they had agreed to refer the matter to the monthly meeting. When both had expressed themselves, calmly and decorously, Mr. Boerresen said that the station leader had done wrong for two cents and the elder for five cents. "Now stand up and shake hands, and never present such nonsense again!"

They obeyed to the letter, rising and extending their hands in token of true friendship, and the others showed that they appreciated the humorous side of the trial.

One man asked forgiveness for having had a slight collision with mamma (Mrs. Boerresen); but as he had for-

gotten to ask her forgiveness first his case was dismissed.

While Mr. Boerresen met with the men in the church Mrs. Boerresen met with the women in the court-yard of the girls' school. As stated above, a number of widows are also employed as evangelists and are supported by the aid fund of the congregation. Mrs. Boerresen superintends their work, and they, as well as the wives of the ministers and catechists and of many evangelists, are reporting to mamma and receiving her instructions and words of encouragement. Many of these women were once her scholars, and to them the monthly meetings are two-fold holidays.

The above is a correct and fairly exhaustive account of the manner in which the work is carried on in this missionary field.

Messrs. Boerresen and Skrefsrud have repeatedly mentioned in their letters and reports that it is really the native assistants that are doing the missionary work among the heathen. But I always took this to be an expression of noble modesty rather than a sober statement of facts. After having had an opportunity to study the work at close quarters, I clearly see that the secret of the marvelous success of this mission is to be found in the fact that the missionaries from the very start kept the converted Santhals busy telling their heathen kinsmen about the Savior.

The preaching of the Europeans does not make much of an impression upon these people. But let their con-

verted kinsmen come into their houses, sit down on the floor with them and speak to them about the mercy of God — this is what counts.

And these converts can point to themselves as examples of the workings of God's mercy.

"There is old Durga, for instance," says Mr. Boerresen. "When the heathens excuse themselves and say, 'We cannot become Christians because we cannot quit drinking liquor and getting drunk,' old Durga will reply: 'Look at me! Who among you are more addicted to drink than I was twenty-five years ago? But when I was permitted to see what God had done for me and I cried to Him in my distress He heard me. Then I got rid of this vice. If I had put off becoming a Christian until I had learnt to quit drinking I should have been a heathen yet. But I heard of Jesus and could not help loving Him. He drew my heart to Himself so that I became more fond of Him than of strong drink. Only listen to what He says. What He has done to me He can also do to you if you only turn your ears to Him. He will then win your hearts by His own work.' No European can talk to the Santhals in this manner, and there you have the key to the secret."

When the people came to church on New-Year's morning I noticed that many of them, and more particularly the women, carried large baskets on their heads and left them in front of the church. I thought they brought eatables. But when I saw four of Mrs. Boerresen's school girls bringing a basket of rice each I had to ask why they carried those articles to church.

"The girls have saved this from their allotment of food for the past month," said Mrs. Boerresen, "and now they are going to give it to the poor in the congregation. The other Christians bring their gifts at every monthly meeting, and the girls do not want to be behind, you see."

This reminded me of the custom of the early Christians to bring gifts and place them at the feet of the apostles.

Later in the day I asked Mr. Skrefsrud to explain to me more fully the way in which the Christian Santhals cared for the poor, and his answer is subjoined in full:

"When we came to Santhalistan there was not a single beggar among the people. All were poor, but there was no begging. The unwritten law of the land prescribed that when a man died his wife and children should be cared for by his nearest relative. Such relative gladly cared for the bereaved family on account of kinship as well as because this increase in his family generally meant an increase in its capacity for work.

"This custom was continued by the first converts. But then there happened to be Christians who had only heathen relatives. When one of this class died no one would have anything to do with his widow or children. Thus it devolved upon the Christians outside the family to care for them, and the aid was cheerfully offered. The missionaries took the lead by dropping a little money every Sunday into a box kept for that purpose, and the natives followed their example. They could not give much, generally small copper coins, a handful of rice or

a small chicken. But the demands were trifling at first.

"The number of needy widows kept on increasing, and finally there were about forty in all. Mr. Boerresen, who was managing this aid fund, was constrained to explain to his workers that he was no longer able to support the numerous widows and orphans without a material increase in the contributions, and the missionaries began to ask themselves whether they had struck the most successful and beneficial way of doing this work.

"Mrs. Boerresen in particular, realizing the needs of her sex better than the men could, found the method objectionable. She was afraid that some of these widows might be more inclined to reside in their own houses and live on what aid the church could furnish, than to be adopted into a family, for which they would have to work, and that they, for this reason, found no relatives to go to.

"Mr. Boerresen and myself immediately saw that she had made a good point. But we also saw that we, being men, could not inquire into the matter so successfully as Mrs. Boerresen, and therefore we unanimously decided to refer the matter of supporting the widows to her department, to which it naturally belonged.

"She immediately took hold of the matter with the energy and sagacity which she alone is in possession of, and it did not take her long to find Christian families who were willing to care for the most of the needy people of this class. But it was also found that many widows were dissatisfied with this arrangement.

"There are still a few who receive aid from the congregation. But they are either invalids and cripples or people who are employed in traveling around, bringing the gospel to the women or nursing the sick.

"In this manner we avoided a great danger into which we were running in spite of the best of intentions. And again woman proved herself superior to us men.

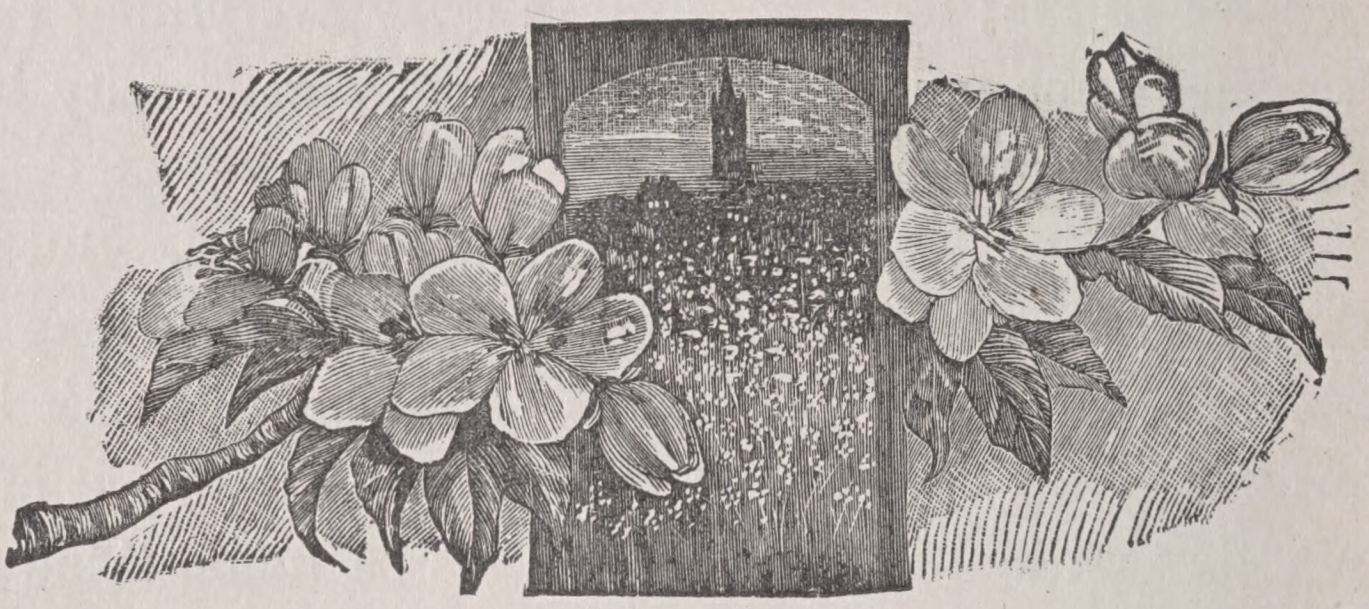
"A thirty years' experience has convinced me that the less aid a poor Santhal receives in the shape of money or goods, the better he is off. And this experience has been expensive to me; for I have given away everything that belonged to me, and now I see that my generosity has done more harm than good.

"The Santhal is not what you would call lazy. But he is thoughtless. He does not think of working as long as there is food in his house. It is only when his wife informs him of the last handful of rice having been put into the kettle that he begins to scratch his back and think of bestirring himself. If he can borrow he will live high on his loan as long as it lasts, and only when he can borrow no more it strikes him that he must go to work.

"But when he actually does work he works like a man. He is patient and persistent, provided he knows that he is compelled to work; and if he works he needs no aid. But if he thinks he can receive aid when he is at a pinch he takes comfort in this and remains idle.

"For this reason I have made it a rule to give alms to no Santhal, and I would most strenuously urge it upon my coworkers not to aid the Santhals in this fashion.

"It is a different matter, however, when the crops fail. Then it does not help to work. Then starvation stares everybody in the face, unless outside aid is forthcoming. The situation is similar in case of misfortunes, such as sickness, fire or cattle-plague. Under such extraordinary circumstances we are always ready to do all within our power to relieve the distress."



THIRTEENTH CHAPTER.

In the Palanquin.—A Native Poet.--Haripur.—For the Sake of the Heathen.—Mercy, not Sacrifice.

When a person is old and frail, sick or wounded, we may pardon him for permitting himself to be carried. But a man who is below the age of fifty, able-bodied, sound and strong, must be a fool, a Croesus or an emaciated nobleman if he does not permit his own legs to carry his body where vehicles cannot be used. I cannot put into print what feelings were aroused in me when I read about missionaries being carried by natives from place to place.

Something is said in the Book about the feet of them that bring good tidings, and it is evidently put there because the messengers of the gospel were wont to use their feet to walk on. They walked when other travelers were conveyed by means of man or beast; for, like the Master himself, they came not to be served but to serve others. From the manner in which these evangelists traveled from place to place we are even in our day. in the habit of saying that he who walks on foot "drives with the horses of the apostles."

Necessity might compel me to ride in a vehicle drawn

by eight men. It would not require very great exertions. But the very idea of being carried!

It is only twelve English miles from Ebenezer, in Nankar, to Haripur, in Sultanabad. I have footed twice that distance in one day, and I ought to be able to make this short distance at least as easily as those who were to carry Mr. Boerresen.

A palanquin was ordered for me too, however, and eight men were already on hand to serve me, four to carry me and four others to relieve them.

A small army had been sent out ahead of us with tables, chairs, beds, kettles, pans and dishes.

I could easily forgive Mr. Boerresen for seating himself in the palanquin. Such an amiable and at the same time ingenious man as he, must be forgiven no matter what he does. Besides, a period of thirty years lies between him and me. Age alone might excuse him. But as to myself I could trump up no excuse for taking advantage of this kind of conveyance. I therefore said flatly, "No, I'll walk."

"That's all right," Mr. Boerresen admitted. "You may walk. It's of course so much easier for the carriers." But they had to go along, carrying the empty chair, for they had been hired for that purpose. This was none of my business, of course.

Mr. Skrefsrud looked at his older coworker just as though he had a trump in his sleeve for future use; then ran into the house and returned with a thick cane which he handed to me, saying: "Here, take this; you may need

a support on your way." I thanked him and the expedition set out.

Walk! Why should I not walk? It was not so very warm, about the same as on a mild summer day in America. I would at last give those dark-brown creatures a chance to see a European who could use his legs.

Oh, are they going to run? They will soon get tired of that. Well, they shall find out that I can run too. One, two — one, two — trip, trap —rip, rap — — — Ugh! That's well done! Now I have to breathe in this hill.

But the others do not seem to be out of breath. They are jogging along at the same rate.

Did you ever! Well, I have to start again — rip, rap — rip, rap — — — Hoo! How warm it is getting! The distance between us is getting greater and greater. I give up the race.

"Hallo there! Will you let me have a ride?" Then Mr. Boerresen and the natives had a good laugh. This must have been the greatest fun they have had since we cut the Christmas tree. But I have a faint suspicion that Mr. Boerresen had instructed his men to give the American a lesson in manners. And it was a healthy dose. Having seated myself comfortably in the palanquin and having readjusted my lungs to some extent, I decreed a wholesale pardon to all missionaries who let natives carry them. There may be a few unworthy subjects among them. But it is better to pardon a lazy dog now and then than to stigmatize the innocent. That story about "the horses of the apostles" must be applied in other climes.

The carriers did not inquire where the road was. They cut straight across the rice-fields, forded rivers and waded through bogs with an ease and dispatch which soon convinced me that a ride of this kind did not involve any risk of life or limb. Nor did it seem to tax the strength of the carriers to any appreciable degree. Two of them had their flutes along, and, excepting short intervals, these instruments were used all the time by the reserve behind us.

Outside one of the villages through which we passed we were met by the whole population, including even the children, the men on one side of the road and the women on the other. Upon a signal given by their chief they all greeted us by shouting a long and powerful, "Johar papa, Johar saheb!" They permitted us to pass through their ranks, whereupon they joined our expedition in the rear and followed us into their village.

We remained in this village about half an hour.

The head-man was a Christian. He took us into his compound and showed us his house and provisions. We had to pass through the stable on our way into the compound. But it was clean and tidy. His sitting-room was small and dark. Over in a corner he kept the year's crops — a rather scanty supply for the support of a large family. But these people are contented with little, and as a rule the Christians are also saving and know better than the heathen how to make both ends meet.

The missionary station Saphadoa is located on our way. Here the poet and Santhal preacher Sibo is stationed. He is a member of a prominent family of chiefs.

As a young man he led a life of extreme dissipation and was a terror to his neighbors until he was reclaimed and regenerated by the power of the gospel. Since that change he has been the blessed means of saving others. He is a gifted and influential man, whose appearance and general deportment testify to his noble birth as well as to his profound earnestness and whole-souled devotion to the cause which has become the great aim of his life.

He too, accompanied by his people, met us outside the village, where we stopped a little while and took a look at

Saphadoa.

the church and the plain yet very handsome parsonage.

Haripur is beautifully located. It is built on an airy elevation and affords a charming view of the surrounding landscape.

For a time this place was served by a European mismionary, whose family relations were such that he had to return home after a few years' stay among the Santhals. Of the beautiful and roomy building which the mission had erected for him, only the walls remained standing, the rest having been destroyed by fire.

Now the station was managed by a native catechist,

a lovable man, who has since been permitted to go to his home above.

A plain but attractive brick church had been built at this place. The middle of the building is occupied by the auditorium, and in either end is a room for the accommodation of the missionaries on their journeys. There we established our headquarters for the next three days.

Our outfit had already arrived. Beds, tables, chairs and other necessary furniture were soon put in their places, the carriers were paid, one by one, as they had arranged themselves in a row. They also received an extra penny to buy food for. Still the expenses were small in proportion to the distance and the number of men employed.

Now we had only Mr. Boerresen's cook and my servant left. They prepared our food, made our beds, brushed our clothes and brought us promptly whatever we pointed to.

"This is a comfortable station," I said to Mr. Boerresen. "What preacher could wish for a more idyllic place to live in, and what is lacking to make this an ideal abode? In Christian America — and Europe too, for that matter — there are but few ministers who would not give up their old charges if they were offered a place like this."

"Well," Mr. Boerresen said, "when we appointed a missionary for this station we could not help thinking of what we ourselves had to undergo during our first years of work in this field. We had to eat and sleep in arbors and stables. If he were to be treated the same way, he would soon become discouraged and leave us. Therefore I

hired men to erect that house of which you now see only the scorched walls, and the improvements made here are such as to give this station the appearance of a fine little park. The locality was a wilderness when we began to work here. But he did not stay here long anyway. He had to leave on account of his family.

"Now you may see what preparations we make for the missionaries that come to us. It must be admitted that it is inconvenient in various ways to live in such a secluded place as this. But the life of a missionary also has certain advantages. The most of the missionaries in India are comfortably situated, they live like lords in comparison with what many of them would have been offered if they had remained in Europe. We suffer no want. And the friends of the missions need take no great pity on us. The sufferers are the heathen, the poor people among whom we are laboring. These millions who do not know God need the sympathy of the friends of the missions. A missionary of course makes sacrifices, but if it be granted to him to witness such results as we have seen, his sacrifices are trifling. I pity those missionaries who see no fruits of their work. They might need the sympathy of the patrons of the missions. We do not need it. The Santhals need us, however, and when we appealed to Europe and America for help we did not do it to arouse sympathy for ourselves, but to enlist the love of our fellow Christians for the Santhals, to the end that they may be saved. And we are under obligations to our friends because they have listened to us and taken the cause of the Santhals to heart.

We have staked our lives on this people, and our friends have given their money — not for our benefit, as we hope — but for the benefit of the same cause. We are laboring for the Santhals, and so do you people in America and Europe."

While yet a young man, I heard a missionary from Madagascar express himself to the same effect. "Many people give to the missions chiefly in order to aid the missionaries, whom they take to be leading wretched lives among savage tribes, while they may be wholly indifferent to the needs of the preachers of the gospel at home.

"It often happens that accounts of the hardships and sufferings of the missionary bring the largest contributions to the mission fund. But this is not as it ought to be. It is true that a missionary will have to forego many comforts which are offered to a man in a civilized community. On the other hand he may be a gainer in some respects. I for one must honestly confess that I think I have made no great sacrifice in devoting my life to the salvation of the heathen. In fact it is a great advantage. It was a matter of grace, not of sacrifice, that I was permitted to go to the heathen. But it is true that I went for the sake of the heathen. And I have lost nothing thereby. I wish that you too would learn to love the poor heathen and accompany your gifts with prayers that they may be saved."

FOURTEENTH CHAPTER.

A Charming Sunset.—Homesickness.—An Evening with the Natives.—Intolerable Music.—A Fishing Expedition.— Hunting.

What a glorious sunset! The stately fruit-trees of different kinds are casting their dark shadows farther and farther across the seared autumnal fields, and the shepherd boy, with bow and arrow in hand, is chasing his flock home from the meager pastures. Down in the valley the sun has already said good-bye for to-day, while wheat-fields that are watered from elevated reservoirs remain here and there as dark-green specks, reminding us of spring-life among the dry, dead rice-fields all around. Birds, big and small, all of them strange to me, flock together and conceal themselves in the tree-tops. They look so gay and happy, and there is nothing to disturb them in the least. By great toil they have gathered what they needed for the day, and everything portends a quiet night. Let the morrow take care of itself. The hill-side to the west is assuming a dark hue, and now it is only the summit of the highest ridge in the background that wears a crown of gold. But this is what makes it so charmingly beautiful. The dark surroundings serve as a proper set-off. But it

lasts only a few seconds. The sun sinks deeper on the other side, says good-night to the ridge and the picturesque landscape, to rise again on this side in twelve hours.

Then came a spell of sadness. Involuntarily my thoughts reverted homeward. There is at least one place on earth that is more beautiful than this — the home. And it is the most beautiful because our dear ones are there.

What is it that makes heaven so attractive to the believer? Is it the streets of gold, the gates of pearl, trees that bear fruit twelve times a year, the crystalline waters and the sun that never sets or is obscured by clouds? What good would all this splendor do if one found himself separated from him or them that he loves. It would only be a source of sadness and longing and pining away. The believer has one Friend to whom his heart clings and in whose presence he is anxious to be. This Friend is in heaven, where He is seated to the right of the Father. Therefore the believer desires to go there, and he is happy there. It is his home.

Now the Christians are gathering. They are coming from the neighboring villages to visit us and to attend our evening prayer meeting.

Bamboo mats were spread out on the veranda of the residence of the catechist to sit on, and two chairs were brought to us from our room.

A lantern was lit and hung under the roof that we should not be sitting in the dark.

These people did not sit moping, gazing into vacancy until the minister solemnly announced the number of the hymn. That sort of weed does not thrive where Mr. Boerresen has something to say. It is told that he once met a number of men in a European capital who had manifested great interest in his mission, but whose view of life was dark. He was cheerful as usual. But this only made them the more austere. He observed this and asked them if they were sick or afflicted at something.

"Oh, no, thank God! we are not sick. But we are so afraid that we may be too gay and lose our own souls."

"Alas, I know this brand of goods. There are some people even in Christian countries who think they must deal somewhat in religion in order to please God and be saved by grace. Therefore they walk the way of the flesh and look surly and suppose that this will make them good examples before the world. If we missionaries were to wear your faces we would act as scare-crows upon the heathen. No, my friends, if the grace of God has lighted up our hearts all surliness and austerity must be banished from our looks and our conduct."

These people could look each other in the face. Their first desire was to know about "papa's" health and then about the condition of "mamma" and "kerap" and the children. They fired questions at Mr. Boerresen, and he answered. Every now and then they would laugh like children when papa tells them some very enjoyable bit of news.

Then came my turn. Mr. Boerresen served as inter-

preter. They asked all kinds of questions about America and its people. They shivered so that the whole veranda shook when I told them about the depth of the snow and the thickness of the ice which we are accustomed to in winter. They enjoy warm weather, but cold weather is a terror to them. Hence it is not likely that I induced any of them to emigrate to America.

When their inquisitiveness seemed to be exhausted and all their questions had been answered, Mr. Boerresen commenced to ply them with questions. He wished to know how they had been getting along in every respect since his last visit to them.

This gave them a new start, and all their joys and griefs were told. Some of them had been sick, and several of their relatives had departed. In some cases the family had increased. One enlarged upon the great affliction caused by the loss of his best cow; but his friends had assisted him in procuring a heifer. Some had been converted, and others had indicated that they soon would come.

In the midst of the talk Mr. Boerresen would strike up a song, and big and small would join him. He would also tell them something from the gospels, and they were on the point of applauding when something struck them with exceptional force.

Upon retiring to our quarters the old missionary said: "Now, my dear friend, you will understand our happiness. Many a pleasant hour have I spent with these children of nature."

The pagans in the neighboring villages were still cele-

brating the Christmas holidays. They have their great autumn festival in the early part of January. They keep on sacrificing, drinking, dancing and playing day and night, uninterruptedly, for a whole week. The dance-music is furnished by drum and flute, and its monotony is absolutely intolerable to Occidental ears.

One may learn to endure many things. But if I had given vent to my feelings while I was lying there night after night, vainly trying to close my ears against this favorite music of the Santhals, my expressions would scarcely have been edifying enough to warrant the printing of them. But the circumstances were unfavorable. The mosquitoes, for instance, would have furnished a desirable variation if they had not been quite so aggressive in dealing with strangers. It caused me far less annoyance to hear Mr. Boerresen, who was sleeping at the other end of the building, quoting passages from the Bible and singing hymns in all the languages of the world, as it seemed to me. In the morning he assured me himself that he had dreamt nonsense the whole night. But in me it gave rise to the idea that the venerable old man is living in the Bible, sleeping in the Bible, and that some fine day he will lie down to die in the Bible.

The great autumn festival comprises a fishing expedition and a hunting expedition. I wanted to go along fishing. The catechist and a couple of elders accompanied me. They too were fond of fish and had procured fishing-gear.

The whole forenoon was devoted to the preparations.

The nets had to be mended and everything had to be put in proper shape. Then the alarm was sounded. The whole village, men and women, large and small congregated, and the expedition started under the leadership of the headman. It was quite natural for me to suppose that we were to go down to the river, a distance of some two English miles. But we stopped at one of the nearest artificial ponds.

This procedure was beyond my comprehension. The most of the men were armed with something which looked very much like a bag-net, and the others had a round net which was about ten yards in diameter and had a rope attached to it in the middle. The men were standing around the pond, which was about fifty yards square, and the women and children were lying or sitting on the hillside, waiting for further developments.

For fully half an hour nothing was done. Then the headman gave a signal, and all the men rushed into the water at the same time and began to drag for fish. Those having the round net were the most successful. By a dexterous movement they spread it out on the surface of the water. A row of small stones attached to the edge of the net pressed it down to the bottom, and by pulling the rope in the center the men gathered up large quantities of weeds.

The fish were among the weeds. They varied in size, the largest ones being about two inches long and half an inch wide. When a net was filled its contents were thrown out on the hill, where the women and children had to

Fishing in the River.

sort the fish, while the men kept on dragging. When no living thing remained in the pond, the expedition broke up, and another pond was cleaned out in the same manner. Finally the catch was distributed, and the fishing expedition was at an end.

The women, upon returning home, at once began to cook the fish. Not a scale or fin was removed, but the little things were put into the kettle just as they were when pulled out of the water. Oil and several kinds of spices were added. Having been mixed with boiled rice, the mess was finally served out to the different members of the family and consumed, heads and tails and fins going down with the rest of the mixture.

The following day was devoted to hunting. Drums and flutes were a part of the equipment. There were no guns in the whole village. Bow and arrow, sword and battle-ax are the only weapons that a native of India is permitted to possess.

The Americans prohibit the sale of liquor to Indians. But we supply him abundantly with the best of fire-arms, and when he thinks we have offended him he raises his gun and fires. The English have pursued a different course. They let the native have liquor until he drops; but woe unto him that sells a shot-gun to a native without specia¹ permission!

The result is that even in our day the native must resort to bow and arrow when he decides to shoot something for his table.

This fact explains how a handful of Englishmen can govern such an immense number of people as the population of India.

FIFTEENTH CHAPTER.

In Basethkundi.—Chet Kana?—A Pair of Shoes.—Have You a Wife?—A Queer School-Master.

Ranga, January 24.

Yesterday I was carried sixteen English miles. We stayed several days at Basethkundi, from which place we made trips to several smaller stations. On Friday I had a slight attack of fever, and yesterday, when we had to move, I was not permitted to sit in the palanquin. Mr. Boerresen told the natives to build a roof over my bed and to tie a long bamboo pole to either side of it, and the men carried me without disturbing my rest.

The heathen of Basethkundi have repeatedly been stirred up by powerful spiritual revivals, especially during the service of Rev. Sibus at that place.

Hundreds of people came night and day to hear and to learn. "On such occasions there was praying and singing, grief and joy, alternately. Here we have witnessed many strange proofs of the power of the gospel of God upon famished children of men," Mr. Boerresen says. "For some time past our people at Basethkundi have been

suffering under a spell of indifference. But I trust the time of the Lord's visitation will return."

One of the evangelists, a cheerful old soul, gave me his shoes as a souvenir of my visit to his house. Until that time I had seen no native wear shoes, for in winter it is cold enough to go barefoot.

But shoes are used very extensively in India during the hot and rainy seasons. But they are not like our footwear. When I saw this first pair of shoes standing by the door I wondered what they were intended for. I pointed to them and said, "Chet kana?" I had almost forgotten the meaning of these words. But it exhausted my vocabulary of the language of the country, excepting the words "johar" and "hakopako". But I knew the latter were not suitable. So I said, "Chet kana?" They were the right words too. I found that out afterwards.

The by-standers looked at me and laughed. I would not attempt to repeat what they said, for it is beyond my ability. But they looked at me as you or I would look when something unpardonably silly is said. I maintain, until I am convinced to the contrary, that the following is a fairly good version of their remarks: "Oh, sacred simplicity! The man does not know even what a pair of shoes is!"

Well, I have nothing to boast of. But I would be glad to see the man in whom the first sight of two such things could not arouse curiosity. Two plain blocks of wood with a brass knob in one end. Who would take these to be a pair of shoes?

But the man convinced me by donning the shoes in less time than it takes to read this, and walking about in them. Until then I had never known why our Lord furnished our feet with toes. No, I beg your pardon. I once saw a man who had been born without arms and hands. He used the feet. He could load a pistol and shoot, thread a needle and sew, he could write, draw, shave himself, use knife and fork — all by means of his toes. To him, you see, the toes were of great service. But it never occurred to me that well-shaped and well-grown people could have any use for toes. Now it struck me all of a sudden that this is where the use of the toes comes in. Millions of people in Inlia could not use their shoes if they did not have these little limbs on their feet. Now they seize the shoes by the knob in the front end and start off. When they return home they drop the shoes at the door and walk barefoot into the house.

While Mr. Boerresen one day was standing in front of a compound and talking to the heathen a dreadfully shabby-looking man was standing by a tree. He was a man of gigantic build, towering twice the length of his head above the crowd. I pointed to him and asked Mr. Boerresen if this was one of his Christians.

Mr. Boerresen walked up to the man, raised himself on tip-toe and stared him squarely in the face. He said something which caused a hearty laughter. The man looked carelessly down upon Mr. Boerresen and, according to my idea, made some dry remarks, which created still greater hilarity among the people.

"I ask him," said Mr. Boerresen, turning to me, "whether he has a wife, and to this he answers 'yes.' Next I ask him if he is drinking liquor, and to this he also answers 'yes' and continues, 'I was drunk yesterday. But I make no fuss when I am drunk, I go and lie down.' It was this last statement that elicited the greatest applause, for there is satire in it. The natives believe that the Europeans are naturally more wicked than other creatures, and they have their own way of demonstrating it. They claim that the true nature of a person is manifested when he is drunk. When a native gets tipsy he becomes jolly, he talks and sings about his ancestors and plays with his companions until he grows weary and lies down. But when a European drinks he becomes furious. Then he hits upon all sorts of things which he otherwise would not mention, and makes himself a nuisance wherever he goes. At home he plays the brute, beating his wife and children, smashing dishes and furniture and everything that he comes in contact with. Such is the behavior of the European."

I thought to myself, He that buys these people as foolish and thoughtless is simply cheated in the deal.

A school for children was taught on the veranda in front of the church in which we were stopping.

A counterpart of this schoolmaster you have never seen. He is hardly twenty summers old, is small of stature and has only one leg that he can walk on. The other leg is shriveled up below the knee, that part of it standing out behind at right angles with the thigh, and the toes

dangling loosely as though there were no bones in them.

But this does not prevent him from moving about. A long pole serves in place of the defective leg. He puts one end of the pole on the ground a few feet ahead, holds it firmly with both hands, makes a vigorous kick with his well foot, and up he flies, landing some distance beyond the lower end of the pole. In this fashion he takes about six feet to each step, and I would like to see the man who can walk as fast as this schoolmaster.

He found some trouble in carrying his slim, elastic cane. But this trouble contributed to make the whole figure still more comical. No matter how I pitied the poor cripple, I could not refrain from laughing out aloud when I saw him coming toward the church in the morning, bounding along in his original manner.

Whether he had any deeper appreciation of his calling, I could not make out to a certainty; but it seemed to me that he did not go to his work with any exaggerated solemnity.

He flung his pole away and threw himself down on the floor, holding his cane in one hand. His crooked leg made it difficult for him to sit like other people. Therefore he preferred to lie, or he would let his leg hang down over the edge of the veranda.

He took hold of the A-B-C book without any further ceremonies, struck the floor with his cane, and the children made a general assault upon the alphabet, producing a humming sound. They all read, or rather sang, the letters at the same time. Some looked into the book, others

at the stranger. Some pointed to l and sang a, others pointed to p and called it v. Such sham work was repeatedly detected by the teacher. Then he would correct the erring ones by means of his mouth and his cane, and the grinding was resumed. If this is kept up until next Christmas the alphabet will no doubt be sung into their memories for good.

Mr. Boerresen, who doubtless is the greater pedagogue of the two, made a hint to the professor that the letters alone might be too slender fare for the children. He ought to vary the program by teaching them a few stanzas from the hymn-book and singing with them. But it stands to reason that he did not care to take up that branch while we were within hearing. He was evidently more familiar with the A-B-C than with any other subject.

But he is doing his very best. He is a cripple, poor fellow, and unfit for physical labor. But here he may make himself useful. The Christians have hired him to teach their children to read. They require no more of him, and under the circumstances no more ought to be expected of him. He is doing a good work and deserves all the credit he receives. God bless him!

On Friday we made a trip to Kakjol, another station. At this place a rhymester had made a song for Mr. Boerresen. It was sung by the congregation while we were carried into the compound. But Mr. Boerresen, who is becoming hard of hearing, did not notice it. Then they walked up to him and urged him to listen, and they would sing the song once more. This time they were more suc-

cessful. I do not doubt their good intention. But I have an opinion of my own about the poetical and musical merits of the affair.

In this assemblage was a woman that wore a ring in her nose and heavy brass clamps around her ankles. Her expression and behavior, however, were not out of the way.

"Is she one of your Christian women?" I asked.

Mr. Boerresen walked up a little closer, looked first at the woman, then at the others.

"Who is this woman?"

They all looked at her and smiled. They knew what he meant. Yes, she was the wife of a blacksmith, and she had recently become a Christian.

"And she still wears a ring in her nose!"

"We have not thought of removing it," the catechist explained. But the others thought she had donned her trinkets on that day for the sake of "papa."

"These people are children," Mr. Boerresen said, "and we have to treat them as such. We have never instructed any of them to put away their ornaments when they become Christians. But they have done it of their own choice. It looks as if they cannot well put up with filth, nose-rings and foot-clamps outside of heathenism."

On Sunday there was a large meeting at Basethkundi. The Christians were gathered from the stations throughout the Sultanabad district. Cantena, a catechist, preached on this occasion. But I had to stay in bed and could not hear him.

It was a great loss. It would have been a treat to see him gesticulate. He expostulates with his arms, fingers, head, in short, the whole figure speaks. He can use his mouth, there is no chance for mistakes on that point; but his posture, his movements, the play of his features are perfect. Him I could understand though he did not speak one word.

A tea festival took place in the afternoon. But it was not a complete success. Just as the tea was ready the kettle burst, and the sweet beverage was spilt on the ground. But this misfortune caused no worry. A new earthen kettle was brought, and into this was put the tea which remained at the bottom of the broken kettle; new water was poured in; the drink was sweetened with molasses; and the good people had tea after all. But it was thin — I had a taste of it.

SIXTEENTH CHAPTER.

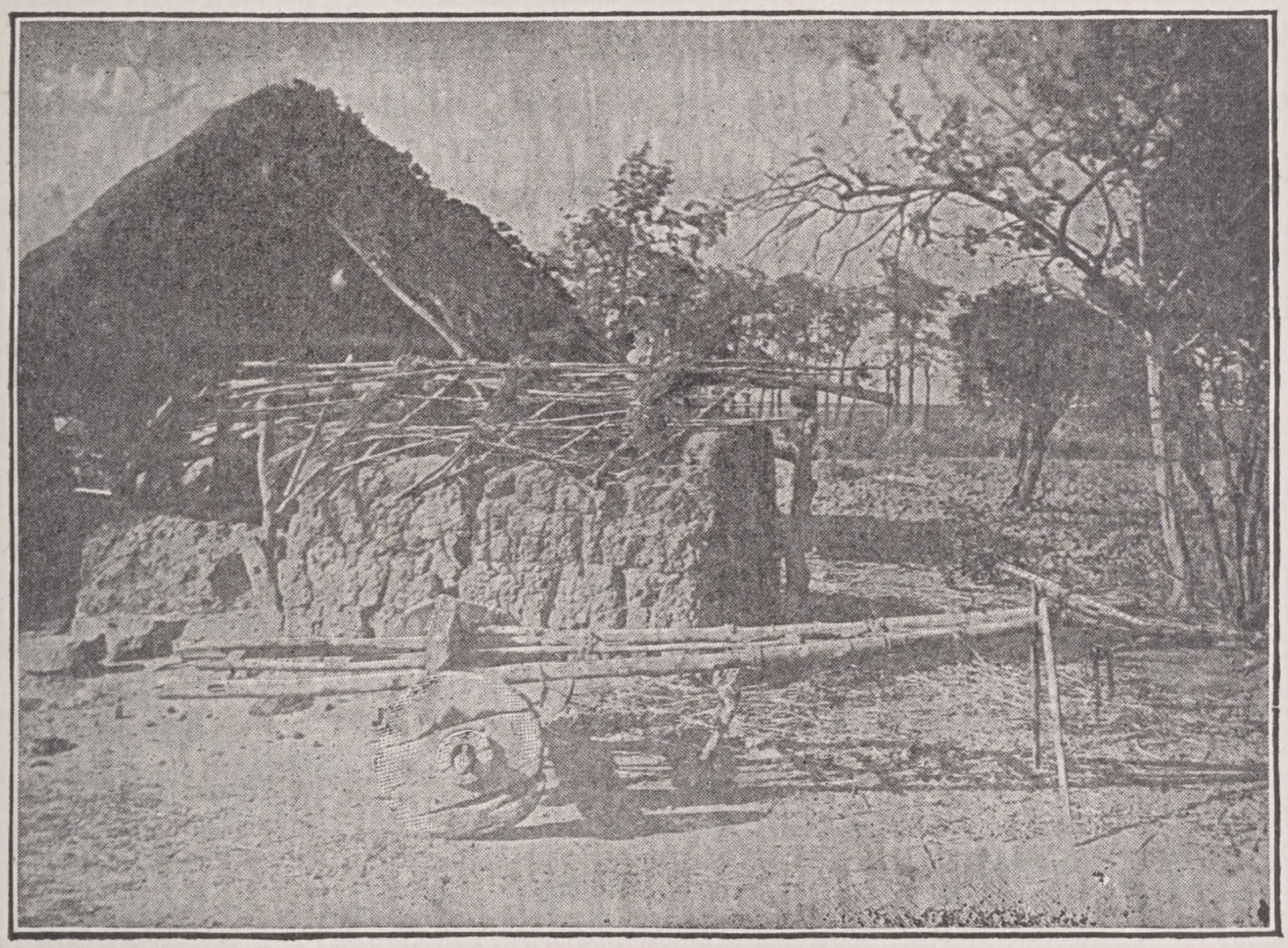
Ranga.—Creaking Vehicles.—A Surly Station Leader.—A Powerless Head-Man.— We Obtained Carriers.— Chandurpur.—A Lazy Catechist.—With Bodding.—Back to Ebenezer.

Ebenezer, January 27.

The location of Ranga is grand and romantic. An opening in a dense forest, and yet so elevated as to afford a view of the surrounding landscape for miles and miles. The whole country before my eyes is wild and mountainous and reminds me of the places where I roamed about in my boyhood and spent the happiest days of my life.

But there was one thing which I did not like. It was the public highway passing by. The road itself was good enough. But the blessed vehicles! Imagine hundreds of ox-carts with wheels consisting of triangular, quadrangular, pentangular and omniangular blocks of wood with a hole in the neighborhood of the center, wheels that never smelt grease — imagine, I say, hundreds of such wagons passing by at an even, unfailing tenor throughout the whole night where you are trying to rest your weary limbs, and you will understand why I would like

to have this road removed to some other place. In the day there was nothing to complain of, this being the regular time for the oxen to rest. But in the night! A ceaseless creaking and groaning. We slept in the church, or rather tried to sleep. But it was none too edifying. If



A Cart.

it is at all possible to be worried to death I believe it could be accomplished under such circumstances as these. Should not these people be taught manners at least to the extent of making their cart-wheels round and keeping their wooden axles fairly well greased? But Mr. Boerresen was of opinion that it would take over one hundred measures of oil a week to silence all the cart-axles passing

by that place. But that remedy would be too expensive. It would be much cheaper to apply liberal doses of patience to the soul of the sufferer, and we tried this remedy to the best of our ability.

Mr. Boerresen was not pleased with the situation at Ranga. There were quite a few lovely men among the working people. But the manager of the station did not seem to be made of the right stuff. He appeared to me to be surly and cross and did not seem to be on the best of terms with the others, and this could easily be traced in the character of the work accomplished.

The heathen of this locality were also more cranky and untractable than those visited by us elsewhere. The inhabitants of the village from which we had ordered carriers had spent the previous night in drinking and dancing, and in the morning the chief of the village, a faint-hearted old fellow, came and told us that he could not persuade his men to come. Mr. Boerresen sent him away again and made him understand that we were bound to go and that men must be procured some way or another. A few hours later he returned and declared emphatically that he had found it impossible to procure men.

Now the pargana of the district was sent for.

Originally the kings were the owners of the land in India. The peasants were only tenants who paid an annual tax for the use of their land. This tax was collected by zemindars, who often occupied the position of sub-kings. When the English came to power in India the zemindars claimed that they were the real owners of the

land, and they actually succeeded in having their claims legalized. The zemindar pays taxes for his whole district to the government, and afterwards taxes the individual farmer. The most of these landowners, or small kings, are full-fledged scoundrels, and some of them go so far that the government has been compelled to interfere and even confiscate their land.

The last mentioned has been the case in the district in which Ranga is located. The land belongs to the government, and the pargana is also a sort of functionary in the service of the government. As such he has to see that the Europeans passing through his district receive the needed help upon paying reasonable fees.

For this purpose the pargana was sent for in the above case. He came, but did not look pleasant. He is a heathen. His talk was wholly evasive, and upon his departure he said neither yes nor no. But early in the afternoon the old chief came with his men, and from the village of the pargana there also came a crowd, swelling the company to twice the required number.

Our next place of stopping was Chandurpur. Here a missionary named Bunkholdt had been stationed for many years, until he was removed to Assam, where he soon died. During the past year a Dane had stayed there, but had removed a few days before our arrival, his private affairs in Denmark having necessitated his removal. Hence the whole building at this station was at our disposal.

There are many Christians at this place, and it is an

important missionary field. But it was plainly evident that the work had been neglected of late.

Since the departure of Bunkholdt a native catechist has had charge of the station. This task is too much for him. The natives are splendid workmen in small groups or under the wise leadership of a European. But so far only a very few of them have been able to manage a fair-sized congregation. This man, who had a disposition to grow stout, had "expanded", in body as well as in mind, since his promotion, and now that the Danish family was compelled to leave after such a brief stay he became still greater. His latest departure, for instance, was to devote most of his time to office work at home and to send out the elders under him right and left, without accompanying them and assisting them in their work in the neighboring villages. I understand that he will either be suspended or reduced in rank.

On the next day we removed to Mohulpohari, where Bodding, a Norwegian, is stationed. He has only a limited territory to cover. He has devoted most of his time to literary work. His text-book on religion for the use of those who are to be educated for preaching and teaching, has just been published.

As a proof of the enormous energy of this man it may be mentioned that he has translated the whole of the Old Testament into Santhali and is now, in company with Mr. Skrefsrud, who is famous as a linguist, engaged in revising the version, which is to be printed at the expense of the

Rev. Sunna, his young Bride and Brides-Maids

British and Foreign Bible Society, and he has not yet been ten years in the country.

Mr. Bodding is a scholar in the best sense of the word, and his work will be of inestimable value to the Santhals in the future. He is also a plain Christian, and what little I had occasion to see of his intercourse with the natives convinced me that he, with his quiet and gentle ways and in spite of his reserved character, constitutes, without his own knowledge, a necessary factor in the great and prosperous work which is being done for this peculiar people. He is no iconoclast, or what we usually call a pioneer. But when the history of this mission is written his place will be second only to that of the founders of the mission.

From Mohulpohari to Ebenezer we had a delightful ride. Mr. Bodding had sent two men to Ebenezer to fetch Mr. Skrefsrud's cariole, and as we now could use the post-road our eight carriers pulled us over the last stretch of our journey at a gallop.

This was the end of a seventeen days' tour of the land of the Santhals, one of the most memorable trips of my life.

SEVENTEENTH CHAPTER.

Wisdom.— Zeal without Knowledge.—The Missionary Must Learn from the Heathen.—The Heathen Knows of God.—The Testimony of Bishop Thoburn.—Idea of Right and Wrong.—Skrefsrud at the Feet of a Native.

We were just reading an account of the killing of some missionaries by the natives. To this Mr. Boerresen made the remark that in his opinion such murders are due to the follies of the missionaries themselves rather than to anything else, and Mr. Skrefsrud was inclined to endorse his opinion. They seemed to agree that they too had had the best of opportunities to become martyrs of that kind.

Unfortunately so many young missionaries fail to combine their zeal for God with knowledge. They proceed on the assumption that the heathen knows nothing and has nothing which it is worth while for them to learn or respect. They pose as his teachers before they have acquired a sufficient knowledge of his language, character, traditions, institutions and customs, thereby making themselves ridiculous in the eyes of the native from the start, and afterwards courting persecution. The mere complexion of the missionary is apt to suggest both stupidity and

malice. His ignorance, however, will be pardoned by the natives if he demonstrates by a modicum of humility and docility that his soul is not so mean as his skin is white. If he refrains from posing as their teacher, but on the contrary strives to learn from them, no one will either persecute or kill him on account of the course pursued by him. But when he fails to consult their laws and their notions as to what is sacred or sinful, and makes himself guilty of on crime after another, he ought not to expect to gain the confidence and respect of the people, without which his work among them will be a failure. An elderly missionary from another field has told me that when he reflects on his behavior at the start he cannot comprehend how his life was spared. He committed one mortal sin after another. He observed that he offended the people, but did not have the remotest idea of the nature of the offense. If he had taken time to learn from the people at the beginning he would not only have avoided many difficulties but also achieved greater results for the kingdom of God.

It may be assumed that there are but few missionaries who sit down at the feet of the natives to learn what conceptions they have of God, human life, death and eternity. Practically all assume that the heathen know nothing of God and that all their ideas are erroneous. Therefore the missionaries inaugurate their work by endeavoring to convince the heathen of the existence of a living God who created heaven and earth and before whom all men shall be arraigned at some future time. The heathen will listen to this and finally reply: "We know this already. Why

not tell us something we do not know since you claim to be our teacher anyway?" Even a man like Bishop J. M. Thoburn, who has been engaged in missionary work for more than a third of a century in India, has this to say:

"I am frank to confess that when in early youth, I came to India as a missionary, I was under the impression that after learning the language my first work would be to convince the people that there was a God, the Creator of heaven and earth; and hence it was a surprise to me to find, when able to talk to the people, that when I spoke of the great Being who had made all things, nobody was ever disposed to dispute my statement. Through all the years which have passed since, I believe I have never once found a human being who denied the existence of a supreme Deity, the creator of all things — unless it was a person educated in England or Germany or the United States; and in every such case I believe it will be found, on examination, that the man who accepts atheism is one who has been educated into this view."

Another notion with which the missionary begins his work is, that the heathen do not distinguish between right and wrong, good and evil. Therefore he proposes to convince them as to what is sin, and these people, who never saw such horrid transgressors as the Europeans and who so far have not observed anything better in the missionary, will reflect in this wise: "To be sure, you are the right man to teach us the difference between good and evil!" It may be put down as a fact, that even the most degraded heathen knows that there is a living God, knows that false-

hood, disobedience to parents, cruelty, murder, adultery, false testimony etc. are sinful. But he finds himself to be in a wretched condition and does not know where to turn to find God and to be on proper terms with him. And in this particular field the missionary, as a true friend of the heathen, must listen attentively to the craving of his soul that he may learn to apply the remedy judiciously.

Mr. Skrefsrud did not preach much to the Santhals at the start. He first let them preach to himself. He soon found that they had traditions — not written down, for to him belongs the honor of having introduced the art of writing and reading among the Santhals. But they had their sages who perpetuated their laws and traditions by handing them down orally to their disciples. At that time there was only one sage, and he had only one disciple. As soon as Mr. Skrefsrud had learned the language he sent for the sage, whose name was Kolean, and asked for instruction. Having solemnly promised not only to receive instruction, but also to hand down the acquired knowledge literally to at least one other person in order to preserve it to posterity, Mr. Skrefsrud was admitted to the school of the sage. But in spite of his phenomenal memory he found it impossible to learn by heart as his school-mate did. He could write, however, and the whole of it was for the first time committed to paper.

It goes without saying that I importuned Mr. Skrefsrud for a translation of his notes, which cover several hundred printed pages, and I surely worried him more than once with my solicitations, until I finally obtained it in a

form which enables me to give the following comprehensive summary.

The arrangement of the subject-matter might be improved upon, I think. But for various reasons I prefer to give it in the same order as I received it.

The House of an Evangelist.

Girls Fetching Water.

EIGHTEENTH CHAPTER.

The Traditions of the Santhals.—The Creation of the World.—The Origin of Man.—Haram and Ajo.—The Fall.—The Origin of Liquor.—The Increase of the Race.—The Deluge.—Wandering About.—The Age of Hardships.—Mando Sing.—Decay.

The human race originated in the East.

In the beginning there was only water, and God first created the various aquatic animals.

Then God said: "I will create men." And he created them of earth.

But the steed of day (the sun) descended and killed the men. At this, God became angry, and he decreed that he would no more create men of earth.

Then God said: "I will create birds." And he created Has and Hasil.

He placed them on his hand, and they were beautiful to behold. Then he blew breath into them, they came to life and flew away.

But there was no foothold to be found, therefore the birds came back and alighted upon God's hand.

Then the steed of day descended to drink, and while he was drinking, foam dropped from his mouth and floated away on the water. God commanded the birds to

alight on the foam, and they did so, and they were carried away upon the sea as in a boat.

But they found nothing to eat. Then they prayed to God. He commanded various aquatic animals, one after another, to raise the earth above the water. But in vain did all of them try their best, until the earth-worm, whose diplomatic cunning was greater than his strength, placed it upon the back of a tortoise which was floating on the water. Thereupon God let the earth be leveled and planted with trees and grass. In some places his harrow did not pass, hence there are hills and mountains.

The two birds, while on their voyage, found the earth, landed upon it and made it their dwelling-place.

In a short time Hasil began to lay eggs, and while she was brooding, Has brought food to her. But to their consternation two human beings were hatched out — a boy and a girl.

Has and Hasil were at their wits' end. Then they prayed to God to help them to nurse the babies. And he gave them cotton, which he taught them to fill with soft food and put into the mouths of the babies.

When the children grew up the birds asked God what to do with them, and he said they should go away and hunt up a place for them. They did so, and toward the setting sun they found Hihiri Pipiri.

The birds returned and told this to God, and he said they should take the two human beings to the new place. Then they took them upon their backs and carried them

there. What afterwards became of the two birds the fathers have not told.

In Hihiri Pipiri the two human beings became large and strong. Their names were Haram and Ajo. By some they are called Pilchu Haram and Pilchu Budhi; that is to say, the first old man and the first old woman. They were naked and had no clothes. Still they were not ashamed, and they lived in perfect harmony and happiness.

One day Lita came to the two people and said:

"Where are you, my grand-children? How are you getting along? I am your grand-father and have come to visit you. I see you are doing well. But you might be still happier. You ought to have strong drink. It has such a fine taste."

Lita gave them directions, and they immediately went to work to make strong drink. In five days the drink was ready. Then Lita told them to sacrifice to his greatness (himself) and then drink. The next day he would return and see them again.

They did as they were told by Lita and began to drink. When they had imbibed some liquor they began to play, and when they became drunk they lay down and went to sleep.

Next morning Lita came and called on them. When they came to they noticed that they were naked, and, being ashamed, they answered: "We are ashamed of showing ourselves to you, for we are naked. Last night we became drunk, and we do not know how much wrong we have done."

"That's nothing!" said Lita laughing, and went his way.

The two people took fig-leaves and tied them around their loins to hide their shame.

Pilchu Haram and Pilchu Budhi had fourteen children, seven sons and seven daughters.

While they grew up the boys went with their father hunting, and the girls with their mother gathering herbs and leaves, and in the evening they were all at home.

One day the boys went out hunting without being accompanied by their father. The girls were also in the woods to fetch herbs, while their mother remained at home. On their way home they began to sing a beautiful song. Just then their brothers came out of the woods with a fine deer which they had killed. When they heard the charming singing they ran over to the girls and began to dance with them. While dancing they became fond of each other, each boy took a girl next to him in age, and each couple became bride and bride-groom. When they came home the old folks understood what had happened; and they gave each couple a room to live in, celebrated the wedding and drank liquor.

Every one of these couples also had children.

When the grand-children grew up the old folks talked to each other in this wise: "As there were no others we were married as brother and sister, and for the same reason we let our children marry each other. But these new children we must divide up into tribes to prevent intermarriage between brothers and sisters."

So they divided up their children into tribes and said to them: "You may marry anybody that strikes your fancy provided you do not marry within your own tribe."

And the human race multiplied greatly.

Afterwards they came to Khojkaman, the place where God called upon them.

While staying here they became very wicked. Indeed, they behaved like beasts.

When God saw this he became angry and decided to destroy the human race if it did not repent and turn to him. But they would not.

Then God called a man and his wife to himself and told them that he would destroy the whole race because it would not obey him. But he ordered them to go into a cave in Mount Harata, where they would be safe. And they did as God told them.

When they had entered the cave God caused fire-water to rain down — some say rain-water — for seven days and nights, until both men and beasts had perished. Only the two that went into the cave were saved.

When it ceased raining the two went out of the cave. At the mouth of the cave they found a cow in a very wretched condition. But there was life in her. They also found some other animals which were yet alive.

Near Harata they built a house for themselves, lived there for a long time and multiplied rapidly.

Afterwards they departed and came to Sasangheda (the yellow plain by the river). There they remained for a long time.

Now the human race was again divided into tribes as before. In the course of time, five tribes were added, making twelve in all.

Our forefathers next came to the Jarpi country and lived there for a long time. But for some reason they left this country too and wandered through the woods.

While wandering about they came to a lofty mountain. They searched back and forth along the side of the mountain until they were exhausted, but could find no passage. Then they said to each other: "The god of the mountain has closed the way. Let us sacrifice to him, that he may let us pass through."

And they sacrificed to Maran Buru (his highness, the devil) and promised to worship him if he would let them pass. But O, wonder! The next morning they found a pass, and on that day the sun rose earlier than usual.

They now went through the pass, and we do not know how long it took them.

On the other side of the mountain they came to Aire and afterwards to Kande, where they remained for a long time. But for some reason they left this place too, and came to Chae. Even from this place they departed and came to Champa, the country of seven rivers.

In Champa our forefathers lived for ages and became a great and powerful people. They built many forts for protection against their enemies, and at this place we were subject to no other people.

We had our kings from one tribe. One tribe was priests, another soldiers. There was a tribe of princes, one

of noblemen, one of drummers and one of merchants. We have forgotten the occupation of the other tribes.

In days of yore, when Ram (one of the incarnations of the Hindus) was our king, the Kharwars (the Santhals were originally only a tribe of Kharwars) went with him to Lonka (Ceylon) and helped him conquer King Rabon. After this time there was peace between the Santhals and the Hindus for a long period. The Hindus lived in the plains, the Santhals in the woods and on the mountains.

But quarrels arose later on, and until to-day there have been many wars between us and the Hindus. Just as soon as we clear the forests and make the ground tillable the Hindus are bound to come and take it away from us. But we could easily chase them beyond the Ganges if the Europeans did not help them.

During the rebellion we intended to let the Ganges be the boundary-line between us. But the Europeans helped them, and our plans came to naught. In olden times we owned the land on both sides of the Ganges.

In Champa we fought the Hindus and lost. They captured the fort at Champa. Once we recaptured it, but we kept it only for a short time. As far as Champa, ourselves, the Munda people (Koles), the Birhor people, the Kurumbi people etc. were all called by the common name Kharwars. The Bir people ate monkeys, and therefore they were expelled. The Munda people seceded from us, and the Kurumbis became a sort of Hindus.

Some Kharwars married Sings (the Hindu warrior

caste). Thus they became Sings. Even to this day some kings in the old country (Chota Nagpur) are Sings.

It is related that once upon a time a Sing had a child by a daughter of one of our kings, and this child became the famous Mando Sing, a great giant.

Mando Sing was made chief of the king's councillors. He wanted a wife from our people. But he being only one-half Kharwar, his request could not be granted. This made him furious, and he chased us out of the country (the Vindhya mountains, south of the Ganges). Others claim that the Mohammedans drove us out of our country. It is stated that during the fierce struggle the sun was darkened by the arrows that flew between us and our enemies. We hate the Mohammedans above all other races.

When we came to Keredadi (the source of the Damuda river) our forefathers had a consultation which lasted twelve years or twelve days, and they agreed on rules stating what is to be done when a child is born, when it is named, at marriages, funerals etc. On this occasion the laws and customs of our forefathers were subverted, and we do not know why.

Many Hindu customs have been in vogue among us since that time. Our early forefathers did not burn their dead, they buried them. Nor did they carry the remains to the river as now. Of old we did not put red paint on the forehead of the bride, this custom having been borrowed from the Hindus.

We moved from place to place until we finally came

to Santhal Parganas, where we are now. Our last home was Sikhor (on the south side of the Damuda river).

Formerly we were independent for some length of time in Saot (the districts of Manbhun and Midnapur), hence we have been called Saothals (Santhals).

Through the past ages we have wandered from place to place like the silk-worm, and who knows but that we may have to flee again some fine day and go to parts unknown!

Why does God mete out such severe punishment to us?

NINETEENTH CHAPTER.

Heathen Baptism.—Illegitimate Children.—Confirmation.—Branding.

The child is held to belong to the tribe of its father, not to that of its mother.

When a child is born the whole village is defiled, and a purification must be made before anything may be sacrificed to the gods. No neighbor can dine with the family of the new-born child until the purification has taken place.

If it is a boy his head is shaved after the fifth day. If it is a girl her head is shaved when she is three days old.

When the shaving is to be done the whole population of the village, rich and poor alike, have to be in attendance.

A barber is sent for.

He first shaves the two priests, then the head-man and the public officials and the other men in the village, and finally the father of the child.

Then the barber orders the little one to be brought to him. The midwife carries the baby out into the door-way, where its head is shaved.

The midwife collects the hair and puts it into a dish,

and ties two threads around the arrow used for cutting the umbilical cord.

The father of the child takes oil in a dish and walks with the other men to the water to bathe.

As soon as they return, the midwife takes oil and saffron and the arrow around which she tied two threads and walks to the water, followed by the other women.

Having arrived at the water, the midwife takes the saffron which she carried along and, stepping down into the water, marks five red spots. She next places one of the two threads and the child's hair upon the water, and they float away. She washes the other thread and the arrow. Finally all the women take a bath.

Upon returning to the house the midwife takes the remaining thread, soaks it in saffron and ties it around the waist of the child, which is lying in its mother's lap.

Thereupon she prepares a mixture of cow's dung and water which she pours upon the head of the mother, smearing a small quantity of it upon her own head with her hand and sipping a little with her mouth and swallowing it.

The child is carried in and placed in its bed, upon which the midwife next sprinkles a thin mixture of meal and water. She also sprinkles the breasts of all those present, beginning with the head-man and passing down, according to the standing of each man, and closing with the women.

Now it is time for the parents to agree on a name for the child. If it is a boy he is named after his father's

father, if a girl, after her father's mother. In some cases the children may be named after their mother's parents, and if there are many of them, after others who are very closely related to them.

When the name has been agreed upon the midwife goes out and tells those gathered what they have to call the new-born child.

Food is distributed among the people according to rank, and they take a meal.

The purification ceremonies are completed, and the child is admitted to its relatives and to the friends of its parents.

When an unmarried woman gives birth to a child her parents report it to the head-man and the superintendent of morals, and they in turn call a meeting of all the men in the village to find out who is the father of the child.

The men turn their attention to the man mentioned by the girl, and a denial does not count. But if he can prove that the girl has had something to do with other men the child is decreed fatherless. But if he can procure no proof to that effect he must marry the girl.

If the girl has had intercourse with several, every one of them is fined. But the superintendent of morals, who has not watched more carefully, must take charge of the child, and it is declared to be one of his relatives. The fines paid in such cases are divided between the mother and the superintendent of morals.

If the girl is unable to name the father of the child it is declared fatherless, unless, indeed, her parents can buy a husband for her. If this is done the child becomes a relative of the purchased husband.

If no one is willing to marry the girl for good pay the superintendent of morals or some one else often volunteers to lend his name to the child for a certain amount of money.

When two members of the same tribe have a child together, both the parents and the child are expelled from the tribe and are no longer looked upon as Santhals. Such persons leave and are lost.

No certain age is fixed for the confirmation of a child; but young people cannot marry unless they have been confirmed.

If a child dies without having been confirmed its body must not be cremated, nor are its bones sent to the Damu river.

If there are many children in a family they are, if possible, all confirmed at the same time.

Liquor must be prepared for use at confirmation.

When the liquor is ready the head of the family invites the head-man and a few others to sample the drink and to tell them that he desires to have his children confirmed. Thereupon the head-man calls the neighbors together.

The girls of the village pour oil upon all the men and women present, beginning with the head-man, after which the liquor is passed around.

While the liquor is served the old men relate their legends and sing their songs and refrains.

They begin with the creation of the world and speak and sing with enthusiasm about the age of their greatness. They speak with sadness about the time when they were scattered abroad, losing their splendor, about their wandering through the forests, about their struggles and sufferings, about Hikim Pargana, who brought them to Sikhor etc.

At this juncture the host rises and begs his neighbors to pardon him for having put them to so much trouble. But they answer that he must not mention the trouble at all, for the occasion has afforded them nothing but pleasure.

The head of the family gives the name of the young person who is to be confirmed, and entreats the people to stand by him, to receive the young person in their midst and to regard him as their equal. They all promise to do this, and the head of the family exclaims: "We were as black as ravens, but you have made us as white as doves!"

They next dine together. The ceremonies conclude with dancing, and the young person is a member of society.

It has been said of old that a person whose arm is not branded will be attacked by worms in the next world, and for this reason all boys submit to the pain caused by being branded.

The operation is simple: a rag is rolled up and kin-

dled, and the burning part of it is applied to the spot which is to be branded. As soon as the burn is deep enough it is covered with ashes. The wound leaves a mark similar to a vaccination-scar.

The women are not branded, but their breasts are tattooed.

TWENTIETH CHAPTER.

Marriage.—Preparations.—Good Omens.— The Girl is Called upon. —Her Parents See the Young Man.—His House is Visited.—Betrothal. —Partial Payment of the Price of the Bride.—Nuptials.—Comprehensive Preparations.—"Water Wedding".—Molasses Given to the Bridegroom. —The Bridegroom Conducted to the Bride's Home.—The Washing of the Feet at Every Door etc.—Wedding.—Distribution of Gifts.—"The Vegetables" are Gathered.—The Bride is Given away.—In the Bridegroom's Village.—The Young Woman Put to Work.—Rules of Conduct for Her.—Visits.

When some one wants a bride for his son he must apply to a marriage negotiator.

The negotiator first ascertains what qualifications the bride must have, and then he will generally say: "I know of such a woman. But I must see her folks before I can give an answer."

The negotiator next consults the parents of the girl, and, having told everything about the young man, he asks: "May I invite my friends to see her?"

If they are in favor of the proposed union they answer in the affirmative.

The negotiator appoints the day when he will return, and requests them to be prepared at such a time.

Returning to the home of the young man, he reports

to his parents, and they immediately begin to make preparations for calling on the girl.

On the appointed day the negotiator returns to conduct the young man's parents and a few of their friends to the village in which the girl resides.

If they see a snake or a jackal on the way, or if they meet a person carrying fuel on his head it is an evil omen, and they return home. But if they come across a tub of water, a cow, a pack-ox or tiger-tracks it means good luck, and they proceed.

Upon arriving at the village they go to the superintendent of morals and explain their errand to him.

The superintendent of morals summons the girl and two others. He says to the young man's parents: "It is the one standing in the middle. Look at her!" And when the girls have withdrawn he asks the visitors what they think of the girl.

If they do not like her they will say that the young man is too old, or they will invent some other excuse. On the contrary, if they like the girl they say so, and the superintendent of morals reports the matter to her parents.

Subsequently the girl's parents are invited by the marriage negotiator to come and see the young man.

Accompanied by a few of their friends, they make a call at the appointed time. They too look for omens as the young man's parents did.

They first call on the superintendent of morals of the village in which the young man lives. He summons the

young man and two others and says: "Look at the one standing in the middle!"

If they do not like him they can easily find some excuse, and the plan comes to naught. But if he strikes their fancy they say so to the negotiator, and the superintendent of morals reports the result to the young man's parents.

The next thing in order is a new visit by the girl's parents to the home of the young man. This time they are accompanied by the relatives of the girl, the head-man of the village and his assistant. They go directly to the house of the young man, where they are received with marked cordiality.

The feet of the strangers are washed. Liquor and bread are served to them, and the conversation is carried on in figurative language.

Upon the order of the head of the family a billy-goat is fetched. This animal is sprinkled with water and butchered, and a great meal is prepared for all who are in attendance. The future parents-in-law treat each other with tokens of exquisite friendliness.

When the visitors get ready to leave they all arrange themselves in a row and say good-by.

And still the young people are not engaged. The marriage negotiator keeps on making trips between the two villages.

A day is appointed for giving the token of engagement to the girl. When the time arrives the young man's parents and a great number of the friends of the young man's family march in procession to the village in which the

girl resides, and the superintendent of morals meets them at the entrance. He conducts them directly to the girl's parents, who receive them outside their house and entertain them as best they can.

On an occasion like this, songs of different kinds are sung.

The young man's father takes the future bride in his lap, puts a ribbon around her neck and kisses her on the mouth. She rises, falls upon her face and greets, whereupon she gives him liquor.

This is the signal for general rejoicing. The company sing and drink, eat and drink, and speak incessantly — in metaphors.

The two old men embrace each other, say "saheb" (sir) and speak to each other in the plural. The Santhals do not know of any friendship which is more intimate than that between two men whose children are joined in matrimony.

Similarly the girl's father and friends go to the young man's home and put a ring on his arm, on which occasion there is a great feast.

Now the young people are betrothed.

The marriage negotiator continues his journeys back and forth.

The young man's father says to him: "Consult the friends."

He returns and says: "They are in favor of the union."

Then the father of the bridegroom calls the head-man,

the officials and a few others together and gives them liquor.

The head-man asks, "What kind of liquor is this?"

"It is liquor to be taken on the occasion of concluding a marriage contract. I intend to make a partial payment for the bride." Then he ties five knots on a thread, which the marriage negotiator gives to the girl's parents.

If they are not ready they put more knots on the thread, indicating by the number of knots in how many days the partial payment is to be made.

On the appointed day the bridegroom's father notifies the head-man, and the latter calls the people of the village together, men and women. Oil is rubbed on to the priest, the head-man, the officials and the whole number, in the order of the rank held by each one.

Now the bridegroom is led forth. An attendance consisting of young men and girls are selected for him. The mother of the bridegroom applies oil to him, after which he has to perform a series of rites.

The whole company starts for the village in which the girl is living, amid great rejoicing, and the music for the occasion is furnished by means of drums and flutes.

A halt is made at the entrance, and the negotiator notifies the bride's parents that the company is waiting outside the village.

They apply to the superintendent of morals for an empty house. Having received previous notice, he has a house ready for the purpose. He proceeds to meet the company, carrying a dish of water on the palm of his

hand, and he invites them to accompany him to the empty house, where the necessary food is brought them.

Afterwards the company is invited to the home of the bride, where they are entertained, first tobacco and then liquor being served to them.

The superintendent of morals asks the bride's father how much he charges for his daughter.

If they agree on three rupees no money is returned to the father of the bridegroom. But if he pays five rupees he receives a cow, a brass dish and cloth for a suit for the bridegroom, and a billy-goat and a bucket of liquor for his people. If he pays seven rupees the bride's father will give him a cow which is about to calve, a brass dish, a brass bowl and a suit of clothes for the bridegroom, and his people receive more food and drink than they would have done if only five rupees had been paid.

They now attach ornaments to the bride, and she gives them liquor.

Of the amount agreed upon as pay for the bride, two rupees are advanced. The money is handed to the superintendent of morals, and he gives it to the bride's father, who now serves a bounteous meal.

The guests spend the night in the house assigned to them. After having breakfasted the next morning, they return to their own village.

When a shorter or longer time has elapsed, sometimes as much as two years after the first payment, the real wedding takes place.

By means of the marriage negotiator the parties agree

on a certain day, and three days before this time the bridegroom's father applies to the head-man for assistance at the wedding.

The young people are instructed to build an arbor, or bridal house.

The priest is sent for, and the father of the bridegroom, at the behest of the head-man, gives the priest three hens, two of them being white and one speckled, a little rice, liquor and whatever else is necessary to propitiate the gods. The priest takes everything to the sacred grove and sacrifices the birds in the name of the bridal house that no misfortune may befall either of the parties, that they may not have stomach-ache when they eat too much or get into fights when they drink liquor. The speckled hen is sacrificed to the goddes of the sacred grove, one of the white hens to the five gods and the other to Maran Buru that is, the devil.

When the priest has finished the sacrifices he and his assistants prepare a meal of the birds and the rice, whereupon they dine and drink liquor.

When everything is prepared at the bridal house they are all called together to apply oil to each other. Having performed this ceremony, the old people go home and the young people begin to dance, and the dancing is kept up night and day until the close of the wedding festivities.

Then comes the day when the bridegroom is to be taken to the bride's home. The bridegroom's father rises at cock-crow and invites the head-man and the magistrate.

He serves out liquor to them, and they converse in figurative language. Afterwards all the neighbors are called together and liberally entertained. Some of the attendants of the bridegroom are sent out in advance, carrying food and liquor to the village in which the bride resides. Here an arbor has been put up. The groomsmen are directed to separate quarters for the bridegroom and his attendants, and the superintendent of morals assists them in procuring kettles, fuel etc.

When the groomsmen have left the village in which the bridegroom lives all the others, men and women, go to the "water wedding."

The bridegroom's mother takes a basket of rice, some dubri-grass, an egg, some oil, some red paint and thread. A sister of the bridegroom's father takes a sword, and the sister of his mother takes a bow and arrow. The toilet of the bride is put into jars, which two of the groomsmaids carry on their heads. The bridegroom's cousin takes a spade, and the superintendent of morals takes liquor.

When they arrive at the water with those articles they perform a series of rites, the aim of which is to please the demons, and the devil in particular. They return to the arbor, where also different ceremonies are performed and incantations pronounced.

The bridegroom is placed in the lap of his mother, who pours molasses into his mouth. He next takes a rupee into his mouth, sucks his mother's breasts and drops the coin into her lap. This is called "nursing-money" and belongs to his mother.

The company now starts for the bride's home, marching to the noise of drum and flute.

They are met at the entrance to the village by the superintendent of morals, the bride's mother, the bridesmaids and bridesmen.

The marriage negotiator takes charge of the young man and introduces him to the bride's mother, saying, "There you have the bridegroom!" The bride's grandmothers and aunts are also present to pay their respects to the young man.

But the bridesmaids and other women living in the village jokingly scold the bridegroom and sing abusive songs about him.

The bride's mother washes the feet and mouth of the bridegroom, gives him a little molasses, washes his mouth again and gives him a little water to drink.

One of the bridesmaids conducts him to the nearest house, where the house-wife washes his feet and mouth and gives him molasses and water. He is taken to the next house, and the next, from door to door through the whole village, and the same ceremonies are repeated at every place. The bridesmaids and the bridesmen accompany him.

The bridegroom and his attendants are now conducted to the quarters which were assigned to the bridegroom's attendants who brought the food, and here both he and his people eat their own food and drink their own liquor.

Meanwhile the women of the village, under the auspices of the superintendent of morals, congregate out-

side the house. The bridegroom is carried out to them and placed upon a stool, and they proceed to sprinkle water on him.

They have brought dry clothes for him, and he changes clothes while they are looking at him. The women now receive some liquor, which they take to the house of the superintendent of morals.

The head-man summons the entire population of the village to attend the wedding, and the attendants of the bridegroom proceed to the bridal house.

The bridegroom is carried out, and he and his brother-in-law perform the rite of squirting water upon each other.

The bride is next carried out and placed face to face with the bridegroom, and they exchange greetings by squirting water upon each other.

The attendant next to the bridegroom hands him five leaves from a sal-tree. On the top leaf the bridegroom places som red paint, draws the bride's veil to the side and drops a little paint at his feet, and by a swift movement he grasps the back part of the bride's head and rubs some paint on her forehead.

At this point of time the whole assemblage raise a shout of joy.

The bride's oldest sister steps up and ties the clothes of the bride and the bridegroom together. Her mother and other relatives carry out several articles in a basket, which they move back and forth above the heads of the bridal couple. A number of other ceremonies are performed by means of a rice-pounder, and the bride's oldest

sister conducts the bridal couple into the house. But her youngest sister keeps the door shut until the bridegroom gives her a present.

Oil and saffron are applied to the bridal couple, whereupon they both eat from the same bowl. They now walk out of the house, and the father of the bridegroom and some others are conducted into the house and entertained.

All the attendants of the bridegroom also enter the arbor, where water and tobacco are served to them. The old people converse in parables, the young people sing, and the liquor bowls are passed around.

The clothes carried along for the bride's mother and grand-mothers are distributed, and the marriage negotiator delivers a goat, a jar of liquor and different articles of food to the parents of the bride.

The relatives of the bride's mother milk the goat—act as if they did so—and pretend to prepare food from the milk. The bridegroom's relatives must also make believe that they are eating, and the women finally wash their hands.

The head-man calls the people together outside the arbor, saying to them, "We will gather vegetables." By this he means that they are going to butcher a big billy-goat.

The people of the village having poured water on the billy-goat, the superintendent of morals shouts to the bridegroom's attendants, "Come here, gentlemen, and gather the vegetables! They are ripe." That means, Kill the billy-goat!

A Wedding Party.

While the crowd is yelling and rejoicing one of the attendants of the bridegroom takes an ax and decapitates the billy-goat with one blow.

The bride's father sacrifices two glasses of liquor to the gods (demons). The one that held the billy-goat and the one that killed him are permitted to drink first, then follows the head-man, the officials and the rest, in the order of the rank of each one.

All but five of the bridegroom's attendants now withdraw for a while.

The feet of these five are washed by the young men of the village, after which the superintendent of morals conducts them into the house and serves food and liquor to them. They also receive a goat, a jar of liquor and other articles, which they take with them to their quarters.

Of the butchered billy-goat, the attendants of the bridegroom receive the head, and a part of it goes to the superintendent of morals, who, in company with some of the attendants, proceeds to the head-man of the village and hands him a rupee from the bridegroom's father, according to an ancient custom.

The whole day is devoted to the performance of different ceremonies, the presentation of gifts to the bridal couple, bathing etc.; and in the evening they all take a great meal in the arbor. At the close of the meal all the attendants of the bridegroom withdraw to their quarters, where those who are tired go to bed, while the young people dance the whole night.

Next morning they all meet at the court-house, or the

seat of the head-man of the village. The attendants of the bridegroom indulge in dancing, and the superintendent of morals sets aside some liquor for the deceased head-man, for the prosperity of the bridal couple, for safety from evil on their way and for the birth of progeny before one year shall have elapsed.

All of them now proceed to the cross-roads at one end of the village. Here the bride's mother sits down on a mat. She first takes the bride-groom and then the bride into her lap, washes their lips, gives them molasses three times and again washes their lips.

After her come several other women who go through the same performances, giving the bridal couple molasses and washing the lower part of their faces.

The cooks, the superintendent of morals and some others now receive their customary pay.

The older members of the bridegroom's attendants sit down, and the head-man of the bride's party makes a speech: "Whereas this union is not the result of coercion but of free choice, and whereas the sun, the gods and the dead ancestors have been present at the wedding, and whereas the bridegroom now has a home at the bride's house and she has one at his house, so that the bride-groom and his folks are no longer compelled to drink water from the brook, but may come as to their own house for shade and shelter, and whereas the bridegroom and his folks have selected the bride, therefore they must be responsible for her conduct. Whether she is active or lazy, well-formed or unshapely, whether she is fortunate or

unfortunate, whether she is a hag, whether she is wicked or virtuous—all this no longer concerns her folks; the bridegroom and his folks shall be responsible for this, for her folks have sold her with bones and ashes, excepting the head-blade and the ear-blade. By this exception they reserve to themselves the right to hold his folks responsible in case they call her a hag or kill her, without cause.) If she does not prepare the food properly you must not abuse her but rather teach her to do everything in the right way, and if she proves to be incorrigible you must send word to her folks. If we have no person to send back we will send a cane, and if we have no cane we will send a dog."

The head-man from the village of the bridegroom answers: "This is correct, sir. We have not formed this union. The gods have brought it about, and we take the bride with us upon the terms set forth by you. Henceforth we shall be responsible for the bride and everything that she does. And you are entitled to make us responsible if we kill her or call her a hag, without cause. But such small matters as poor preparation of the food we shall overlook, and if she utterly refuses to be corrected we shall certainly send word to you that you may cooperate with us in teaching her. Nor must you keep on drinking water from the brook, but you must come and find shade and shelter with us."

The superintendent of morals takes the hand of the bride and leads her to the head-man who spoke last, and says: "Sir, I hereby deliver her to you."

Now the party breaks up. The bridegroom's folks take the bride with them, and her attendants follow them.

Those who remain in the village proceed to the arbor and consume what is left of food and drink.

The bridal party stops at the entrance to the village of the bridegroom, while the marriage negotiator enters the village to report the coming event. The father of the bridegroom instructs the head-man and the magistrate to receive the bridal party. Meanwhile the superintendent of morals gathers together the young people of both sexes.

The mother of the bridegroom opens the ceremonies by washing the feet of those who belong to the bridal party, and she puts molasses into their mouths.

The young people jokingly sing abusive songs about the bride, about what they have heard of her and what they now see of her.

At the order of the superintendent of morals, the girls of the village take the bridal couple and carry them around, whereupon all the women of the village, one after the other, wash the feet of the bride and the bridegroom and put molasses into their mouths.

When they have arrived at the home of the bridegroom his mother fetches a bowl of rice, some ornaments and other articles, which are swung three times above the heads of the bridal couple, whereupon some of it is thrown so as to fall down behind them. She applies saffron to them, and they do the same to her. She next pours a little oil upon the hair of the bride and combs it straight. She finally puts bracelets around the wrist of her left hand,

and the grand-mothers and aunts of the bridegroom follow her example.

The bridal couple are conducted to the door of the house. But the younger daughter of the bridegroom keeps it shut and will not let them enter. Then the people sing: "The door is closed like the Sing Pass of old." Finally the bride gives the girl a duck, and the door is opened.

The next day numerous ceremonies are performed. They clean their teeth, put ashes on their heads and wash themselves.

The bride washes the feet of her husband, rubs oil into his body and bows to the ground before him. When she is through with him she washes the feet of all his relatives, then those of the officials and finally those of their wives.

While washing his younger relatives she pinches their feet and holds them tight until they give her ornaments, then she squirts water upon them, and they return the compliment.

The leading men of the village having dined from the hand of the bride, the head-man makes an address to her, points out the house in which she is to live, her kettles etc., and tells her that henceforth all these things are hers, that these are her parents-in-law, and that man her husband. "When you need something you say so to these, your own people."

To the parents-in-law the head-man says: "This bride has not come of her own accord. We have fetched her. You must direct and admonish her in a gentle manner."

To the bridegroom he says: "When you, sir, move about in field and forest, fetching fruit or killing game, do not eat it alone, but take it home to your wife. Or if you shoot birds, do likewise. And now, my boy, so long as you were unmarried you stopped on the way when night overtook you, and slept till the next day; but hereafter you must not act that way. To the place where your common couch is, you must return, and there you two go to bed together."

"And you, my girl," he turns to the bride, "when this man goes somewhere and returns to you, give him water and a toothbrush at once. When you go out to fetch water or into the woods to gather leaves, do not crack jokes with other men. This is your man. Do not look to others."

To this the bride answers: "You, fathers, have planted me here after having found all omens good. This is my mother, this is my father, and this (to the bridegroom) is the mate of my righteousness. I will obey all your instructions, and I will bring my mother and father water when they come home tired, and if I fail to do all this, our neighbors are justified in making fun of me."

From the assemblage comes this answer: "The bride is splendid! She gave us such fine food and drink. We trust her!"

The marriage negotiator and the attendants now receive what is coming to them according to ancient customs, and preparations are made for breaking up. Everybody dons whatever is at hand of different articles; dancing, singing

of nuptial songs, and merry-making of different kinds are indulged in.

The superintendent of morals gives the strangers food to be consumed on the way.

The bride's attendants, upon bidding adieu, give her the following friendly admonition and encouragement: "Dear girl, settle down at this place. Work and eat. You must not be homesick. This is your permanent home. We have given you away, your bones and your ashes. Therefore you can no longer stay with us. Don't worry. We return in ten days."

They take a touching leave. The bridegroom distributes tobacco, the bride gives her brother water from a metal bowl, and they part.

The people of the village return to the arbor, tear it down, eat and drink and dance.

At five o'clock in the afternoon the bride goes out with the other girls to fetch water for her new home. She takes oil and red paint with her, and at the water she marks five red spots, which indicates that she buys the right to step down to the water.

Five days later the attendants of the bride return. They are banqueted, and the next day they return home. The young people accompany them, the bride carrying a big pitcher of liquor on her head.

A banquet is given to them at the home of her parents, and after a two days' stay there they return home.

They now move into the house assigned to them by his father, and this becomes their permanent residence.

TWENTY-FIRST CHAPTER.

The Marriage of Poor People.—Widows and Divorced Persons.—They are United.—Marriage for Love.—Arbitrary Marriage.—Revenge.—"Saving the Young Man's Head."—Concubines.—Elopement.—Banishment.

When poor people marry, the bridegroom does not go to the bride's home, but the marriage negotiator, in company with five others, goes to fetch the bride, and three men from her village accompany her.

The proceedings at the house of the bridegroom are similar to those in vogue at other weddings, but they are less ostentatious. Five days later the young couple pay a visit to her parents.

Poor young men may earn a bride as servants. A family having daughters but no sons, or only small sons, may give away a grown daughter to a young man who volunteers to work five years as pay for her. In such cases the young man and his father have no expenses. In other respects there is nothing unusual about the wedding. Her father gives him a calf, and if she does not live with him as befits a good wife during his service he may take his calf and depart.

During the five years which he serves his father-in-law,

his wife may glean what is left in the field after the rice is harvested, and, according to certain regulations, ears shall be left standing here and there. The money made in this way is put out at interest.

At the expiration of the five years the young couple have a right to remain and work for wages. Otherwise they remove to the bridegroom's village.

If the old folks have no son and are pleased with their son-in-law, they may give him their land and home and one half of the stock on condition that he pledge himself to support and take care of them for life. The other half of the stock is distributed among other relatives.

If there are several such sons-in-law the property is not distributed until after the death of the old folks.

No one likes a widower. For that reason a woman thinks twice before she consents to become the wife of a widower. It is said, "A widower is like one who grins. A widower is like a worn-out broom. Who would be guilty of marrying him?"

Nor is a divorced man desirable. It is said of him, "He is like a tasting-ladle—no one knows how long."

Nor are widows in great demand. It is said, "A widow is like a stallion that is running around."

But divorced women are rated still lower. "A divorced woman," says a proverb, "is as smooth as the head of a starling. She is like a bird that flies around the whole year. She sings in all kinds of voices.—Divorced women are like decoy birds, they deceive.—A divorced woman is like an eel, she does not remain in one place."

When a widower or a divorced man wants to marry a young woman he must pay five or seven rupees for her, and he receives no gifts from his parents-in-law. Otherwise the wedding is celebrated in the usual way.

In days of old no young man married a widow or a divorced woman. The laws still prohibit such practice. But in spite of this it happens here and there because of the wickedness of our times.

A widow or a divorced woman commands only one-half of the regular price. The superintendent of morals receives only eight anas, and the head-man receives nothing. Nor is the distribution of gifts so general as at other weddings. A marriage of this kind is not supposed to establish genuine wedlock. It is looked upon as if one borrowed oxen to pull his plow. "Connection," not marriage, is the word used for this union.

When a girl has a child she is called "shirtless," and she commands only half price when married. Otherwise the ceremonies are the same as usual.

When a young man and a girl are fond of each other she must report it to the superintendent of morals. He calls on the young man, and if he is satisfied that the young people love each other he takes the girl to the young man's parents and explains the matter to them.

These in turn tell it to the head-man, who thereupon calls the people together for general consultation. If it is proven that the young people in question desire to become husband and wife they are immediately separated.

The people receive a rupee and four anas, and preparations are made for the wedding.

If a young man lives secretly with a girl, but afterwards refuses to marry her, she goes to him while he is at the house of his parents. If he consents to marry her they are married in the usual manner. But if he refuses to do so, he must pay her three rupees and four anas. In the latter case the superintendent of morals conducts the girl back to her parents.

When a man puts red paint on a girl's forehead it is called "arbitrary marriage." Sometimes the young woman may consent to this, sometimes she may object.

If two young people fall in love with each other and desire to become husband and wife against the wishes of their parents, especially her parents, he makes the woman his lawful wife by rubbing red paint or earth upon her forehead in the presence of witnesses.

When a young man is fond of a girl but does not know whether her parents will let him have her or not, or even whether the girl herself is fond of him, he improves any opportunity by rubbing, without warning and without apology, red paint upon the girl's forehead

It has happened that a man has done this from pure vindictiveness in order to brand the girl as a divorced woman.

It is supposed that one who marries a widow or a divorced woman can not have her for his wife in the next world. Such a man, in order to secure a wife in the next

world, often "marries" a girl without intending to live with her in this world.

If a girl who is married to a man in an arbitrary manner does not move into his house to live with him, she is held to be divorced.

When a girl's father and brothers find out that she has been married arbitrarily they become furious. They gather the young men of the village in a hurry, and, marching at the head of the assemblage and carrying bows and arrows, make preparations for punishing the culprit.

They first go to the head-man and report the matter to him. He says to them: "Act according to our manners and customs."

They next proceed to the compound of the man and knock all his water tanks to pieces. Then they enter the house and break all the cooking vessels and destroy the fire-place, and if they find the arbitrary bridegroom they beat him until he is half dead and leave him in the compound.

Thereupon they go out hunting for his father's stock. If they find two billy-goats they cut off their heads, and if there are swine they shoot two of them. Of the cattle they take three yoke of oxen if there are that many, and bring these and the slain billy-goats to the head-man.

The head-man calls the people of the village together to a trial to find out how everything was done. The girl is sent for, and she must tell whether she consented or not.

A billy-goat must be fetched from the girl's house also, and this and the two others are eaten up by the people.

The head-men for the two parties keep the cattle until the young man's father has paid the fine imposed upon him.

Sixteen rupees shall be paid to the girl's father, and he shall give nothing in return if the girl remains with her husband. The head-man of the young man's village receives five rupees, and of these he gives two to the people.

This payment is made to save the young man's head, for in olden times such fellows as he were killed.

The young man is generally permitted to keep the girl, and the usual wedding ensues.

In days of old, each man had only one wife. Even now it is looked upon as discreditable to have two or three wives from sensual motives, and few men have more than one wife.

To have a concubine, however, is permitted under certain circumstances—or it is looked upon as less objectionable. If a married couple have no children, for instance, they often agree to let the man have a concubine. But in such cases the first wife is the manager of the household.

A married man may also be permitted to marry the widow left by an elder brother, and this happens quite frequently. A man is not permitted to marry the widow of a younger brother because he is regarded as her father and guardian.

It is said: "He that takes two wives unto himself will suffer for it afterwards.—Two wives are like needle-grass, they sting terribly.—The second wife is like a certain kind of wood which crackles in the fire.—You may kick the first wife all you please. She can stand it. But wife number two wants to do the kicking herself.—The second wife is like a painful burn."

Under no circumstances is a man allowed to bring a concubine into his house without the consent of his first wife. If she gives her consent he must give her five rupees or a calf. Then they place the new wife between themselves. He rubs red paint on the head of his first wife and puts a little on a flower which he places in the hair of the new wife, and now she is a member of his family.

It happens that a man runs away with another man's wife. But this is done only when they fear the revenge of her husband.

When some one in days of old ran away with a woman they were always pursued, and her husband might kill both of them without fear of punishment. Now the man accepts twice the amount which he paid for his wife and permits her seducer to keep her. The seducer also pays the head-man five rupees to save his own head.

If two relatives run away together they are excommunicated, and if they persist in living together, they are expelled forever from their tribe and nation. No one will hereafter eat or drink together with them, and their descendants are not permitted to marry Santhals. Even their parents are expelled. But they may be re-admitted

upon paying a handsome amount of money. But if the elopers are permitted to enter the house of their parents the whole family is expelled. Even the whole village is punished, none of its inhabitants being permitted to marry other Santhals.

The elopers may be readmitted if they part. But this is a very expensive affair.

One who marries a non-Santhal is banished forever, and his parents are compelled to pay heavy fines and are subjected to public humiliation.

TWENTY-SECOND CHAPTER.

Divorce.—Excommunication.—Readmission.

In ancient times there were only two valid grounds for divorce, namely, infidelity and witchcraft on the part of the wife.

But now it is different. As soon as a married couple begin to quarrel they part company. Since it became customary to take a concubine the first wife has often demanded a divorce on that ground.

When a woman has been proven to be a witch her husband may leave her without formal divorce and marry another woman. But five witch-finders must testify that she is a witch. When she is convicted, her husband, in company with the people of his village, conducts her back to her parents and brothers. Her children are taken away from her, even her suckling baby. But she receives a little pay for having been its nurse. Her husband must dine the people of the village on this occasion.

If married people part because they cannot agree the guilty party shall be punished. For instance, if a man chases his wife away without cause he cannot recover what he paid for her and, besides, must pay her a divorce

fine consisting of a cow, 1,200 pounds of rice, a brass bowl, a piece of cloth, and if she has a suckling baby, 1,280 pounds of rice and a piece of cloth as remuneration for nursing his baby. He must also refund whatever she pays out on account of the baby, as in case of sickness etc.

If the woman is responsible for the trouble her husband recovers what he paid for her at the wedding, and she receives nothing. The two parties shall pay two and a half rupees for a meal to those who settle the case.

If the wife demands divorce because her husband has taken a concubine against her wishes he does not recover the amount paid for his wife, and he shall pay her 1,200 pounds of rice, a brass bowl and a piece of cloth.

When a divorce takes place the head-men and the people on either side have a joint gathering. They place a brass pitcher filled with water on the ground and order the man and his wife to stand face to face on either side of the pitcher.

The head-man on the husband's side says: "We invoked the sun-god, the five gods and our ancestors, and we received favorable omens from them. Then we united you, not for a day, but for eternity, that you might stand firm as the mountains.—We are without guilt in this matter. It is you yourself who cannot agree. What can we do? Consider this matter carefully in your own hearts, that you may not say afterwards that we have separated you. We ask you (giving the name),Is it actually your intention to leave your wife who is standing before you? If this is the case you must invoke the sun-god, the five

gods and your ancestors, and you must further tear the sal-leaves in two, but do not tear them any more."

He is now made to stand on his left foot, turning toward the sun, and folding his hands over his forehead. Three leaves are handed to him, and these he tears along the midrib, invoking the sun-god to witness that he now leaves his wife, whereupon he kicks the pitcher of water over and renounces his wife. He finally bows to the head-man and all others present.

If he does not tear the leaves clean along the midrib it is said: "The two will come together again." And if there is water left in the pitcher it is said: "He still has some love left for her, and they will surely come together again."

From the times of the forefathers only two kinds of misdemeanors have been punished with expulsion from the nation, namely, sexual intercourse with a non-Santhal and with a relative.

When a crime of this nature is detected the head-man of the village calls the head-men of other villages together to a trial. If the crime is proved it is announced to all the people of the village that the guilty parties are excommunicated, and that in the future no one must eat or drink with them or intermarry with their cildren.

This decision, however, is only preliminary. The final settlement is made at the yearly national hunt. Then the case is tried a second time by the parganas, their representatives, the head-men and the whole people of the country. If the crime cannot be proved, severe punishment is meted

out to those who brought the matter up. But if they are found guilty the verdict is: "Let us plant the pole of excommunication at their house."

A ditty is composed about the convicted parties, and the whole assemblage proceed to their village, where a pole is raised in front of their house as a token that its inmates have been expelled. Worn-out brooms are tied around the pole, and the people walk through the village, singing the ditty made for the occasion.

The whole village is defiled until a fine is paid. Suffering so much on account of him or her, the people of the village embrace the opportunity to worry the sinners fearfully. No one must let them have kindling-coal, and they are not allowed to take water from the well.

If the head-man of the village meets the people outside with a pitcher of water (the emblem of peace) in his hand the abusive ditty is not sung.

Excommunicated persons who may be readmitted now work as hard as they can to raise money enough for the fines, gifts etc.

As soon as they have enough they report it to the head-man, and he, again, to the pargana. The latter calls the parganas of twelve districts together and presents the matter to them.

On a certain day they meet outside the village concerned. The sinner kills goats and swine and prepares a sumptuous repast. Then he takes a pitcher of water and walks out to the assemblage, where he stops, holding the

pitcher in both hands in a peculiarly humiliating and suppliant manner.

The oldest of the parganas says: "Let us go and console him. He looks so wretched and miserable." But they really think only of the fine food and of the money which they are to receive.

Then the parganas approach, the penitent man folds his hands and turns to the sun-god, his face expressing profound devotion. Then he says to the parganas: "Gracious lords! I have sinned grievously! I confess my sin. Have mercy upon me!"

The oldest pargana walks up to him, takes the pitcher, turns to the sun-god and invokes him. Then he says to the sinner: "You have confessed your sin. We all take your sin upon ourselves and carry it." He takes a mouthful of water from the pitcher and passes it to the others, and they do likewise.

They proceed to the village, where the penitent man washes the feet of the leading men, and they sit down to eat. The person who has been readmittted distributes the food on plates. On the plate of each pargana he places five rupees besides the food, the head-man of his own villlage receives five rupees, and each of the other head-men receives one rupee.

When the meal is finished the oldest pargana says: "We have readmitted ———, his impurity is washed off. From this day on we can eat and drink together with him and smoke from his pipe, give our daughters to him or his children and let him fetch water from our wells. He is

now perfectly pure. Any one who in future mentions the past sins of this man shall pay one hundred rupees."

They now dig a little grave, where they bury some cow's dung, and fill up the grave with stones and dirt This signifies that everything shall be buried and forgotten.

TWENTY-THIRD CHAPTER.

At the Home of his Parents.—Friction.—Friendship.—Old People and Grand children.—Dividing the Family.—Inheritance.—Independent House-keeping.—The House.—Domestic Animals.—Clothes.—Ornaments.—The Man's Work.—"Sitting-Days".—Industries.—Agriculture.—The Harvest.—The Occupation of the Women.—A Day's Program.—Cooking.—Male Assistance.—The Occupation of the Children.—The Boys.—The Girls.—Plays.

A Santhal does not begin house-keeping on his own account immediately after his marriage, but he and his bride live with his parents.

Sometimes they remove to her parents. But his parents do not take kindly to this arrangement, and he loses his rights as their heir. Some parents show their resentment by celebrating the funeral of their son after he has left them to live with his parents-in-law.

The father is most fond of his oldest son if he is a good boy, but the mother likes her youngest son best.

The father instructs and educates his sons, and the mother takes care of the education of their daughters and daughters-in-law.

When the old folks are no longer able to manage the house-keeping this function devolves upon their oldest

son and his wife, and they become responsible for the conduct of their younger brothers and sisters-in-law.

It is evident that there is apt to be friction in a family containing a goodly number of daughters-in-law, sisters-in-law, uncles and aunts.

The old man will always get angry when things fail to work smoothly. But he scolds his wife chiefly. At times he may rebuke his sons, but he never says an unkind word to his daughters-in-law.

But the greatest difficulty is apt to arise between the old woman and her daughters-in-law, or among the daughters-in-law. It also happens at times that the brothers become hostile to each other.

People say: "A mother-in-law is like a bitter fruit: it does not taste well. — Children and daughters-in-law are like a closed ear: they do not hear.—Children and daughters-in-law are like a boda snake: they are too lazy to stir."

Of a son-in-law it is said: "The daughter's husband is like inflammable fuel; he gets angry very quickly."

"Children not belonging to the family are like a timber chicken; they never become like the other children of the family."

The wife of the oldest brother must always be on good terms with her husband's brothers and younger sisters. They never quarrel. The young girls confide all their secrets to her, good and bad indiscriminately, and the younger brothers may joke and laugh together with her without offense. No matter how intimate the relation be-

comes, people pay no attention to it unless, indeed, it becomes too conspicuous.

The old folks are exceedingly fond of their grand-children. They like to carry them under their arms and caress them. If the brothers live in peace and harmony they also love each other's children.

When there are too many grand-children in a house, or when the brothers cannot agree, the old folks separate them.

The head-man and the people are called together, and, in the presence of all, the property is divided, each son as well as the old folks receiving their share.

The old folks turn their property over to that son with whom they decide to live during the balance of their lives, and they are supported by him.

The girls receive nothing except when they are to get married. In that case they generally get a calf.

The unmarried sons receive twice as many head of cattle as the married ones, so that they may be able to celebrate their wedding in the proper manner.

The stock which the wives of the sons have received from their parents or father-in-law shall not be divided. But what the bride-groom received of his father-in-law as nuptial presents is common property, and is divided.

When a young couple are to live by themselves they first build a house.

Of the head-man they procure a site for which they pay with liquor and whatever else they may agree upon.

The young man fetches the necessary timber as well as grass for thatching from the woods or buys them.

The walls of the house are built of soft, clayey dirt. Timbers are put on top of the walls, and the whole is thatched with straw. His wife gives the walls a dressing made from dirt and cow's dung.

The house is divided up into compartments, of which, however, there are not many. A little closet is set aside in the rear as an abode for the departed ancestors. This is a sanctuary which no female stranger is permitted to enter. Some people do not even permit their own daughter to enter it after her marriage.

Money is placed in this room for safe keeping.

When the house is ready a fire-place is made. This is only a hole in the ground for the kettle and another slanting hole for putting fuel under the kettle. The necessary utensils are procured, such as knives, a plow, a flute, bow and arrow, a battle-ax, a sword, a drum etc. But poor people must get along without battle-ax, sword and drum.

Behind the house a garden is prepared for raising maize.

The man builds a stable for his stock. This building is generally located close to the street in front of the house. He also builds pens for the goats and the hogs.

The cats and the chickens generally stay in the house, and the dog keeps guard on the veranda.

The clothes are made of white cloth, which the Santhals themselves weave or buy from others.

The garment usually worn by the men consists of two pieces of cloth. One of them is seven and one-half by one and one-half feet, and is wrapped around the waist in such a manner as to cover the loins and the knees. The other piece is seven and one-half by four and one-half feet and is hung over the shoulders so as to cover the upper part of the body.

If a man is rich he wears a third piece, which is seven and one-half feet long and which he winds around his head as a turban.

But poor people cannot afford to dress so well. The poor man's garment consists of a piece of cloth which is three feet long and nine inches wide. He ties this around his waist, passes one end of it between his legs and fastens it behind. Or the piece of cloth may be four feet six inches long and one foot six inches wide. But many have to content themselves with a cord around the waist and a narrow strip of linen cloth which passes between the legs and is fastened to the cord in front and behind.

During the cold season they frequently wear a piece of thick cloth outside the usual garment.

The women wear only one piece of cloth. This is fifteen feet long and is tied around the waist and dexterously thrown over the shoulders.

The children walk about naked until they are eight years old. After this age both boys and girls wear something around the waist.

The men wear long hair. They twine it together either behind or on top of the head.

The women also wear long hair, and they leave it hanging down like a cow's tail.

Both men and women comb their hair occasionally, but some of them leave it undisturbed for a great length of time.

In days of yore none but unmarried people wore ornaments, and nothing but flowers were used for that purpose. In our times almost everybody, men as well as women, married as well as unmarried people, wear rings in their ears. Old men wear bracelets of brass or other cheap metal. Old women wear big brass rings around their necks, and rings on their fingers. The young men are similarly adorned. When they dance they carry footbells of different kinds and feathers and tassels in the hair. The girls wear several heavy bracelets on their arms, some of them being placed above the elbow. They carry heavy rings around their ankles, up along their legs and on their toes, big clamps and strings of beads around their necks, rings in their ears etc. The children carry small bells on their feet and arms.

The "sitting-days" last from the middle of February to the middle of May. During this period the men prepare tools, provide for the house and procure what is needed during the busy season. There are many things to which he may put his hand who is not too lazy to work.

During this period they have to make plows, drags, spades, axes, ropes, chisels, bed-steads, stools, dippers, bows, arrows, flutes, rice-pestles etc. They are also en-

gaged in weaving and fetching fuel and materials for building and repairing houses.

The time between May fifteenth and September tenth is devoted to the tilling of the soil. The Santhal keeps on plowing from morning till noon, and in the afternoon he uses hoe and spade in the rice-fields.

He first sows different kinds of small grain, and maize and pease later on. Finally the rice is sown. This is transplanted later.

Now the maize begins to sprout, and along with this come the weeds. The latter must be fought, and the women also take part in this work.

Then comes the time for preparing the fields for transplanting the rice. About the first of August the cotton and sesame seeds are put into the ground. About one month later a different kind of pease is sown, and olive seed is sown on elevated ground.

Then the maize and the grain put into the ground earliest in the season are harvested. This work is done partly by the women. They also assist in keeping the cotton plantations clean.

In October the maize-fields are plowed, and mustard-seed and a kind of winter-grain are sown. The rice first planted on elevated ground is cut about this time. ,

In November the thrashing-grounds are prepared, the rest of the rice is cut, and the other crops are harvested as soon as they get ripe. The cotton crop is gathered by the women exclusively, and the men bring everything to the thrashing-grounds.

The thrashing is done by binding several oxen together and driving them over the material to be thrashed. The oxen are not muzzled. But they are prevented from eating altogether too much. Pease, sesame and some other crops are thrashed by means of long stakes.

In January the mustard is harvested and the forest-grass is cut for thatching. This closes the work in the fields for the year.

Now comes the time for the men to settle with the money-brokers, and the head-man of the village demands rent for the use of the land.

Men and women co-operate in pressing the oil out of the sesame. The mustard oil is made for home consumption, while the other oil is sold.

Castor oil and other oils are extracted from fruit trees.

The women are occupied all the time.

They rise at cock-crow to pound rice.

At day-break they apply a coat of a mixture of clay and cow's dung to the compound in order to make everything look tidy.

They next fetch water from the well or the brook until the men and children awake.

The housewife serves the rice-soup left from the previous day, and she takes her meal only after her hurband and children are through eating.

After breakfast she builds a fire and begins to cook the dinner. When the rice is done she dips it out and puts it into a basket. While the rice is on the fire she pre-

pares plates and dishes from the leaves of trees, and at twelve o'clock she serves her dinner.

From twelve to five o'clock the women are engaged in different kinds of work. They go to the woods to fetch leaves and vegetables, and fuel if the distance is not too great. Or they stay at home preparing cotton and spinning it into yarn, which the men afterwards use for the loom.

At five o'clock water is needed again. Supper is served at about eight o'clock.

The food consists mainly of rice and different kinds of vegetables seasoned with a little salt. Meat is used only off and on. It is always served with spices of different kinds.

The Santhal women usually prepare the food well, and they keep their kettles and bowls fairly clean.

Part of the work of a woman is to assist her husband in the fields. It is her duty to transplant the rice. She must keep the weeds down in the maize fields and cut the rice when it is ripe, and after the rainy season she must plaster the houses inside and outside with a mixture of clay and cow's dung.

The boys spend their whole time in playing until they are old enough to herd the stock, and later on they tend to their parents' stock.

They rise early in the morning and chase the cattle over the fields to the pastures. The boys use their spare time on such occasions for shooting little birds with bow and arrow or learning to play the flute.

At noon the stock is chased home again, and now comes the time for milking the cows. (Whatever milk is not consumed by the children is kept until it turns, and butter is churned from it. This is melted and used as oil for the table. The buttermilk is either drunk or given to the poor.)

In the afternoon the boys again take the cattle to the pastures, and just before dark the stock is stabled.

The girls assist their mothers in caring for the smaller children, gathering herbs etc. When they get bigger they must fetch water or leaves. Later on they assist their mothers in preparing the food.

Boys and girls play together before they are grown. They have different games, such as "Hawk and Dove"—"Blind Man's Buff"—"Find the Needle in the Haystack" —"The Shepherd and the Wolf" etc.

TWENTY-FOURTH CHAPTER.

Conjugal Life.—Peculiar Women.—Peculiar Men.—Parents and Children.—Servants.—Wages—Sickness.—Quacks.—Sorcerers.—Friendship and Relationship.—Mutual Help.—Ingratitude.—The Refuge of Wronged Wives.—Right of Inheritance.

Some married people live very peaceably and happily together. In the day they try to lighten each other's burdens. In the evening they talk about their work, and if it is necessary he will assist his wife in sewing.

When the supply of provisions is running low he will say: "You must be careful when you prepare the food now; our supply is scanty." Or if he is not watchful she will say: "You will soon have to procure supplies for the table, for there is but little left.—The children's clothes are almost worn out. What are you doing to get clothes for them? — Our boy will soon be a man. Is it not time for you to look around for a wife for him? He may easily cause trouble by some false step if he is not cared for soon. — The children do not hear me. How much am

I to say? I wish you would rebuke them. — The children are feverish, get somebody to feel their pulse."

Thus the married couple are in the habit of talking and listening to each other. As long as they can converse and discuss family matters everything goes well, and "they eat with one heart."

But some women are hard cases. They are harsh towards their husbands the whole day. They fret and scold in a fearful manner, and the man has no peace. If he talks to, or only looks at, another woman, his wife at once accuses him of infidelity. If he does not return from a place when she expects him she is offended, and if he asks for water she will bark out: "There! gulp it down now! Did not she give you water? You are dry, aren't you?"

Her talk is exceedingly irritating and insulting, and the man's blood begins to boil. But as he cannot keep up with her in scolding he must resort to the cane, and when he becomes furious his blows are very apt to be felt.

But whipping cannot subdue her. She screams terribly, and between the screams she pours out a torrent of the ugliest things she can think of at the moment: "Did you not see how I looked before you married me, you infamous villain? ! With such a lousy dog I will not stay another moment! Are there no men but you in the world?!"

When trouble of this character breaks out the children are scared, running out and yelling and screaming to the neighbors:

"Come! Come! Father is beating mother to death!"

In a short while the whole population of the village is on the scene. But in a case like this it is often difficult to re-establish the proper harmony in the family.

But if some women are rabid there are also men who are not inferior in meanness.

Some men beat and kick their wives fearfully, "no matter how hard they work and how well they prepare the food." They stare fiercely at them the whole day, and use only coarse, abusive words in talking to them. Some men spend everything they have for strong drink, and the family suffers from want.

In such cases divorce is usually the only way out of the difficulty. But it also happens that the parents are kept together by the love for their children; "but such people are very unhappy."

The parents never beat their children, except when excited and angry, and if their father beats them their mother will interfere.

Little is known about the punishment of children, and the little ones are permitted to do just about what they please. If they do not obey after having been admonished once or twice they are left alone, and if they are punished they run away. Children who thus run away always obtain shelter and permission to stay somewhere until their parents can fetch them. And the parents must talk very sweetly to them and promise never to beat them again, or else they will not return home. If they refuse point blank to return home their friends will not resort to com-

pulsion, and they are permitted to stay as long as they please. For this reason the children may be disobedient without fear. They are scarcely ever punished, and if they are punished it is of no avail.

Those who have too much to do but have too few people of their own to do the work, often keep servants.

When some one needs a servant he generally applies to a middle-man, and the latter goes out in search of one. If a suitable man is found he and his parents are introduced to the man who needs help. All three are now dined and treated to liquor, and the wages are agreed upon.

Young men-servants receive two rupees a year if the payment is made in cash. But if a man-servant is paid by being permitted to glean what remains after the crops have been harvested, certain rules are agreed upon for leaving handfuls of grain at certain intervals in the rice-fields.

Girls receive only one rupee a year or the same rights as young men to glean grain in the fields.

At the rainy season the young men receive every-day garments, and at the close of the year a better set of clothes.

At Sohrae (the yule of the Santhals) each servant receives twenty cakes, and this is also the time for agreeing on the terms for the ensuing year.

If a young man serves in a family where there is no servant girl he must get up at cock-crow to assist the house-wife in pounding rice. If the house-wife is pleased

with him he has a very pleasant time. But if he is not on good terms with her his lot is a hard one, no matter how kind his landlord may be to him. She gives him poor food, and little of it at that, and by her everlasting innuendoes she succeeds in setting him and her husband by the ears.

If there is a grown daughter in the house and the servant is well liked by the house-wife the parents are apt to make arrangements for uniting them in wedlock, in order that he may stay there and work five years as payment for his bride.

The usual pay for a day's work in the fields is breakfast and dinner, a little food for the children and four pounds of unhulled rice.

When a member of the family is sick some one is sent for to feel the pulse of the patient.

When the diagnosis has been made the doctor says that the patient must take medicine and that he will recover.

"Please prepare the medicine," is the rejoinder.

Then the doctor goes to the woods and gathers roots and herbs, from which he prepares a tea which the patient must drink. If the medicine does not help within three or four days the physician says: "All others who suffered from this ailment were cured by this medicine. I do not understand why it does not effect a cure in this case. Consult some one else."

Now the sorcerer is sent for. He rubs oil on some leaves, whereupon he, according to his own explanation,

can read from the leaves and thereby ascertain whether the patient suffers from a real disease, spirits or witchcraft. He does not like to say at once that it is witchcraft. But three sorcerers residing in other villages must first be consulted. If they agree that the ailment is due to spirits water must be poured on the ground, and the spirits must be entreated to withdraw from the body of the sick person.

Then the first sorcerer is called again. He performs a lot of rites over the sick person. Thereupon he leaves the room and punctures his own body at five different places until he bleeds, meanwhile invoking the spirits to heal the sick person for the sake of the shedding of the blood of the suppliant.

If this does not help he says: "I am unable to do anything. Go to the head-man. A witch is involved in this case."

Next to the parents, the wife's uncles and aunts are the most highly esteemed of all the relatives. Married people visit them most frequently, and they always bring gifts, such as chickens, swine and liquor. The relatives on the husband's side are also thought a good deal of, but not so much as those mentioned above. An old legend illustrates this: "Once upon a time it happened that the uncles on either side called at the same time to see the baby of a newly married couple. When they had eaten dinner it looked like rain. Then the young wife took her baby outside and said: 'See how the dark clouds are rolling up in the direction of your uncles on your mother's side while it is quite clear in the direction where your

uncles on your father's side reside!' (This is interpreted as follows: the wife's relatives cannot go home). The man's brothers took the hint. Clouds were rising all around the sky. The woman wanted only her husband's kinsmen to leave, so that she might butcher some animal for supper, and prepare a splendid meal for her relatives. Therefore they took leave and went home on the pretext that they could not under any circumstances stay over night. When they were gone the woman said to her oldest brother:

'Brother, you must not go. We have a jar of old, sour liquor. Stay with us over night!'

The husband killed a pig for them, and they ate and drank and had a right royal time."

The women do not like the kinsmen of their husbands. They are on friendly terms with them only as far as they think they may gain something thereby. Otherwise they have no heart for them.

If a family is embarrassed in some way help may be expected from the brothers-in-law on either side, provided they are on good terms with each other.

When some one loses his parents or for some reason is unable to support himself he is adopted by relatives who are more prosperous: they either admit him as a member of the family or give him land to till. But it is claimed that poor people of this kind very often prove themselves ungrateful to their benefactors.

"When such starved people have accumulated a little flesh on their bodies they show you their thumb," it is

said of them, "and they would throw you into the river to sink or float. — When you are in need they will leave you in a lurch. — When they grow big they will leave you. — Such people will be punished at some future time—they themselves or their children."

A woman always looks upon her father and brothers as supports. If she does not agree with her husband and he beats her or calls her a witch she complains to her father and brothers, and they will immediately exert themselves in her favor, according to the right which they reserved to themselves at her wedding. The women, therefore, have the utmost confidence in their fathers and brothers.

If the mother dies before her children come of age and the father marries a second time the children cannot demand to have the property divided. But if the sons are married they are entitled to be separated from their father as soon as he takes unto himself another wife.

In the latter case the people of the village congregate at an appointed time, and everything is divided.

If the second wife has no children the sons of the first wife inherit their father's share when he dies. But thereby they also pledge themselves to bury their stepmother when she dies.

If a man dies without having any sons all his property goes to his father and brothers, his wife receiving only a calf, 1,200 pounds of rice, a brass dish and a piece of cloth. She returns to the house of her parents unless one of the younger brothers of the deceased marries her.

If the widow has daughters the parents or other kinsmen of the deceased take both her and her children to their home and take possession of what they have. When the girls grow up they give them away in marriage as if they were their own. They also support the mother of the girls until she dies, unless, indeed, she prefers to stay with some of her relatives or with one of her children after her daughters are married.

A widow having sons may keep the whole property. But the relatives of the deceased see that she does not waste whatever there is.

If a widow is married while her children are unmarried their next of kin on the father's side take both the children and the property, and their mother can claim nothing; but as a rule they voluntarily give her a calf.

A father is always his son's heir. If the father is dead his brothers are his heirs. If he has no brothers his property is inherited by their sons. If neither they nor their children are living the property goes to the uncles of the deceased on the father's side. If no heir is found the property goes to the king.

TWENTY-FIFTH CHAPTER

The Village.—Search for a New Place.—Good and Bad Omens.—How to Build a Village.—The Sacred Grove.—The Gods Choose Their Places.—The Head-Man's Residence.—Election of Priests.—Covenant with the Gods.—Village Government.—The Head-Man.—The Paranik.—The Superintendent of Morals.—The Village Messenger.—The Priest.—The Field Priest.—Distribution.

The Santhals build their houses in large groups and establish organized villages according to definite laws, the government being vested in a head-man, or chief, and other officials.

When some one wants to move out and start a new village three or four men, with a leader at the head, go into the forests to find a suitable place.

Finding a place which is to their liking, but seeing that certain kinds of birds are scared away, they will say: "If a village is built here, it will be deserted in the future." But if these birds remain sitting on a branch, or the men see a tiger, or even its tracks only, they say: "This village will once become great and prosperous." They next investigate more closely as to the fitness of the soil for the production of rice and maize, and as to the abundance of water, whereupon they return home to report on their mission.

On a certain day they return to the place, taking with them two white and one speckled hen, a little rice, oil, red coloring-matter and water in a little pitcher.

The leader points to the exact spot where the village is to be built, and in the evening they mark red spots on the ground. Near these spots some of the rice is scattered, the pitcher of water is also left there, and the hens are tied so that they cannot quite reach the rice.

Then the men pray to the sun, the five gods and the six gods, invoking them to come and assist them in finding the right place. The men finally withdraw and spend the night some distance from this place.

Next morning they return. If the hens have lost one or more large feathers it is said: "Some of our grown people are going to die in this village." But if small feathers have fallen off it is said: "Children are going to die here." If no hen has lost a feather it is a token that neither grown people nor children are going to die there.

If the hens have left droppings around themselves it is an indication that both rich and poor will do well. If the droppings appear at one place only, it is said: "Here the head-man only will become rich;" if at two places, his representative will also do well; but if at three places, one of the peasants will also be prosperous.

If the water in the pitcher is lower it means lack of water. If the hens are loose, the rice gone and the water in the pitcher dried up the place is a bad one, and it is immediately abandoned.

But if the omens are favorable the desired land is staked out, and the hens are sacrificed.

When a village is to be started the leader, who is destined to be the head-man of the village, builds the first house at the new place; when the land has been distributed and the sites assigned the others also build houses; and they finally return to their old home and announce to the others who propose to move out that everything is ready.

On a certain day they all start out, taking with them their wives, children and cattle, and proceed to the place where they are to build the new village.

The first work is to cut down the trees on the land which is to be cultivated. Some of the timber is used for building-material, and the rest is burned on the spot, the ashes being used as manure for the first crop. Then the houses are built. A street is staked out through the village, and the houses are put up on either side of this.

At one end of the village a few trees are left standing, making a grove which is to be the abode of the gods.

But to make the gods go to this grove is no easy matter. In the first place three or four men must be "inspired." This is accomplished in the following manner: The head-man gives the appointed men water to wash their feet. Having washed their feet, they sprinkle water on their heads and sit down in a row. In front of each of them is placed a winnowing-shovel made of bamboo. A little rice is dropped on the winnowing-shovels, and each one of them goes to work, rubbing it above the shovel.

Now all the men present shout: "Come here, ye gods! The five gods, the goddess of the sacred grove, the god of the pargana, Maran Buru (the devil), we invoke all of you and pray you to come!" Meanwhile the four men turn their heads this way and that way and act in a pitiable manner. When they begin to "pant like a horse and froth at the mouth the people say that the gods have come upon them."

The people appeal to them in a lengthy formula, entreating them to tell who they are, in order that the people may worship them in a proper manner; and the god acting in the inspired man makes a lengthy harangue, telling the people who he is.

The first to answer is the goddess of the sacred grove, and the people say: "All hail, thou venerable one!"

The winnowing-shovel lying in front of the man is placed in his hand, and the people entreat him not to hold them responsible for their ignorance in case they do not know how to worship him in the proper manner. The god answers in a "merciful' speech that the manner in which they are worshipping him is satisfactory.

The gods are now asked where they wish to live. The gods (the inspired men) then walk to the woods and place a little stone at the foot of the tree where each god desires to abide. A stone is also carried into the village and put into the ground in front of the house of the head-man, where subsequently the residence of the head-man, or the court-house, is built. When this has been done they return and sit down.

The next thing in order is the election of a priest. The gods (the inspired men) are asked whom they want to perform the sacerdotal functions. A small brass bowl filled with water is placed before them. The gods rise; the goddess of the sacred grove takes the bowl of water; and, headed by her, the gods walk around and select a priest.

The one who is selected is sprinkled with water, and he rises and walks to the sacred grove. Here he first fixes the stones placed by the trees of the different gods, firmly in the ground, and to each stone he applies a coat of a mixture of cow-dung and another coat of red coloring-matter.

The people and the gods now pledge themselves to mutual fidelity. The inspired men recover from their trance and are conducted to the house of the head-man, where refreshments are served to them.

When the officials of the village, or the assistants of the head-man, are elected, the people gather at the house of the head-man,who has prepared liquor for the occasion.

The head-man selects his assistants, using the following language to each one of them: "You must become our paranik" (assistant head-man) — "you must become our godet" (village messenger).

If he finds suitable men he appoints one for jogmanjhi (superintendent of morals) and another for jogparanik (assistant superintendent of morals).

He who can puncture himself and shed his own blood is made field priest.

Then they drink liquor. The manjhi, that is, the head-

man, or chief, is the highest officer of the village. Everything must be done according to his orders. "He shall command and urge, call and order. When a child is named, at betrothals and weddings, when the exploits of the forefathers are narrated, when people eat and drink, when the gods are worshipped, at quarrels and controversies, when people are hungry and thirsty, in the presence of the king and the usurer, in cases of transgression and guilt, when some one has been stealing and robbing, in cases of witchcraft and sorcery, of assault and battery, of man-slaughter, of woe and suffering, of distress and danger, of sickness and pain, of death and perdition, of cremation and funerals — on all such occasions the head-man shall carry the burden of responsibility."

The paranik is the head-man's chief adviser, and during the absence of the latter he governs the village. If the head-man runs away or dies without leaving sons or other close relatives in the village the paranik becomes head-man.

The jogmanjhi shall watch over the young people of the village and see that nothing improper takes place among them. If immoral acts take place without his knowledge he is tied to the central post in the head-man's stable and whipped, and he must also pay a fine. But if he detects the misdeed he apprehends the sinner and delivers him to the people of the village when they convene to try his case and decide his fate.

If the young man is willing to marry the girl his father shall suffer for the deed by paying a fine. But if he does

not confess his crime he is whipped in the most merciless manner by the superintendent of morals, and his father is also severely punished. It sometimes happens that a father pays fines on account of his son's immorality until he is utterly impoverished.

During the yule or autumn festival, of the Santhals, the young people of both sexes are confided to the care of the superintendent of morals. They eat and sleep in his house, and he alone is responsible for what happens.

When the young people go to dances or festivals they are headed by the superintendent of morals.

More liquor is given to him than to any one else in the village.

In ancient times he kept the young people under discipline. But now there is great negligence. The girls of the village give him much liquor that he may hush down misdemeanors known to him or be lenient in cases of punishment.

The young men also take pains to be on friendly terms with the superintendent of morals, and they often tell him confidentially what wrong they have done. Then he will say: "Be careful! If you are caught I am going to give you a good whipping."

The jogparanik is the jogmanjhi's assistant, and he serves during the absence of the latter.

The godet (village messenger) calls the people together at the command of the manjhi (head-man).

He is also called the "great head-man", because the people of the village have to obey him in most instances. In fact he is a sort of policeman.

The forefathers used to say that the devil had once been god's village messenger.

The village messengers are greatly stuck on themselves, besides being very vindictive. In many places they have, by hook or crook, become head-men, and they have even caused themselves to be chosen parganas.

"When such fellows become head-men or parganas they do not judge justly. They follow whatever is most apt to fill their stomachs."

If the paranik of a village is made head-man the godet by right becomes paranik.

The priest shall conduct the divine services and sacrifice to the gods of the village. This is his work.

The field priest sacrifices some of his own blood to the god of the pargana and the god of the boundary-line whenever the priest makes sacrifices to the gods. Every year he sacrifices a hog. He also makes sacrifices whenever the people of the village go hunting, to the end that they may return home unmolested.

When the village officers have been elected they convene on a certain day to divide the land of the locality among the peasants.

The land is divided up into lots, each lot being of such size that it may be cultivated with one plow; and the amount of rent to be paid for each lot is fixed.

To the officials some land is given free of taxes, as pay for the services rendered by them. The head-man receives one lot; his assistant, three-fourths of a lot; the superintendent of morals, one-half of a lot; and each of the

others, one-fifth of a lot. This land is called "land of honor."

Formerly the head-man did not receive so much. But now there are many head-men who possess large fields as "land of honor."

If a new village is prosperous, people keep on moving in, and the first settlers generally let them have some of their land. The head-man also assigns wild land to them for cultivation. In this wise there may gradually grow up a large village, "where people labor and enjoy the fruit of their labor, play and have a pleasant time together."

TWENTY-SIXTH CHAPTER.

Village Life.—Wealth and Poverty.—Usurers.—Laziness.—The Diligent Are Prosperous.—Worthy Poor.—Orphans.—Fear of the "Evil Eye."—Mutual Help.—With or without Interest.—Cooperation.—Mutual Visits.—Relationship.—Conduct and Tokens of Honor.—Modesty.—The Times Are Bad.—"Women and Children Rule The World."—The Courts Swayed by Money.—Intimate Friendship.—Unity.

The people of a village are not all equally prosperous. Some keep draft-oxen and servants, are sensible, diligent and watchful. Such people get rich. Others have no draft-oxen to start with, they have no servants, they are foolish and lazy, and their wives waste everything, or they squander it themselves by drinking or paying fines. "How do you expect such people to get rich?"

Others, again, must keep paying their fathers' debts during their whole lives. Such people can make no progress. They succumb to the weight of their debts.

The usurers are many, and they charge a high rate of usury. Their accounts are kept in an unjust manner, and when one falls into the claws of the usurer it takes three or four generations to become free again. They arbitrarily take your stock, your draft-oxen, your tools, your rice and whatever else you possess, and if you dare to make objections they beat you blue, yellow, green and black.

"But if the people of the Santhal country remain

paupers though they are strong and able-bodied they surely have no one to blame but themselves. For if people have no oxen of their own they can easily borrow a yoke of oxen at the rate of four rupees a year. And if a man has many children he may exchange for a yoke of oxen, and then it costs him nothing(!); but the child works for the four rupees at the house of the owner of the oxen. Or a man may plow for the use of the oxen, and then it does not cost him anything either(!). He may plow two days for the owner of the oxen, the latter furnishing the breakfast, and the third day he may work for himself."

The rent for the use of a lot is from six to eight rupees a year. Of the crops, the king receives one-sixth and the peasant five-sixths, and he who works new land receives a still larger share. This rent is not too high. But some men are so lazy that they cannot make themselves break new land, and therefore they make no headway. Lazy people do no work thoroughly. They make a botch of everything. So long as they possess anything they eat and drink and play the sluggard. "What wonder, then, that they spend their whole lives in penury?"

There are some poor people who are not utterly destitute. If they possess nothing of their own they work for others and earn something. Such poor people generally receive aid. Their children are apt to obtain work at good pay, and they are permitted to glean ears of grain in the harvest-field, the harvest hands leaving some grain for them intentionally.

Persons who are unable to work are aided in the same way if they have no relatives to take care of them.

Orphans who have no relatives are cared for by the head-man or his assistant. In such cases they live very pleasantly, and no one is allowed to treat them as orphans. When these children are grown, arrangements are made for their marriage.

In former times there were no beggars, and even now there are but few that have learnt from the Hindus to go begging from village to village. This is not a necessary evil, for those who are willing to work can easily support themselves.

"Only persons who are lame or blind or in some way unable to work ought to be seen at the doors begging for food."

"Some good people who easily might become rich prefer to live from hand to mouth because they fear the evil eye of the others. It is claimed that certain women are very envious. They say: "This one and that one has an abundance to eat and drink, but we have nothing." By means of their evil eye such women spoil everything, and people become sick and quite poor. They bury evil spirits with the rich, who therefore must die."

In days of old, prosperous people helped each other when necessary, and even now this practice is followed by good people. They go to each other for kindling-fire, give each other tobacco and lend each other such objects as furniture, hoes, spades, axes, chisels, augers, plows, drags, rice-pestles, shovels, baskets etc.

When a man is hard up for a cart he may borrow one for a day without pay. But if the owner of the oxen hauls the articles he must receive his board.

They also assist each other in building houses, plowing, planting rice, digging around the fields, cutting rice etc.; and those who receive help furnish only the board, and sometimes liquor, while the work lasts.

In cases of sickness they are in the habit of visiting each other, sleeping with each other when necessary, fetching leaves to be used as plates at meals, cleaning the stable, pounding rice etc., and those who know something about the use of medicines will furnish these free of charge.

On such occasions they always receive their board where they stay, and when the sick person recovers he invites them to a great feast. Those who furnished medicines receive a present.

Since the rebellion people do not help each other so much as they did before.

Some people are so stingy that they give away nothing even if they have a great deal, and they never help anybody. But such hard-hearted people are not highly esteemed, and when they are in distress themselves no one looks at them. People only say: "This is retribution from God."

People also lend each other such articles as rice, salt, oil etc. But only for a short time. If something is lent out to be kept for some length of time it is called a loan at interest. When rice is loaned the rate of interest is fifty per cent. Grain for seed draws one hundred per cent, and money twenty-five per cent.

The Santhals are very fond of working together. When the men go to the woods to cut timber for a plow, a plow-beam or a yoke, to chop wood for fuel, posts or beams,

they always go in a body. They are afraid of going into the woods alone, and, besides, the work is easier when several persons are together.

When they go to the king or the usurer they always go in a body in order that they may assist each other.

In the fall they prepare their threshing-grounds near each other to the end that no one shall be left alone in the night.

The boys that herd the stock also go out together and run around and gather their flocks alternately.

The women also go together when they fetch water, fuel or leaves and when they go to the market to sell and buy.

When the people of a village are not at work they go visiting each other. The men always devise something that serves as an errand. For instance, they ask for tobacco, inquire about the health of the family etc.

In the evening they gather at the residence of the headman and talk about anything "that can make the heart glad."

The women visit each other on the pretext that they want fire. But their "consultations" usually take place when they go to fetch water. Then they talk about the woe and weal of the village. But their gatherings are not always so innocent as those of the men; for their conversation often leads to quarrels.

Besides relationship through birth and marriage, the Santhals also recognize village relationship.

To certain relatives the Santhal may say "thou"; to

some he must say "you two" (dual form); and to some he must say "you all" (plural form).

Married people, parents, children, brothers and sisters and grand-parents to their grand-children, uncles, aunts, cousins etc., — all these may say "thou" in addressing each other.

A person must always say "you two" to his sons-in-law and daughters-in-law.

Parents whose children are united in marriage always say "you all" to each other.

Those who say "thou" to each other use "I" when they refer to themselves.

Those who say "you two" call themselves alone "we two."

Those who say "you all" speak of themselves as "we all."

A person says "you two" for the sake of politeness; he (or she) wants to include his wife (or her husband) as if both of them were present; and the expression "you all" includes the young couple, their children and everything.

When I was a young boy* we always went to pay our respects to our parents as soon as we rose in the morning, and if we met any villagers we always saluted them. When we went out visiting we always said good-by to our parents, and we saluted them when we returned home. When we went to feasts we always called at the residence

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* Kolean was almost ninety years old when he told this to Skrefsrud.

of the head-man to pay him our respects, and this was repeated upon our return.

The young people never antagonized their elders. They did not even sit down in the presence of old people. Nor did we drink liquor.

The women listened very attentively to the words of the men, and they never wore their hair loose in the presence of the men.

The villagers did great honor to the head-man and his assistant, and the latter were gentle and fatherly and did nothing without consulting the people.

But now the times are bad. The women do not submit to their husbands, and the children do not obey their parents. They are refractory, they do not salute each other but pass by like animals. Boys and girls drink fearfully, and when older people approach they do not rise. When their parents scold them they either become abusive or run away, and then their parents must talk gently to them in order to coax them to return.

The women and the children run the world now-a-days. Some of them are still good; but the great body of them are base and depraved.

Now the head-man's decisions are favorable to him who pays the most, and the people do not mind their chief. Old people whose children are joined in matrimony quarrel. In days of old there was only joy and peace between them.

The people of a village are bound together by ties of friendship, of course. But there are different grades of friendship.

Different Ways of Saluting.

Some are friends above others, and some are on very good terms with each other; but only a few are cultivating an intimate friendship, and none has more than one thoroughly confidential comrade.

In distress and danger a man will risk even his life for the sake of a good comrade.

Bosom friends tell their joys and griefs to each other and stand by each other in all emergencies. The old people of the village are very good friends. But the best friendship is contracted in early youth, as between shepherd boys who are always good comrades.

Among comrades there are certain ones whose hearts are bound together. They play the flute together, shoot birds and rabbits together, sing together, assist each other in gathering the cattle, eat from the same plate and divide the game that they kill. Those who become fast friends when they are young retain the same feeling when they become old. They become friends for life.

If they part to go to different places but meet again later on there is great joy, and they express this by kissing.

When two girls enter into such intimate friendship they confirm it at a certain feast by fastening leaves from the karam tree (odina cordifolia) in each other's hair, whereupon they bow to the assemblage and serve out liquor. They no longer call each other by their names but use the expression "karam twig".

In our day it happens that good friends and comrades lose their mutual affection because their hearts are de-

praved. "People are becoming very selfish and think only of their own well-being, and for all they care their fellow-men may go to the dogs."

The Santhals are proud of their village if it enjoys a good reputation. But if the village or one of its inhabitants is not considered reputable the inhabitants feel this as a disgrace.

When a man quarrels with some one from another village all his neighbors side with him. If something objectionable is heard about a village, complaint is made to the head-man, who immediately summons the party concerned and demands that the charges be proven. If they cannot be proven fines must be paid.

When a village has become famous its inhabitants "feel tall as mountains" when they meet people from other villages.

They are proud of the fame of their village no matter how bad they may be themselves

TWENTY-SEVENTH CHAPTER.

Traits of Character.—Pride.—Anger and Fretfulness.—Jealousy.—Envy.—Hate and Vindictiveness.—Business.—Buying and Selling.—Debt and Loans.

Sensible people are not proud. It is only fools that swell up like a frog. Such persons are despised by all. When one that has lived in poverty gets hold of a little money or sneaks into a better position, his pride rises rapidly. A proverb says: When a servant has become head-man or a servant girl the wife of a head-man, twelve wagons will not hold their pride.

This has been proven again and again. Village messengers have often become head-men and parganas by corrupt means. Such men in particular have swelled up like a boil, and their wives despise the poor. Some girls think they are pretty, and their aim is to be praised as veritable birds of paradise, though they be as ugly as night-owls.

The Santhals can stand no teasing. Nor are the men very prone to make fun of others. But the women are often so addicted to sarcastic talk that they make life a burden to their men.

The Santhals are not hot-headed like the Hindus. But they may become quite fierce, and then they are apt to use their canes. It takes less to offend the women, but they are easily made fretful and cross. If you ask them a question when they are in this mood you receive no decent answer, and if you talk to them they bark out like a mad dog. This applies also to young women and girls.

If a man flies into a passion he will soon cool off, but a woman must be maneuvered in various ways before her mind returns to a state of tranquillity.

Some men are unable to control themselves when they become angry, and they give you mean answers when you ask them about something. But when the women have the blues they are snappish even when you speak kindly to them.

"Long ago we were very particular. The people had some religious fear, and for that reason the men did not look to each other's wives.

"If some one trespassed against another man's wife her husband would forthwith decapitate the transgressor, and for this reason there was little occasion for suspicion."

But now-a-days people are not so strict. Capital punishment has been discarded, and as lawlessness increases no one feels safe. Men and women suspect each other, and there is no happiness in their homes. They also suspect each other without grounds, especially the women. As soon as a man looks at another woman his wife is apt to accuse him of infidelity, and this gives rise

to much quarreling and beating. The everlasting whining of the women has led many a good man to take a second wife unto himself.

For ages the Santhals have been inclined to be envious of each other. But now they are worse than before. This, however, does not apply very extensively to the men, excepting some young men when the girls they are fond of prefer other men; but the women are fearfully jealous. They envy those who are more prosperous than themselves, and especially those whom they take to look better. They have a grudge against those who do not want to marry them, and through envy they learn to practice witchcraft, "eating" such men or the girls that these wish to marry. The mutual envy among the wives of brothers spreads like leprosy.

At least one-half of the charges made and the fines paid are due to envy. The women not only feed their own envy, they "eat", and they stir up their husbands and relatives until the whole village is ablaze.

The Santhals are not strong haters. They are more apt to become furiously angry. But their anger is of short duration. People that hate will not betray their feelings to you; they are more apt to talk pleasantly and obligingly to you; but they will not let you alone until they have paid you in full.

Woman's hate is terrible. It smoulders like burning coals in the ashes, and the women are not contented until they have quite destroyed the object of their hate. They

approach you like the snake that bites in the dark, and you are not aware of it until the poison has commenced to act.

We are told that in olden times there was neither money nor trade. The people obtained all their necessaries from the ground, or they prepared them with their own hands.

The chief articles of food were rice, maize and other kinds of grain, herbs and vegetables, birds, swine, goats, hares etc.

It was customary to extract salt from earth, and oil was pressed out of different kinds of wild fruit. The people made their own clothes, forged their own weapons, made baskets and earthen jars, kettles etc.

It is not known whether gold was found in olden times.

At a later date a tribe began to trade by exchanging goods, and since the introduction of silver and copper coins these have been used as a medium of exchange.

In our day both men and women are very lazy. They neither press oil,boil salt nor weave cloth. They buy everything, and therefore we Santhals have been impoverished and plunged into debt over head and ears to the money brokers.

In times of old no one ran into debt to the usurer, nor were there any money brokers.

"It was in Sikhar that the usurers for the first time got hold of us. Since that time we have been in their power, and like vultures do they pounce down upon us

and tear us to pieces. We pay and pay until we are utterly impoverished, and still the debt remains."

We have an adage which says: "A Hindu usurer is like a hyena; he chews even the dry bones." It was really they that drove us out of Sikhar.

At first they did not charge a very high rate of interest. "They demanded only twenty-five per cent whether it was money or rice. But little by little they began to practice their unjust extortion. If you owe them three or four rupees they will carry off every yoke of oxen you have, and if you make any objections they threaten you with blows.

"But we too are to blame. People run into debt without thinking of their ability to pay. Even if they have the necessary means they are in no hurry to pay; interest added to interest swells the debt far beyond control; and then comes the usurer to strip the place of everything."

TWENTY-EIGHTH CHAPTER.

Amusements and Sports.—Singing and Dancing.—Drinking.—Anecdotes and Fables.—Mimicry.—Fishing.—Distribution of the Catch.—Fish Traps.

To enable us to forget our troubles and sorrows we have amusements and joys, such as dancing, singing, beating of drums, playing the cornet and the flute, story-telling, hunting, fishing and carousing.

We have many kinds of dances, and every dance has a song of its own. The dance-music is furnished by drum and flute. The girls arrange themselves in one row, holding each other's hands; the boys arrange themselves opposite the girls, but they do not hold each other's hands.

"Dancing is a great amusement for boys as well as for girls. They wish to dance the whole night and work during the day without feeling tired — they are so happy!"

"The old folks do not forbid the young folks to dance. On the contrary, they go to dances themselves as lookers-on, and when the young people begin to get dull they say to them: "Stop now, or you will be too drowsy to work to-morrow." The young people answer: "All right;

we shall stop at once." But still they keep on until they are tired.

As a rule the old folks do not dance themselves except at certain festivals.

The real amusement of old people is derived from drinking liquor.

As soon as they grow a little tipsy they begin to speak about a thousand different things, about the old country, the land-owners, the usurers, dancing, singing etc. When they become drunk they lie down, and that is the end of their happiness.

The women also drink a great deal. Formerly the women were not prone to drink, and young boys and girls did not drink. But in our times everybody drinks so that it is a great shame.

Formerly no one was in the habit of drinking from metal cups but only from small leaf-cups. But now-a-days people will drink large quantities from brass bowls, and yet they are not satisfied.

In former times it happened only occasionally that a man drank of the liquor of the saloon-keeper, but now people drink at his place until they are compelled to beg for food. If they have no money they take rice or grain as long as there is any in the house; and when they return home without finding a good meal waiting for them they abuse their wives.

If they have no rice or grain they drink on trust, and in the fall the saloon-keeper comes and carries away the threshed rice.

The wives and children of such men have a very hard time of it. They must go to the woods in search of wild roots and herbs, which they cook and eat.

Formerly people did not drink so much that it impaired their health and strength. But now this everlasting drinking of liquor, combined with early marriages, has checked the development of the people, rendering them small and dwarfish. How can they remain strong when they live in this way?

People are very fond of stories, fables and riddles. When the daughters or the daughters-in-law are busy preparing supper the old men and women are often found telling anecdotes, fables and riddles to the children.

If some one has many stories to tell the young people of the village will gather around him. Some people know so many stories that they can keep on tellling them the whole night without exhausting their supply and without tiring their hearers.

The young people learn a great number of riddles, which they propound to each other the whole day long.

The boys are particularly apt at learning stories and fables, and if the girls learn any, it is only after they have grown old that they become bold enough to tell them to others again.

Most fables treat of foxes and jackals; kings are usually the subjects of the anecdotes; and the riddles cover practically everything.

"Mimicry is one of our amusements, and none but

mimologists are successful in this branch. The lookers-on laugh and roar for all they are worth.

"The mimics ape other people's faults, for instance, sulkiness between man and wife, going to the wife's parents, attempts to weep, other people's gait, dancing and way of eating, man and wife etc. When they represent women they ape their clothes and voice, and the people split their sides with laughing.

"Fishing is one of our amusements. We fish in ponds and rivers.

"The head-man of the village where the fish is to be caught sends word to the people. At noon on the appointed day the villagers convene. If there are unfavorable omens in the way they are removed by means of sacrifices to the spirits, and the work of mending the nets is taken hold of. Some people catch fish with their hands merely, and when this happens they make a great fuss for pure joy."

The owner of the pond receives one-third of the catch, and the people distribute the balance among themselves. If the fish is caught in a river one-third of it goes to the head-man, or the chiefs if the river forms the boundary line between two villages.

There are also several other ways of fishing. "For instance, we bring all kinds of objects from the woods and throw them into the water, or we beat the water with them until the fish get drunk and come to the surface."

Sometimes two or three men will empty a pond and take the fish remaining on the bottom.

During the rainy season we make traps which we place in the rivers in the evening, and in the morning we go out to fetch the fish from the traps.

TWENTY-NINTH CHAPTER.

Hunting.—Brave Men.—Preparations.—Sacrifices.—The Responsibility of The Priest.—To The Woods.—When an Animal is Killed—Cowardice.—"Figs".—Hunting Council.—Supreme Court.—The Hunt Continued.—Division of The Game.

The greatest amusement of the men is to go hunting. It has been so from way back, and no matter how dangerous it is they will not give it up. If some one does not want to join the hunting party he is called an old woman.

Our forefathers attacked tigers and bears without fear. Sometimes they were successful and sometimes they were worsted, and the case is the same now-a-days.

As every village has its priest and field priest, so has every district its forest priest. At the pata feast the forest priest carries a branch around and summons the people to meet on a certain day at a certain place to go hunting in this or that forest; "and when we go home we announce it, each in his own village."

Now the men become very busy repairing their sporting implements. New bow-strings and arrow-heads are made, and the points of the latter are sharpened. The

battle-ax and the spear must have new handles and must be sharpened, the swords must be burnished, and the women must prepare food for the expedition.

Every head-man must furnish a certain quantity of provisions for general use, and of these the poor people may eat if they have no food of their own.

The priest sacrifices five birds to the gods, and at cock-crow on the day appointed for the hunt men walk out on an open piece of ground to gather all the men of the village. They carry drums, flutes and horns, and they keep up a general racket until all the men are present.

When they are all there they shout hurrah and start off for the common rendezvous, where they eat their dinner.

The forest-priest came before day-break to this place, and he has ever since been engaged in propitiating the gods by rubbing a leaf with oil.

If he has found out that something is wrong in this or that direction he points that way and asks for the names of the villages located there. When he has found out the names of all the villages in that direction he makes sacrifices for each one in particular, and if it is found that a tiger is going to kill people from one of the villages he tells this to them and urges them either to settle the matter or go home. They answer: "You must settle the matter on our behalf."

The priest then points out the men that the tiger is going to kill and removes the difficulties by sacrificing a

bird to the gods and rattling off a certain prayer formula to the god of day.

Next the forest priest sacrifices one bird to his own god and four to the forest gods. He also sacrifices some rice, having first punctured his own body and sprinkled a little blood on the rice.

If the priest finds out while he is on the way that something is the matter with this or that forest he orders a halt, and no one is permitted to proceed until the proper sacrifices have been made.

He allows the people to eat the sacrificed birds. But he himself must not eat until some animal has been hit by an arrow.

While the priest is sacrificing, his feet are bound together and a cap is pulled down over his eyes. The object of this ceremony is to prevent the game from seeing the hunter and running away.

When he has finished the sacrifices he throws himself down on the ground; a sword is moved back and forth above him; and some one says, "A big beast has been killed."

If, however, some one is killed by a bear or a tiger in spite of the intercession of the priest, the latter is assaulted. The others threaten him with their battle-axes and canes, shouting: "Kick him! He has led us astray to this place to be killed!"

Having sacrificed to the gods and eaten their fill from

the victims, the whole company of hunters enter the forest under the leadership of the priest.

Some men, without the beating of drums and without noise, are sent ahead to lie in wait while the rest move silently along the edge of the forest to watch in case some game should seek a refuge elsewhere.

The main force is divided up into several parties which start out in different directions. A drum accompanies each party, and this is worked merrily as the men move ahead.

When a man runs across a hare or a bird he shouts the name of the animal, and if he strikes a larger animal he mentions its name as well as the name of his own village.

When an animal has been killed the people cut off a front quarter and the neck, and if it is a large animal they cut off one front leg and the neck. This they immediately divide among themselves, the forest priest receiving a part of the neck.

If a man hits an animal with his arrow and another man kills it, the latter receives only a part of the shoulder, and the rest of the animal goes to the former, excepting one front quarter and the neck.

When some one sees a tiger or a bear he gives a signal to the rest. If some one is bitten the drummer next to him gives the alarm, by which all are informed that an accident has taken place. Those who are nearest run to the place at once and give medicine to the wounded man, after which they continue the hunt.

Sometimes there are so many hunters around a bear that there is no chance for using bow and arrow. In such cases they attack him with stakes and poles until he bites the dust. Sometimes the bear sees that he has no show in a struggle, and then he will suddenly break through a row of men and run away grunting.

When some one is attacked by a tiger it is generally his brothers or intimate friends that risk their lives by interfering. The result is either that they save the man or that all of them are killed by the tiger.

The men of our day are great cowards, and as soon as they hear the word "Tiger! Tiger!" they show a clean pair of heels.

In the evening the hunters withdraw from the woods and meet at a previously appointed place to spend the night.

When they have gathered they divide themselves into groups, one group for each village. All belonging to the same village bring their food, and they eat as from a common table.

It happened in times of old, we are told, that a poor man took a bunch of figs with him, and when the people saw this they would not let him add his figs to their common stock; but told him to eat his figs and go and hang himself. This, therefore, was all the food the poor man had. The next day he shot a big animal, and instead of giving the name of the village he shouted "figs!" When the animal was killed and his neighbors saw who had

shot it they wanted to know why he had shouted "figs" instead of the name of their village. He then told the incident from the previous evening, how his neighbors had denied him the privilege of partaking of the common mess. When the people heard this they reprimanded them severely and made them pay heavy fines. Since that time no such thing has happened.

The camp where the hunters cook their supper presents a grand and picturesque sight, pile upon pile of twigs and logs burning along the hillside.

When all have supped, the forest priest summons the men to council.

Each village is represented in council by five or six men. Some of them play the flute or sing jolly forest songs, and some go to bed.

The boys from the village of the forest priest walk from camp to camp, begging merely as a source of amusement. They receive a handful of rice in each camp. Wherever they go they arouse great merriment and make the people laugh.

The forest priest presides at the hunting-council. The men sit down around him in a semi-circle, the most prominent ones next to him.

When all are properly seated the forest priest says: "Now, gentlemen, if any of you have any troubles, quarrels or difficulties let them be heard. We are getting along well, are we not?"

The people answer: "By means of your benediction it is all well with us, in regard to both soul and body."

To this the forest priest replies: "Our well-being is due to God's blessing."

Now they tell their difficulties, one after the other. For instance, one steps up and says: "I have had a quarrel about a hare with so and so from a certain village."

"How?" the priest asks.

Another answers, "He kicked it down with his cane." A third one insists that his own dog caught it.

The priest now asks for witnesses. Several are mentioned, and the priest asks them up and cross examines them one after the other. The one who proves to have been the first to hit the hare receives it.

The people assist the priest in deciding who is right; but he alone announces the decision.

If there are no witnesses, or the witnesses, from selfish motives, make the case too complicated to be seen through, the priest takes the arrows of the two parties at sunrise the next morning and sticks them into the ground. He puts red paint on the arrows, and, standing above them and holding a bowl of water in his hand, he says: "O God and Father! We decided by thy grace; but the two will not abide by our decision. Thou, O Heavenly Father, fillest up the heavens as we are scattered over the earth — we handed down a decision; but as our verdict is not accepted we are — so many human

beings — without blame. Now, thou knowest everything about these two men: decide, therefore, who is right!"

Having finished the invocation, the priest says to the contending parties: "Worship the god of day and take away your arrows. We are free from all responsibility. Each of you must take his own. Do not fear us, but fear God."

Now one of them must go and take his arrow, saying: "I appeal to God as a witness; if I act unjustly a tiger shall eat me while I am hunting in this forest. But if I am right I shall return home unscathed."

If the other man is equally courageous he does the same thing. If not, he withdraws. The priest then empties the bowl of water upon the ground where the arrows stood, saying: "Judge thou, O God, between them!"

If both have appealed to God in their oaths they are ordered to hunt together during that day. It is said that they meet a tiger in the midst of the forest. It will first attack the one who spoke the truth, but without doing him any harm. Then it will turn to the one that lied and put an end to his life. "We have seen this so often. If he escapes the tiger he will surely lose his life by some other accident."

When a case has been settled in council the forest priest says: "Gentlemen, if there are more quarrels to settle you may state your cases."

Then some one may step up and say, "The head-man and the five have punished me in a despotic manner!"

Or, "The pargana and the leading head-men have judged unfairly in regard to my land (or my son-in-law or my daughter-in-law)" or, "They have, without cause, branded me as a witch"; or, "The people in my village have shut my door (excommunicated me) without cause". They have a great many complaints to make.

The hunting-council is the supreme court of the Santhals. There the parganas, the governors and the leading men must refrain from wrong-doing. Common people, great and small, are judge and jury there, and if the rulers have wronged anybody they will now be made to suffer for it.

Some of those unscrupulous fellows stay away from the council entirely because they are either afraid or ashamed. If they do not attend, the next day the people assemble and fetch them by main force, and if it is proven that they have practiced injustice they are heavily fined.

"In this council justice prevails. In the villages the parganas and the head-men may tyrannize us. But at the annual hunting-council they cannot subdue us. There they pull their tails between their legs like dogs that are ashamed. Therefore we poor, wretched people expect great things from this council."

"The whole night is devoted to the trial and settlement of lawsuits, singing, playing the flute and dancing until daybreak.

"Then they cook and eat their breakfast. When the priest has performed the usual sacrifices they proceed to

another forest, where they hunt till noon. Then they start on their way home.

"In days of old the hunt was occasionally continued for five days. But now there is not so much timber left.

"When the hunters return to their respective villages their people gather around them, wash their feet and congratulate them upon returning home after having escaped misfortune and death. It is said, Woman's danger is childbirth, man's is the chase; if you escape these you will escape many a hard struggle."

Having dined, the hunters gather to divide the game. The one who first hit the animal receives the hind-quarters and parts of the head, the middle part and the liver. The priest receives a piece of meat and the liver to sacrifice to the gods. The man that first hit the animal gives a piece of meat to the head-man. The officials and the village messenger also receives a little, and the drummer is not forgotten either. What remains is dividid among the hunters. But they leave a little for those who did not participate in the hunt. Hares and other small game are divided among the hunters, the others receiving nothing.

THIRTIETH CHAPTER.

Three Kinds of Councils.—European Laws.—Increasing Mendaciousness.—Ridiculous Oath.—Different Crimes.—The Bengalis.

The Santhals have three kinds of councils: The village, or head-man's council; the council of the parganas; and the hunting, or what may be called the national council.

The head-man presides at the village council and passes sentences; but the village five assist him in judging.

A pargana is at the head af several villages. Some parganas have many villages in their district, others have only a few. Appeals may be made from the village council to the pargana. At his council the head-men of his district act as advisers.

Appeals may be made from the parganas' council to the hunting-council, at which the forest priest presides, and at which every Santhal is entitled to have a voice.

The pargana receives annually as his salary from each village in his district: one rupee, a little butter and eighty cobs of Indian corn. The country head-man receives from each of the same villages: eight annas, a little clarified butter and forty cobs of corn.

This is what they formerly received. But since the arrival of the Europeans things have been wholly shaken up in Santhalistan. Now-a-days the decisions are favorable to those who pay most liberally, and poor people who are unable to pay are simply turned away when they propose to sue somebody.

"Nor do people generally do what is right. They neither tell the village head-man, nor complain to the pargana, nor appeal to the national council. Even quarrels between husband and wife these idiots carry at once to the Europeans! What a shame! The rascally lawyers cheat them out of very large amounts of money.

"They put each other into prison, and mutual hatred keeps on smouldering like fire in sawdust. This is their reward for having abandoned the methods of administering justice which were in vogue among their forefathers.

"Let great criminals be taken to the European courts; but why should we burden them with cases which we have been in the habit of settling among ourselves from olden times?

"From the earliest times until very lately the Santhals knew nothing about lying. They told exactly what they knew about friend and foe, relative or stranger, indiscriminately. But since the Europeans appeared among us people have actually been hung for telling the truth. There were no witnesses to testify to their crimes, and if they themselves had maintained that they were innocent they would have been acquitted.

"In our councils we did not examine the witnesses one by one; but we summoned them and examined them all at once, and yet no one would tell a falsehood.

"Now-a-days our people, having learned rascality from the Bengalis, will sell their souls and their honor for a bowl of liquor; and as our magistrates do not understand our language they cannot distinguish between truth and falsehood. They are led astray by what the lawyers say, and so we get no just decisions.

"No one respects the easy oath of the magistrates. Let them but take an oath like that of our forefathers, and their whole soul will tremble, preventing them from ever telling a lie in court.

"One or two magistrates have made Bengalis prepare an oath in our tongue; but we only laugh at it, because it really works against him who administers the oath. The oath reads thus: 'Speak the truth; if I lie, the tiger-god will eat you!' The witness repeats: 'Speak the truth; if I lie, the tiger-god will eat you!' Why should this oath make the witness fear?"

Kidnapping, manslaughter and wife abduction are crimes for which the laws of the Santhals prescribe death. Children were sometimes kidnapped and sacrificed to the gods. When a kidnapper was caught in the act he had to pay for it with his own life, and there were no lawful means by which his execution could be prevented.

When one person killed another by careless shooting while they were hunting, the people would generally in-

quire into the matter at once. In such cases the killer would be made to stand where the killed man had fallen, and a relative of the latter would be placed where the former had been standing. If he could hit the killer with an arrow the crime of the latter was atoned for; but if he missed him the guilty man was liberated.

If one was killed by an arrow which had passed through an animal, the one that shot the arrow would be placed at the same distance as the killed man from another animal. If an arrow passed through the animal and afterwards killed the guilty man, his crime was thereby punished; otherwise the killer was liberated.

The husband of an abducted woman would pursue her and her seducer and kill both of them without trial. His relatives might assist him in tracking them, but he had to slay them with his own hand. Now-a-days the elopers are not killed, but the seducer has to pay five rupees to save his neck.

Those who married women against their will were formerly punished very severely. Such men had their right arm lopped off and one of their eyes gouged out, besides being compelled to pay heavy fines. Now they may save both arm and eye by paying five rupees. But they are also scourged and fined.

Formerly witches were put to public shame and afterwards chased out of the village. In exceptional cases they were killed. Even now they are expelled, and occasionally killed. "But this is unjust; for our ancestors did not do

so. But if some one in his anger beat them to death he was not punished, because such killing was not looked upon as murder.

"Those who committed adultery or married a relative or a person from another caste were excommunicated. This practice is still in vogue, though the Santhals of our day are very careless in this respect. There are several who are guilty, but nothing is done with them.

"Stealing was unknown among the ancient Santhals. But now they have been taught stealing by the Bengalis."

Only one kind of stealing has been known from olden times. When sheep or goats strayed and were lost to their owners, the people in the village where they went would kill and eat them. If the owner of the animals found out what had become of them and could prove it,the village had to furnish an equal number of sheep or goats and pay a fine of one anna. In our day everything is submitted to the magistrates.

"Abortion is known to the Santhals from olden times. If it was proven both the one that administered the medicine and the one that took it were fined ten rupees each. Now such crimes are submitted to the magistrates."

When anyone wantonly slandered another he would have to pay one rupee and four annas to wipe out the slander, and an equal amount to the five.

Only drunken men are guilty of sodomy. Formerly we used to give such persons a thorough thrashing and

fine them ten rupees. I do not know whether such cases may be taken to the magistrates or not in our days.

A few other indecent sins are to be found among us, and they cannot be mentioned in public.

He that destroys another man's property shall pay the damage as well as a reasonable fine.

We fine both parties who have beaten each other if both are at fault, otherwise only one of them.

"If two cows butt each other so that one of them is killed the surviving one is kept as compensation."

If any one makes a false complaint or an unjust demand we turn the tables on him and punish him.

If a girl climbs a tree in the sacred grove or enters the inner apartment of a house, both of which acts are forbidden, she shall provide the animal to be sacrificed for such crime.

Disputes about boundary lines are referred to the pargana, who, in company with the head-men of the neighboring villages, decides the matter. Quarrels about land are settled by the head-man and the five, the losing party being fined.

Such difficulties as these were unknown to us until quite recently. But owing to the teachings of the Bengalis our whole country is now troubled with them.

"Now-a-days the Bengalis deprive us of our villages, encroach upon our boundaries and annex our lands. Our people say: 'The Bengalis enter like a needle and swell out like a plowshare!' They also make us dispute and

quarrel. Wherever they are there is no peace. They rob us of everything by means of false witnesses, and the magistrates do not understand our speech. I fancy, therefore, that some day we shall have to decamp and flee somewhere else. It would have been a good thing for us Santhals if there had been no Bengalis among us."

THIRTY-FIRST CHAPTER.

Religion and Worship.—The Day-God.—A Married Couple.—Devoured all His Sons.—Different Gods.—Sacrifices.—The Festival of the First Fruits.—Janthar.—Sohrae —Busy Time for The Priest.—"Blessing the Cows".—Ox-Dance etc.—Sakrat.—Thatching Festival.—Flower-Festival.—Impersonating Gods.—Sacrificing their own Blood.—Family Gods.—Too Many Gods etc.

In the beginning the Santhals had no gods. Their original fathers worshiped God alone. Since we admitted gods we have gradually forgotten God. Only his name remains, and most of the people of our age do not even know his name. We, who have learnt the traditions, and one or two other venerable men are the only ones who have not entirely forgotten it.

At the present day people seem to think that the day-god is God, and when they take an oath they turn their eyes to the sun and call him God. But we teachers have retained the knowledge from our forefathers, that God is not identical with the sun. He is not visible to the human eye, but he himself sees everything. He made the heaven and the earth, men and animals, birds, all flying and creeping things, fish, plants, in fact everything that exists. He supports everything and everybody, great and

small. It is he that gives life and takes it away. Neither life nor death is dependent upon the dictum of gods or men. It is God that has apportioned us our measure, and until that is full no one can remove us. As we lived here, so shall we have good or evil in the next world according to his command.

We think the day-god is good. He produces morning and evening, he gives sunshine and rain; therefore we appeal to his mercy on special occasions.

The day-god is a man, the moon is his wife, and the stars their children. Our forefathers held that this married couple had numerous offspring, the boys remaining with their father, the girls with their mother. The heat of the sun and the day stars made the earth feel as though it were going to be burnt, so the moon said to the sun:

"Let us eat up our children, otherwise mankind will be burnt up."

Then the sun said:

"You eat your daughters first, and if men feel no relief thereby I will eat my sons."

Then the moon (O woman, we know thy tricks!) covered up her daughters with a large bamboo basket and said to her husband:

"I have gobbled up all of mine, but the heat is as great as ever. Mankind cannot be saved until you have eaten up yours too."

Thus she hoodwinked her husband, and he was stupid enough to eat up all his sons.

When night came he noticed that her daughters still existed. He flew into a furious rage and, grasping a sword, he hewed off a part of her body. He would have put an end to her altogether if she had not appeased him somewhat by giving him two daughters, the morning and the evening star.

He is still chasing her, and, remembering her tricks, he slashes her every month. It is only when her husband cools down a little that the moon gets some little relief for a day or two.

Just as the men of the present day make the mistake of calling the day-god God, so they make the mistake of praying to the gods, saying, "My Lord and God." They pay them this honor to make them more willing to render aid; but in fact they are not God, they are only gods.

The day-god is the greatest of our gods. Next to him comes the fowl-eating god, and then Maran Buru (the devil), whose real name is Lita. We also have the goddess of the sacred grove and the five gods. We worship the six gods in song, but we make no sacrifices to them. Among other gods may be mentioned the female lord, the dead pargana, the house-god and the tribal god. There are many tribal gods, each tribe having one of its own. Each house also has its special god.

The names of the tribal gods and the house-gods are not mentioned to outsiders, nor to the women. When the old man is about to die he whispers the names into the ears of his grown sons.

But we teachers know the names of all the tribal gods and house-gods.

Some persons, such as doctors and rich men, have gods of their own. It is said of the gods of wealth that they steal from other people and carry the stolen property to their own worshippers. They are even said to snatch goods from each other, and the strongest one makes his worshipper richer than the others.

We are told that men sometimes have surprised gods of wealth while in the act of stealing. For instance, a god of wealth was once engaged in carrying rice away from a threshing-floor. But the owner of the rice, happening to arrive at the same time, began to throw stones at the god and chased him into the very house of his worshipper. There the god slipped into the inner apartment and broke all the earthen vessels to be found.

The man who had chased the god now turned to the owner of the house and said: "So that's your thief of a god! I have now chased him into your house. Who can tell how long he has been stealing from me! Now I begin to see why my crops have yielded so little grain." From that time the god made a fearful racket in the inner apartment whenever his pursuer came near the house, and at last the owner of the house begged the man to stay away, of else the god would destroy everything in the house.

In the spring of the year, when seeding is done, sacrifices must be made to the gods, a fowl being brought from

every house to the priest to be sacrificed in the sacred grove.

The devil, the goddess of the sacred grove, the five gods, the female lord, the dead pargana and the dead head-man must have one fowl each, and a black fowl must be sacrificed to the boundary god.

The priest sacrifices one fowl at a time, repeating the same formula of prayer to each god. He prays for favorable weather and bounteous crops, for good health, for protection from the machinations of witches, for the thriving of the cattle etc.

The fowls are finally made into stew, of which all the men of the village eat.

Two or three days afterwards the master of each house makes sacrifices to the tribal god, the house-god, the forefathers and the devil.

When the rice has been transplanted the green fowls are sacrificed, but they are given only to the village gods.

The festival of the first fruits of the year takes place in August. Then the priest proceeds to the field which is first ripe and cuts as much grain as he can reach without moving his feet. This he takes to the sacred grove, rubs an abundance of cow-dung into it and sacrifices it to the gods, telling them that it is the first fruits of the year and entreating them to eat with pleasure and without taking sick.

Janthar is another festival, which takes place in Novem-

ber. The main sacrifice on that occasion is a pig or a ram, the field priest officiating at the altar of the pargana.

The Sohrae, or harvest festival, is the chief festival of the Santhals. It is held in January, after the harvest work and the threshing are finished. "Having gathered our new crop, we 'fill up' our gods and, having food and drink in the house, we entertain our friends. The big and the small, the widows and the homeless, all enjoy themselves indiscriminately at this festival."

The head-man of the village takes the first step by summoning his villagers to a meeting, and the arrangements are agreed upon for the celebration of the Sohrae. At his command the village messenger gathers the liquor necessary for religious purposes, and he also issues orders to the effect that liquor must be prepared in each house, such and such a day having been appointed for the purification preceding the Sohrae.

Now liquor is prepared in every house. Each one invites his friends, and on the appointed day all the sisters, daughters, nieces, nephews, brothers etc. assemble.

This is a busy time for the priest. The village messenger has collected whatever is necessary for the sacrifices. At two o'clock he goes out, followed by a number of men, including the village messenger, who carries a lot of fowls. Having bathed, he takes cow's dung and makes a magic ellipse running north and south. He next drops a handful of rice at intervals along the ellipse and draws three red lines at each place.

Then he takes a fowl, sprinkles water on it and puts red paint on certain parts of its body. He also paints an egg and places it in the rice, and while the fowl is pecking at the rice he repeats the formula of prayer to the goddess of the sacred grove. He prays her to be pleased with the festival. Being only a crowd of ignorant boys and girls, they cannot do things on such a grand scale as their forefathers. He prays that no sickness may approach them now that they have invited all their relatives, but that they all may dance, play and enjoy themselves without being disturbed by quarrels, hatred or the machinations of witches. After pronouncing the prayer he sacrifices the fowls, which afterwards are cooked and eaten by the men, who now also drink the sacrificed liquor.

The head-man now asks whether any one is not well. To this the others reply:

"We are all well, father, our head-man, through thy mercy."

The head-man says: "Through God's mercy we receive every good thing. Behold, this is the harvest festival! Our big older sister has arrived. Dance and enjoy yourselves for five days and nights. Let there be no quarreling, fighting or coveting, and if there must needs be covetousness take the fingers of the unripe ladies, not those of the ripe or withered ones (this means, leave the married women alone)."

The public reply: "We will stop our ears with twelve

heaps of cotton and will heed no complaint, great or small." Then they sing.

Now they shout to the herd-boys: "Fetch the cows, you fellows, we'll tread out the circle!"

The priest takes the canes carried by the herd-boys, puts red paint on them and sticks them into the ground by the ellipse made of cow-dung. The cows are next chased to the ellipse, and the first one to step on the egg standing in the rice or to smell of it is seized, and her legs are washed and her horns smeared with red paint. The herd-boy of the cow is placed on her back, and she is led to the head-man of the village, where the boy is taken down. The boy bows first to the head-man and then to all the old men.

Then they return home, beating drums as they go, and upon their arrival in the village the head-man says to the superintendent of morals:

"The boys and girls are in your charge during the whole festival, and the festival itself is also placed under your auspices."

Thereupon they all disperse, each one going home to eat and drink. The old men and women go to bed, and the young people go out to "bless the cattle", beginning at the head-man's house. Stopping at the door of his stable, the young men beat drums and sing a song. The girls perform a number of ceremonies over the cows and pronounce a formula, blessing the cows and wishing that they

may multiply exceedingly and become a source of wealth to their owner.

The young people walk from stable to stable through the whole village, repeating the ceremonies at each place.

Having finished this part of the program, they gather on the street, the boys beating drums and playing flutes, the girls dancing and clashing cymbals, producing grand, harmonious sounds.

At cock-crow the stables are again visited.

The cows are now let loose, and the girls go to their work; but the boys play a certain game in front of the head-man's residence.

Then the boys go out begging for the fun of the thing. They carry with them a lot of things and play many tricks. When they have finished the village they give the proceeds of their begging to the superintendent of morals.

Later on, the men go to bathe, taking with them their yokes, battle-axes and knives.

In the evening the old men and women walk from house to house to drink liquor, and the boys and the girls dance in the street the whole night.

Next morning the people are called together outside the head-man's house.

Having given them liquor, the head-man says:

"What do you say? Shall we bind the oxen to the posts, or shall we not?"

They answer: "Yes, sir, at your command we will do it."

Posts are now put into the ground, and when the herd-boys return with the cattle at three o'clock in the afternoon the people again bless the cows, beginning with those of the head-man. When the people from the surrounding country begin to arrive the oxen are taken out and tied to the posts. The young men now tease the oxen, beating drums and blowing flutes and walking up and down the street three times until the oxen become furious and try to butt the men.

The young people of the village, in company with the visitors, play different kinds of games while the others are looking at them. In the evening the visitors return home. But the young people of the village walk up and down the street all night.

In the day the young people walk from house to house, making fun and begging for food and liquor, which they carry to the house of the superintendent of morals; and in return he must feed them during the festival.

When they grow tired of dancing in the night the superintendent of morals takes them to his house, where all of them, regardless of sex, are packed into one room, where they are to sleep.

The superintendent of morals is responsible for the consequences.

In the morning the girls apply cow-dung to the compound of the superintendent of morals, and the boys shell corn. After dinner he takes everybody to his or her home, and the harvest festival is at an end.

In the middle of January there is a festival called Sakrat. On the day preceding this festival the people catch fish and crabs. Early in the morning a fowl is killed in every house for breakfast, and this is eaten after the people have taken a bath.

At sunrise the men go hunting in the neighboring forest.

When the men return the women have made toothsome rice cakes. which the men sacrifice, together with liquor, to their forefathers and the devil, whereupon they eat and drink. Afterwards they go out and practice at the target.

The priest is the first one to shoot, and the others continue until some one hits the mark. Then the superintendent of morals steps up to the target and takes the man who hit it upon his shoulders and carries him to the others. Various games are indulged in, and when they go home they carry the target to the head-man's house, where the head-man takes it as his share of the returns of the hunt. But he must entertain the others, and he says to them: "You are splendid fellows. You killed the enemy and saved me, otherwise he would surely have eaten me up."

In the evening the young people dance in front of the head-man's house, and when they get tired they return home and go to sleep.

The thatching festival takes place late in January or early in February, when the grass for thatching is ripe for the scythe.

At this festival the head-man and all the other officials resign their offices, saying, "We have had enough of it."

The people answer: "We too have had enough of it. We make over our holdings to you, our head-man, and keep only our houses and the sites on which they stand."

The head-man then asks where he is to betake himself when they all resign. He wants time to think the matter over.

In a few days he again summons the people to a carousal. "You remember," he says, "that I resigned. What do you say? I will remain among you if you are satisfied with me."

"Yes, sir," the people say, "we have waited for you all this time, and we have not tried to consult anybody else. We thought our old chief might change his mind. The old masters and the old gods are the best. We know you as our head-man. At what other place could we find such a shady tree?"

In the same manner the other officers, one by one, call the people together a few days later, give them liquor and ask for permission to keep their positions. All this is done in order to pass the time and obtain liquor.

The flower festival takes place in the month of March, when the sal-tree and several other trees are in bloom. This is the "sacred festival" of the Santhals.

The young men of the village build two roofs in the sacred grove, one for the goddess of the grove, the five gods and the devil, and one for the female lord.

The priest applies a coat of cow-dung to the altars of the gods, whereupon they go to the water to bathe. After bathing, the young men eat and drink at the house of the priest. They next go to the neighboring forest to hunt, and the priest keeps on making sacrifices to the gods all day long, washing and anointing a number of objects.

When the young men return in the evening they bring fowls to the priest. They all congregate outside the house of the priest, where they blow rams' horns and beat drums.

In the midst of this noise the gods are to establish their abodes in three men, one of them being possesed of the goddess of the sacred grove, and the other two of the five gods and of the devil.

The priest hands certain instruments to each of them. The goddess of the sacred grove places a basket on her head and takes a broom in her hand; the five gods take a bow and arrow; but the devil shoulders the battle-ax; and all three start for the sacred grove, followed by the young men of the village.

Having arrived at the sacred grove, the goddess sweeps the altars clean, the others looking at her. When this is done they return to the house of the priest, and upon his request they give the instruments back to him.

Having ordered them to be seated on a mat, the priest gives each of them a handful of rice to divine with. Prayer having been offered, the rice is handed back to the priest. He next asks the gods if they can see the rain-storm as

they go, to which they answer that they will gladly see and hear the rain-storm. He washes his feet, and as he throws the water on the gods they start up and scream.

Subsequently some of the others present are also washed, for instance, the wife of the priest, the drummer and the hornblower, and as the priest pours the water on them they jump up and scream as the gods did.

The three men whom the gods are supposed to have inspired are now restored to their natural selves by the priest, and he entertains them and sends them home.

In the evening they begin to dance, keeping on all night and singing beautiful songs. Only beautiful songs are sung at this festival.

Next morning the priest collects all his sacred utensils and necessary vessels for sacrificing, and they all start for the sacred grove, the young people singing and dancing.

The three men are again possessed of the gods, and they seize the same objects as they had before and set out for the woods. The five gods strike for a sal-tree which is in full bloom; the devil climbs up a tree and lops off its flowers; and the goddess remains below, gathering the flowers in her basket. When the devil has descended from the tree they return to the sacred grove and deliver the flowers and the tools to the priest.

The priest makes the gods sit down, and before their eyes he sacrifices some fowls in the name of the flower festival. "Now, gentlemen, attend to your duties," he says to the gods, and steps aside.

The gods now suck the blood of the fowls that have been sacrificed.

Thereupon the priest washes their feet; in return the goddess washes his feet, and they finally pour water upon each other.

The priest makes the gods come to, and distributes flowers to the young people, who begin to sing and dance as they return to the village.

Afterwards sacrifices are made to the gods in every house.

In the afternoon the people are again summoned to the sacred grove by the beating of drums. Having arrived there, the priest makes a young boy carry the basket of flowers on his head, himself also carrying some flowers and a winnowing-fan under his arm and a brass bowl filled with water in his hand, and thus they return to the village.

Meanwhile the girls have placed a vessel of water, a foot-stool and an oil lamp in front of each house. At the first house a girl bathes the feet of the priest, and he gives her flowers and pours water on her. This is repeated at every house throughout the village.

The boys and girls of the village now have a grand row, throwing water upon each other, and even the old folks are tempted to take part in this proceeding.

In the court-yard of the priest drinking and dancing and singing are indulged in until sunset. Then they move to the residence of the head-man and keep on dancing

for amusement until they have had enough and go home to sleep.

The next day the field priest goes to the woods, accompanied by the village messenger, and punctures himself until he bleeds, for the purpose of sacrificing some of his own blood to the dead pargana.

The family god receives one sacrifice a year, either in the spring or in the fall of the year.

Every family has a god of its own. It is said that if a witch gets the better of a family god no member of the family affected thereby can be saved, but all of them must die. Therefore the family god is well fed. "If you appeal to him in times of danger he will deliver you," it is said of this god.

When sacrifices are made to this god only relatives are invited, and only the men are allowed to eat of the object sacrificed. The formula of prayer used in worshipping this god does not differ from those used in praying to the other gods.

The boundary gods also receive annual sacrifices. "They are very severe, and if they are not satiated they kill very many. In a moment they produce snakes and tigers or cause sickness. Therefore we stand in great fear of them and make haste in sacrificing to them."

The rites observed in sacrificing to these gods are much more simple than those prescribed for other cases. The boundary gods are appealed to in this language: "Look out, ye boundary gods! I give and make over

to you this in the name of reaping (or sowing). Let there be no sudden death or fright!"

Only men are allowed to eat this sacrifice, and it must be consumed on the spot. It is claimed to be dangerous to take any of it into the house; for then the boundary gods will enter such a house and destroy every inmate of it.

The above are the real annual festivals and sacrifices to the gods.

A number of festivals have been borrowed from the Hindus. "But as these festivals are not ours, the Santhals should not observe them. We should not sacrifice to the gods of other races. It will only make our gods angry with us. It is like having two wives. You can satisfy neither of them. Great confusion also arises in regard to our gods. The Europeans are more fortunate, for they worship only one God, he who has made us."

No regular sacrifices are made to the day-god. These are the closing words of the prayer to him: "We cannot do it every year. Do not take offense on that account."

Our forefathers said that even poor people ought to sacrifice to the day-god once in their lives, and if they can afford it, they ought to sacrifice to him once every five or six years, or else he may cause trouble in the next world.

"Since we contracted syphilis from the Hindus we have sacrificed to the day-god to be healed of it."

THIRTY-SECOND CHAPTER.

Superstition.—Witches.- Have Many Pupils.—"Eat" People.—The Devil Fooled.—Secrecy.—Witch-Finders.—Ecstasy.—"The Evil Eye" —Digging up Gods.—The God ot The Parents-In-Law.—Exorcising Gods. —Santhal Faries.—Gods that Reveal Themselves.—Ghosts.—Names Must not Be Mentioned.

"Witches are the great torment of the Santhals. It is through witches that neighbors become enemies, that the doors of relatives are closed, that father and son quarrel, that brothers fall out, that husband and wife separate, and that the people of the country kill each other. If there were no witches we should be very comfortably situated.

"The Europeans judge well in everything as far as they can see; but we are utterly unable to explain how they can be so deluded in regard to witches. The witches eat us, and if we catch them and worry them a little the judges turn the tables on us and put us into prison. We are in great distress, and what shall we do to improve our condition? We are at our wits' end.

"Even if we explain the matter thoroughly to the judges they do not believe us. They say: 'All right, we'll see. Let her eat my finger. Then I'll believe that she is a witch!' And off they carry you to prison.

"Witches do not eat with pot and knife, but by their sorcery they dispatch us to the other world."

Formerly the head-man checked them, and if they did not keep quiet, he, assisted by other officials, would chase them out of the village. But now-a-days the judges have made them brazen-faced, and we men are entirely powerless.

A man's word no longer has any weight. Woman is the supreme ruler in our age. Just make a slight objection to what she says and she will make a mouthful of you. For that reason you better submit and hold your tongue.

"The witches hold their meetings at night in some forest or glen. Upon leaving they place a worn-out broom or some similar object on the beds alongside their husbands, and the latter, taking the brooms to be their wives, have no idea that their wives are away playing with the gods.

"It is said that they do not walk on the ground, but climb some tree, from which they start off like the wind by means of their sorcery.

"They dance with the gods on their play-ground; summon tigers, which they carress and kiss; and assume control of the gods by making them swear that they will not manifest themselves when invoked by somebody. They continue this game until cock-crow, when they return home.

"The witches make numerous pupils, enticing

even young girls in order that somebody may continue the practice after they themselves are dead.

"They walk about at night with a light and, entering people's houses, wake up young girls to make pupils of them. If the girls will not consent they tell them: 'If you don't learn you must die, or tigers will eat you!' Thus the girls are scared into learning witchcraft.

"The witch, with a broom in her hand and a winnowing-fan under her arm, conducts her pupils to the sacred grove, where they sacrifice a fowl to the gods, prepare a meal and eat.

"The witches teach their pupils to caress tigers, and when they have taught them the customary incantations they order them, by way of a final examination, to eat their father or oldest brother. If the pupils refuse to do this the witches make them ill or mad.

"By means of a kind of grass they pick the liver and the lungs out of people, boil them and let their pupils eat them. This puts an end to the compassion of the pupils.

"If they become angry they will eat their own children, fathers and brothers, nay, they will devour even their own husbands.

"It is told that some witches were in the habit of waking two boys every day and taking them to the sacred grove to beat the drum.

"One day the witches removed the liver and the lungs of a boy, and, taking these and a jar of liquor and provisions and cooking utensils with them from the same house to the

sacred grove, they boiled the liver and the lungs and gave them to the boys to eat. But the boys concealed them in the folds of their clothes and only drank some liquor.

"Next morning the boy who had been deprived of his liver and lungs was seized with cramps, and people said he was doomed to die. When the two boys saw this they felt sorry for him and told his relatives to lay hold of such and such women, and the boy would get well. This was done, the wives of the head-man and his assistant and some other respectable women being summoned.

"The women made no confession but began to indulge in abusive language. Their husbands became furious and said to the boys: 'Prove their guilt or we'll make you suffer!'

"Then the boys untied their clothes before the eyes of all and produced what had been given them, saying: 'This will prove their guilt!' Now both the witches and their husbands were silenced.

"Then the pargana was sent for. He said: 'Bring me a battle-ax!' When one had been handed him he said to the witches: 'Cure him, or we'll cut you down! He will be the corpse, you the fire-wood.' The witches were thoroughly frightened and cured the boy. Witches who would not make their victims well again have often been slain.

"If the head-man's or his assistant's wife is a witch it is very difficult to prove it, her husband being unwilling to admit it.

"Long ago, they say, a medicine-man accused the wives of the head-man and his assistant of being witches, and they said to him: 'If you don't prove your charge your head will drop.' He answered: 'One day I'll demonstrate it before your eyes,' and they kept quiet.

"One evening the medicine-man took a bow and arrow with him and went to the sacred grove, where he climbed a tree and lay in wait. About ten o'clock the women whom he had suspected of witchcraft came and began to dance. Then one of them passed into a state of ecstasy, and they called for a tiger and whistled. Two tigers soon put in their appearance. While the women were caressing and kissing the tigers the man in the tree shot an arrow into the biggest tiger. The animal, supposing that the women had played him a trick, became furiously angry and killed all of the witches. Then the man knocked the remaining tiger over with an arrow and went home.

"Next morning the men missed their wives and went from house to house asking for them. When they came to the medicine-man he said that he had seen the women go to the sacred grove late in the evening. A search was made, and the dead and mutilated bodies of the women were found in the sacred grove, and two dead tigers close by. In a short while the neighbors were gathered, and the medicine-man told them everything. From that time onward we have believed in witches.

"Our fathers told us that the devil intended to teach

the men witchcraft, but that the women by means of treachery learnt the art first.

"One day, it is said, the men held a meeting to deliberate in regard to what was to be done to their scolding wives.

"They said: 'We are men; but how is it that our words carry no weight? If we say a word or two to the women they begin to vituperate us. We can endure this no longer.'

"They finally agreed to go to the devil and consult him. Maybe he knew of some magic by which they could subdue their recalcitrant wives.

"At midnight they assembled to have a talk with the devil, appealing to him in the following terms: 'Come here, grand-father! We are in great distress, and we have come to you for aid.'

"The devil soon appeared and asked them, 'What is the matter, my grand-children?'

"Then they told him about their troubles and entreated him to teach them some magic by which they might curb their women.

" 'All right,' said the devil, 'I'll show you what to do. But first you must write your names on these leaves with your own blood.'

"Upon hearing this they were so frightened that they said they would return the next day.

"But their wives had come secretly and had heard and seen everything without being detected themselves. And

the women said: 'This is the way our husbands are going to treat us, is it? Before we were married they followed us like dogs everywhere, and now that we are growing old they think we are too mean and ugly, and are thinking of killing us. Well, we shall see who are going to be in a position to do the killing.' Returning home by a short path, they made up their minds in regard to what was to be done.

"Upon returning home the men found their wives in such a sweet and amiable mood that they began to reason thus: 'Perhaps our wives have reformed so that we do not need to return and pledge ourselves to grand-father.'

"Next day the women were still kinder and lovelier. They gave their husbands the best food obtainable and in the evening plied them with liquor until they were dead drunk.

"Then the women assembled, donned their husbands' clothes, pasted goat-skin on the upper lip and set out to meet the devil in the forest. 'Come quickly, grand-father! Our wives worry us night and day!' they shouted.

"The devil appeared at once, and they said to him: 'Fetch your leaves and we will sign our marks, for we can no longer endure the torments caused by our wives'."

The devil produced his leaves, and all the women punctured themselves and wrote their husbands' marks on the leaves. The devil then taught them what to do and gave them full authority to eat people, and they returned home smiling.

"The men did not rise early the next morning. They turned this way and that way in bed and rubbed their eyes, and when they finally awoke they understood that the women had not become meek after all. The men assembled for consultation and agreed to return to the devil, and when he again appeared to them in the night they said: 'Teach us, O, father, for the women torment us abominably'.

"Being surprised at hearing this, the devil said: 'What? I have taught you already. What do you want this time?'

" 'Where and when did you teach us?' they all asked with one accord. 'We have not been here since that day'.

" 'Of course I have taught you. Come here and look at your marks.' When the men saw the marks they had to admit that the devil was right. But they had never written those marks. Some one else must have done it.

"Then the devil rested his head on his hand and pondered until he concluded that the women had deceived both himself and their husbands.

"Flying into a rage, the devil said: 'Well, put down your names quickly. We shall yet get even with those rascally women!'

"They made their marks and he taught them how to become medicine-men and witch-finders, thereby enabling them to detect witches and punish them. Since that time there has been enmity between the witches on the one hand and the medicine-men and the witch-finders on the other.

"But the medicine-men and the witch-finders cannot get the upper hand of the witches, for the latter can easily control the gods, making it difficult to detect the guilty parties. The witch-finder is often deceived and induced to prefer charges against innocent people.

"We have certainly learned to become medicine-men from Kamru. Long, long ago his country and ours were contiguous, so our forefathers told us.

"The medicine-men worship the gods by anointing a leaf with oil; they scatter rice, bite, or extract poison, dig up gods, exorcise gods and give people medicine.

"When a sick person cannot be cured by means of medicine a medicine-man is sent for to invoke the gods. He sits down and pours oil on two sal-leaves, which he rubs together, meanwhile repeating a certain charm. Then he puts the leaves down for a short while, and as he opens them he is asked what he sees.

"According to the accumulation of the oil on this or that part of the leaves he is supposed to be able to tell whether the sickness is caused by a witch or a house-god, what kind of sickness it is, what kind of poison the patient has taken etc.

"If the sickness is due to a witch the head-man and the other officials walk from house to house in the evening and shout: 'Look out! Such and such a person is sick; let him recover! We have detected you. If he does not get well again, so much the worse for you!'

"If the sick person recovers, well and good; but other-

wise the head-man sends out several men to divine with oil in different directions. In the evening they return and report on their work separately. If witches have been detected in three different directions, twigs are fixed in the ground to determine which is the guilty one.

"If the anointed leaf shows that the sickness is due to the house-god the patient is instructed to appease his god, and he promises to serve him faithfully if he recovers.

"If an outside god is implicated the medicine-man scatters rice to him and begs him to leave the place and stay where he belongs. In the same manner he passes from god to god through the whole series, entreating them to keep away from the house so the sick man may have a chance to get well.

"The medicine-man also collects roots and prepares medicines which he gives the sick person to drink, and if the sickness is due to poison he applies his mouth and sucks it out.

"If the sick person recovers the medicine-man receives some fowls for his trouble.

"If the medicine-man can neither find the witch nor in any manner cure the patient, a jan, or witch-finder, is sent for.

"The jans constitute the supreme court in regard to witches. Whomsoever they pronounce a witch can find no defender whether she is proven to be a witch or not. We are positively certain that they know it, for the devil has given them full authority in regard to witches. And we

test them too, as to whether they really are inspired by a god.

"When medicines cannot cure a sick person we let the medicine-man divine for him; then we stick twigs into the ground; and if that does not help either we send for a jan."

The head-man and two of the relatives of the sick person go to the witch-finder, taking five or six witnesses with them. They do not go directly to him but stop outside. Nor do they tell to a single soul from what village they are coming, what their names are or for what illness they want a remedy. On the contrary, they turn to the head-man of the village and say: "Let the teacher divine for us."

The head-man now takes them to the witch-finder and makes them produce the needful things for divination, namely, a leaf-cup, some sun-dried rice, oil, red paint etc.

The witch-finder tells them to return in so and so many hours. Meanwhile they go to their lodging without talking to anybody.

"At the appointed hour they return to the witch-finder, sit down in front of him and look at all the weird rites which he performs. Finally he begins to shiver and pronounce single words. He first gives the names of their country and of their village, then he tells how the village street lies and names the head-man, the sick person, his uncles, brothers, sisters, sons and daughters."

Then he asks them: "Well, gentlemen, are my state-

ments correct?" They answer: "Everything is correctly stated. We believe. Now explain to us."

The jan continues: "Deposit the fees, and I will tell you." They give him one rupee.

Having told them what the cause of the illness is, he advises them to consult seven other prophets, and if they tell a different story he will refund the money.

If a god is proven to be at the bottom of the illness the sick person must promise him a sacrifice; if witches, they are plagued and punished and chased out of the village.

"Now-a-days the jans are great cheats. They are not so reliable as the upright jans of former days. Formerly men did not learn to become jans, it came to them of itself. They did not use to tremble, but they got it through dreams at night or in visions in the day-time. Gods appeared to them and told them that so and so would come to them in such and such an errand, and they received their answers beforehand.

"Now-a-days there are no such jans. Most of them cheat and blackmail people only for the sake of money. Therefore they keep spies, and those who have no spies feel their way along as they prophesy. They give one-half of a name and look at their customers to see if they are on the right track, and if not they try over again.

"Jans who keep spies can easily find out everything. When such a jan makes a mistake he will say: 'Gentlemen, there is a secret hindrance which you must let us remove.' Then the jan instructs them to sacrifice to the gods, and

his spy performs the rites. The latter asks in whose name the sacrifice is to be made. They may safely tell the name, for he shall not go to the jan, and they let the officiating spy know everything. When he has finished the sacrifices he goes home and tells it to his wife. The latter gives the information to the jan's wife and she, of course, to her husband, completing a system of cheating."

I have already spoken of men who occasionally pass into a state of ecstasy. In case of sickness or pain we are also in the habit of having men become ecstatic so that they may consult the gods.

"When a man works himself into an ecstasy he begins to tremble, and the god speaks through his mouth."

Then we say to the god: "You see, our lord, that we have sickness in our house, and we do not know what we may have overlooked. Show us that, and also show us a way out of the whole difficulty, our lord and god."

Then the subject tells what god has taken possession of the sick person, and the people answer: "Now we know who you are. At the flower or harvest festival we will give you a generous sacrifice if you only will depart and take this illness and pain with you. Let him get quite well, so that he asks for food. But do not disappoint us." Then they ask the god to withdraw, and the man through whom he has spoken comes to his senses again.

Our fathers said that those who worked themselves into a real ecstasy became unconscious and could remember nothing of what took place. But those who become

ecstatic in our day remember everything. Perhaps they are like the modern cheats of jans. They now work themselves into an ecstasy to cheat people and to get good liquor.

One man said that when he worked himself up he was aware of everything that occurred and that by such deceit he often obtained good liquor. He said: "If I do not get fine liquor at a festival I always devise some scheme to make people give me some anyway. I say to myself that I will pose as the dead head-man, and I fall into a trance.

"When people ask me who I am, I answer, 'The dead chief.' Then they take me to their houses, bathe my feet in a brass bowl, place me on a chair and give me a bowl of their best liquor. When I have had a bowl or two of liquor I come to again. In this way I have cheated the people out of liquor in many villages. At the harvest festival I would watch them closely to see whether they made any omission, and some time afterwards I would appear among them as one possessed of a god and would tell them that I was the dead chief who had come to remind them of their negligence. Then they would entreat me not to do them any harm. It was their fault, and they wished me to make it right for them. They would finally give me an extra bowl of liquor."

This man now lives in Benagaria and is well known to everybody.

The "evil eye" is one of our afflictions. Women cast an evil eye from envy and spite. When they see some one

getting along very well they say: "Nothing happens to so and so. They always get fine crops and never have any trouble."

These words of theirs stick, and the people spoken of get sick, their cattle die, and they get lots of trouble.

On this account we Santhals, however sagacious we may be, and however skilful we may be in our work, do not work too hard. We will rather put up with poverty than be a mark for the evil eye.

It is also dangerous to let such a woman see you while you are eating; for afterwards you will either vomit or have copious diarrhoea.

Sometimes the witches place gods in our houses or in our stables to the end that the inmates may die.

In such a case we fetch a medicine-man from elsewhere, one who knows about digging up gods — some medicine-men have not learnt this art.

The medicine-man first awaits a revelation to find out where the god is buried, and when this has been ascertained he proceeds to dig him up.

We have seen a god dug up in this way. Deposited gods are of two kinds. One is a white stone wrapped up in hair, the other is an empty silk-worm's cocoon filled with all kinds of cultivated crop seeds and a white stone covered with red paint.

The sick person sometimes gets better, sometimes worse when the god has been dug up.

When a god is to be dug up it is necessary to sacrifice a ram, a pig, a goat, five fowls and a pair of pigeons.

The fee of the medicine-man is one rupee and four annas, and if the patient recovers completely before the end of the year the medicine-man receives five rupees and a pair of trousers.

When the god of the wife's parents follows her to her husband's house the people in that house will take sick and die unless he is sent back. The son-in-law must return not only everything that he received from his wife's house, but he must also take sacrifices to the house of his father-in-law when he brings the god back.

When these gods are exasperated they become terribly bloodthirsty. Therefore the Santhals sacrifice to them purely from fear, or they send them back to their parents-in-law.

To exorcise gods requires many things, otherwise the gods will not stir. It is occasionally found necessary to exorcise wealth-giving gods.

These gods make their worshippers very wealthy. But if they are in an ugly mood they kill right and left, and so people must exorcise them to save themselves.

When medicine-men or witch-finders have proved that a wealth-giving god has begun to do injury the necessary things are collected, namely: A piece of silk cloth, a small box of red paint, a tassel, an iron hairpin, a flat basket, an iron bar, five chairs, five nails, a pair of wooden shoes, a wooden footstool, a bundle of straw of every kind

of grain cultivated, five rupees, two cows, a pig, a goat, a ram and five fowls. A bell is hung on the ram. All these things and more must be at hand.

When these objects have been collected the medicine-man is sent for. He procures a man who works himself into an ecstasy and impersonates the god.

Then the medicine-man says to him: "Well, my lord, your master is tired of serving you, and he will keep you no longer. What have you to say?"

Then the god gives a grunt and says: "If he does not want me I'll go. Let him give me what belongs to me."

Then the above mentioned objects are placed before him, and the medicine-man says: "There is your property. Are you satisfied?"

"Satisfied," he answers.

Then he enters the cow-shed and points out two cows, and when he returns he is asked whether he has received everything.

"Everything," he answers.

Then the sliding-bars of the gate are opened, and the two cows walk out. The cows are afterwards tied together with a rope.

The impersonator now becomes himself again. The two cows are allowed to go wherever they please, and the people follow them, carrying with them the many things belonging to the god.

Wherever the cows stop and lie down, there the sacrifices are made. The head of the ram is nailed to a tree

but the meat is eaten. The other things are abandoned there, and if any one touches them the wealth-giving god will follow him.

The man who chased away his god will be reduced to poverty before the end of the year. His cows and oxen will perish, and his crops will take unto themselves wings and fly away. He and his will be reduced to beggary. There have been eye-witnesses to this. Unrighteous wealth will not stay long.

The Santhals are very much afraid of being spirited away by the gods. They both carry off people and make things vanish.

There are girl goddesses that spirit away Santhal boys. Some of them live in the water, others in caves in the hills. They are said to be very fond of Santhal boys, hence they carry them off to make them their husbands. Both in the water and in the hills they live in royal palaces. They give the boys delicious food, but if the boys bring any of it back to this world it is immediately turned into earth.

In olden days Santhal boys had children by these goddesses. Such a girl goddess once ran into the house of a Santhal boy, that is, she compelled him to marry her. They lived together a long time and had children. When she ran in to him, she said: "If we should ever quarrel you may beat me with anything, but take care never to kick me." When they had had two or three children the girl goddess was suckling her baby at the door of the cow-shed while the boy was milking a cow. Somehow she let the

baby scream, and the boy became angry and kicked her. On that very day she disappeared, and all efforts on the part of the boy to induce her to return to this world were in vain.

Girl goddesses who marry Santhal boys will do all kinds of work except carrying cow-dung from the stable; nor will they eat salt.

Many boys who were spirited away by girl goddesses have returned both from the water and from the caves in the hills. Some of them are still living.

The girl goddesses are said to have their feet turned the wrong way, the toes pointing backward.

We have seen gods appear in tangible form. But if one keeps on staring at them they gradually fade away. You cannot touch them with your hands as in the case of other gods. But they can speak. When some one has done anything amiss the gods appear and tell him that he must make amends, otherwise he will fare ill.

We believe in ghosts and goblins and many other things.

We believe, for instance, that husband and wife must not call each other by their names, for if they do their children will be deaf.

It is said that married couples and their older brothers-in-law and sisters-in-law must not mention the name of each other, or else their dead bodies will not burn when placed on the funeral pyre.

Husband and wife never pronounce each other's name; they call each other father or mother of such and such a child if they have any.

THIRTY-THIRD CHAPTER.

Death.—Burning of The Dead.—The Bones —Comfort the Survivors —Purification.—The Sacred River.—Final Obsequies.—The other World.

When some one dies our women weep very much. They wail and moan and beat their breasts and dash their foreheads against the ground.

When the mother dies they cry: "Alas! alas! my milk-tree has fallen! Where shall I go to see my milk-tree again? Alas! alas! she covered us with her wings as a hen her chickens. But to-day, mother, you have shaken the dust off your feet like the hen and forsaken us, your chickens. Alas! alas! when we had been away and returned home again, our mother would sit in the doorway to meet us and caress us like canary birds."

When the father dies they cry in like manner: "Alas! alas! the author of our being has forsaken us to-day. In what direction am I to go to see the form of the author of my being again?"

When a husband dies his widow will say: "Alas! alas! my bread-winner has been wafted away! Where shall I go to see the form of my bread-winner again?

Alas! alas! for my pigeon mate! Our pigeon pair has been broken up! Where shall I go to see my pigeon mate again?"

When a child dies, its mother cries: "Alas! alas! my parrot has flown away! In what direction shall I go to see the form of my parrot again?"

In all possible ways they manifest their hearts' sorrow. Nothing has been learnt by heart. Everything is governed by the impulse of the moment, and they give vent to their feelings in songs of lamentation.

When a person dies his body is cremated on the same day.

The death is reported to the head-man, and he instructs the village messenger to ask the people to convene at the house of the deceased.

The women of that house grind saffron and fry cotton-seed and rice.

They catch a fowl, apply fire to a piece of straw rope, pull out some thatching-grass from the eaves of the house and then arrange the fried cotton-seed and the rice and the grass and the fowl on an old winnowing-fan. On the bed of the deceased they place his different belongings, namely, clothes, a brass cup, money, a battle-ax, a sword, bow and arrow, a stick, a flute, in short, all his instruments.

Thereupon four men enter the house, raise the bed with the corpse and the objects mentioned above and

carry it to the parting of the roads at the end of the village street, where they let the bed stand for a while.

Now the women anoint the body of the deceased with oil and saffron, make a red streak on its forehead and drop a hand-full of the fried cotton-seed and rice at each of the four legs of the bedstead.

The medicine-man exorcises the dead man with the fowl; the women return home; and the men carry the corpse to the place of cremation, which is located on the bank of a river or a pond.

A pyre is made out of wood, and the next of kin wash the feet and hands and face of the deceased and pour a little water into his mouth. The corpse is carried three times around the pyre and deposited thereon, the head pointing to the south, and all the clothes and instruments that were placed on his bed are removed.

The medicine-man exorcises with the fowl three times around the pyre and finally nails it to one of the posts of the pyre.

The next of kin performs a lot of ceremonies, and a piece of fire-wood is thrown upon the pyre by each of the relatives, and afterwards by each of the villagers.

Then they say: "There! now each of us has given you a piece of fire-wood. Do not keep us long, but be off like the wind!"

Then fire is applied to the pyre all around, and the men withdraw and sit down together a little distance off.

While the body is burning one man shaves them all,

and when he has finished this task water is poured on the pyre until the fire is extinguished.

The next of kin gathers the bones, washes them and puts them into an earthen jar.

Now-a-days we are so far from the sacred river, and we only put three pieces of the skull and the collar bone into a small earthen vessel. A hole is made through the cover of the vessel for the dead man to breathe, and a piece of a certain grass is put into this hole so that the dead man may climb in and out thereby.

The other bones, the ashes and the charcoal are thrown into the water , and those engaged in this sing a certain song during the operation.

The winnowing-fan is placed upside down in the middle of the place where the corpse was burnt. A man mixes cow-dung with water in a brass bowl and sprinkles the place with it, and on top of this is scattered whatever remains of the cotton-seed and the fried rice.

The earthen vessel containing the bones of the deceased is buried near the end of the village street.

Then they all go to the water to bathe, and when this is done they again convene outside the village.

They sell all the things that were sent with the dead man and buy a sheep or goat, which they kill and eat; but the people of the house where the death occurred do not partake of this meal.

In the evening the old men of the village go to the house where the death took place, to comfort the relatives

of the deceased, saying: Do not keep on mourning. He is gone, and it is well with him. We too shall go some day. By constant weeping the body will suffer, There are the land-lords, the money-brokers, your friends and relatives, your own body and soul. As long as we live we must have something to eat and drink. Go on with your work, for if you go on weeping all day long it will be like blows from a stick on the head of the departed one. Let them tell him in the other world: "Dance, my good fellow, they are singing to you! Do not grieve beyond measure, or you will make life a burden to him too."

Five days after the funeral a purification takes place.

The people of the house make three rice cakes, and the people of the village take a bath. They take with them some grayish clay, oil-cake, oil, three tooth-brushes and three or four leaves. The women go to a different spot.

At the bathing-place the men divide the clay and the oil-cake among the three leaves and put a tooth-brush on each.

Then they sacrifice to the gods, saying: "Here, departed one! to-day we are bathing and anointing ourselves with clay for purification. Do thou likewise!"

They also sacrifice to the first man and woman, using the same formula and adding: "Take the deceased under your protection, and do not leave him out in the cold!"

Finally they sacrifice to the devil, entreating him too to protect the departed.

Afterwards the villagers assemble at the house of the deceased to invoke him.

Three men work themselves into an ecstasy, one of them impersonating the deceased and the others his dead father and the devil.

When the men are under the spell the villagers ask them: "Well, our lords, tell us who you are, and then we shall know what gods to worship."

One of the men grunts that he is the father of the deceased, the other that he is the devil. The third man does not answer. Then they sprinkle water on him, wash his face and slap him on the back until he begins to grunt. They now ask him: "Well, our lord, tell us who you are who have come to us."

"It is I who was dead and gone," he answers.

The people place rice before the three gods and say to them: Here, our lords, is some rice. Now consult and declare the matter to us who are without eyes and ears."

Having deliberated among themselves, they put away the rice and, upon being asked, the deceased answers: "I was tired of life;" or, if witches devoured him he says: "There was no room for me in people's eyes, and so I went away."

"Do you want water?"

"Yes, I do." Now every person in the village must give him water, and they give all the gods liquor.

Then they say to the deceased: "Well, we will take you to the sacred river. Let no misfortune fefall us."

"Very well," he answers. "Nothing will interfere. You will go like the wind and come like the wind."

The men come to again.

A bag is made out of the clothes of the deceased, and into this are put a package of rolled rice, two pounds of ordinary rice and three cakes. These things are taken to the end of the street. The women bring out water and saffron.

Three men go to fetch the preserved bones. When they have dug them up they set fire to the site of the grave and shout: "The old hut is burning, hurrah!"

They cut down and bring with them three short wooden sticks, which they tie together and on which they place the earthen vessel containing the bones. The bones are taken out, and the women pour pure water, saffron water and milk on them. The people step back, and the next of kin puts the bones into the bag.

The earthen vessel is smashed, and the three men carry the bones beyond the boundary of the village. The other men bathe and go to the house of the deceased to drink liquor.

In the evening a series of rites is performed with the feet and wings of a fowl which is finally cooked and eaten. At the parting of the roads an imitation house is built, into which they throw one leg and one wing of the fowl, and to which they finally set fire, shouting, "The old hut is burning, hurrah!"

The three men bring the bones back from the village

limits and place them in a new earthen vessel which they put aside.

Those who live near the sacred river bring the bones there on the day when the body is cremated. Some take the bones there after a month, others after five months, and those who live far away carry them there after two or three years.

People from two or three villages go together when they carry the bones of the dead to the sacred river.

Having arrived at the river, the next of kin takes the bones in his hand, wades out into deep water and, facing the rising sun, dives and drops the bones, which are carried away by the current. Then he returns to the shore and changes clothes.

Having sacrificed to the gods, he invokes the deceased, saying: "Greeting, dead and departed one! Now you see I have carried you to the sacred river. I have anointed myself with clay and have bathed. Now I wish you to do likewise."

Then he sacrifices to Adam and Eve and to the father of the deceased, who are entreated to take the deceased under their protection in the future.

The party, upon returning to the village, first go to the house of the deceased to drink liquor before they part and go to their several homes.

The final obsequies yet remain. The object of these is to expiate all shortcomings of the deceased.

On the appointed day the relatives of the deceased and

the villagers assemble and bathe, and in the evening they invoke their forefathers and the devil, who are impersonated in the usual way.

They say to the impersonators: "Now, our lords, today we are going to give to the deceased what belongs to him. Do you, his father, and do you, devil, listen?"

"Very well," they reply.

The dead man is spoken to thus: "Well, then, to-day we give you your share. Be glad and accept it!"

"Very well!"

Water and liquor are now given to the impersonators, and they come to again.

In the court-yard a twig of a sal-tree is stuck into the ground, and the ground around this is smeared with cow-dung. A plate of rice is placed on the ground, and an animal whose ear was cut before the trip was made to the sacred river, is sacrificed.

The deceased is addressed thus: "Take this, which is your share! Rejoice in it, and be great, my lord and god!" All the relatives and villagers sacrifice animals which they have brought with them. On this occasion the sacrifices are all made to the deceased, but libations of liquor are made to his father and the devil.

Of the animal first killed, a shoulder piece, the head, the liver and the lungs are cut out and taken to the owner of the house. A jar of liquor, some rice, saffron, salt, tobacco, sal-leaves, wooden sticks and water and an iron spoon are taken to the court-yard. The owner of the

house takes the shoulder-piece, the leading villagers being seated around him, and now they narrate the whole story about the countries in which their forefathers lived and about their institutions. They close by repeating a long rigmarole to the effect that they are prosperous under their new chief, that the departure of the deceased was due to no fault of his, that though they were black as ravens he has made them white as rice etc.

The owner of the house makes a stew of the head, liver and lungs of the animal first killed and sacrifices it to the deceased, saying: "Greeting, So and So! We offer you this miserable food, but we entreat you to accept it willingly and cheerfully! We too shall eat; let no misfortune arise, our lord and god!"

They repeat the same formula to every one of the forefathers that they remember.

A big meal is prepared from the animals and the rice, and big and little partake of the meal and go to sleep.

Next morning the relatives are sent away. They take the above mentioned shoulder-piece with them. If the parents-in-law attend the obsequies they receive the body of a goat, some rice, liquor, salt and oil.

After the departure of the relatives, the head-man and the leading villagers are summoned. Liquor is given to them. The barber receives the neck of the animal first killed, some rice, saffron, liquor, salt and tobacco.

It is believed that the animals killed at such obsequies

go to the deceased, who in the other world drives them before him wherever he goes.

Our old forefathers said: "God has sent us to this world, and he has himself appointed us our measure. When that measure is filled he takes us to the other world. Then he judges over our good and bad deeds and gives us a place accordingly. Good people get a good place there, and bad ones a bad place. Gods and demons have no authority over good people, but those who were bad they afflict terribly.

"When I was in the Pandra country, in the village of Asonlea, I fell. ill and was dead for three days. The two old men, Budhan and Jugia, of the village of Chitragaria (close to Ebenezer) were in said village at that time, and they know about it.

"After dying I went to the other world, to the bad place. There was a great big entrance to the prison, and when I had entered the door was shut. I saw a tremendous house, as big as a whole country.

"I saw different places of torment. I saw a canal like a big ditch, which was full of fire, and an innumerable multitude of people were thrown into that canal of fire. They tried to scramble out of it, but the devil poked them back again with a fish-spear, whereby their affliction was increased.

"Just then the door was opened, and a new man was taken in. Good heavens! I saw a thin thread stretching away from my body to the outside! I took hold of that

thread and, going hand over hand under their legs,I passed out. I escaped! I ran as fast as I could and returned to the world. I was saved!"

People say that whatever sin a person has been addicted to in this world he tries hard to commit in the next world, but fails to do it, thereby increasing his torments.

Those who in this world are very greedy for meat must, it is claimed, carry offensively smelling meat on their heads the whole day without being able to eat any of it.

Those who do not pay their debts in this world are dunned for them in the other world, and as they have nothing wherewith to pay, their creditors flay the skin off their backs and rub salt in the fresh wounds. When the wounds are healed this process is repeated.

THIRTY-FOURTH CHAPTER.

The Rebellion.—In The Clutches of Money-Lenders.—All Kinds of Rumors.—Breaking Out of the Rebellion.—Leaders Delivered to The Enemy.—Suffering and Hardships.—Under European Supremacy.

Driven by poverty and by the Bengalis, who never seized plaguing us, we crossed the Adjae river and gradually spread over the hilly country to the north and east until we reached the Ganges in that direction.

At that time the whole country was timbered; but there was a sparse population of Bhunjas (a certain Hindu caste) and Mal Paharias (hill-men). These were the lords of the soil. They allowed us to settle in peace, and collected only a small rent from us. We suffered no distress under them.

But by degrees the Bengalis came into the country as traders and finally settled down as money-lenders. Our landlords also borrowed money from them, taking money and clothes and mortgaging their land in return. In this manner the country passed into the hands of the money-lenders, and the real owners became as poor as ourselves.

We cleared the country at our own expense and made the ground tillable. To accomplish this we borrowed

money from the money-brokers, who afterwards raised the land-rent. They give us little but take much in return. In the fall they carry away all our crops, and we use our time in running still deeper into debt. No matter how much we pay, there is always some debt left. If the year's crops do not suffice they drive our cattle off; and if even that does not satisfy them they compel us and our women and children to work as slaves for them, receiving as pay only a handful of grain. There were no magistrates in those days. To whom should we complain?

Afterwards the Bengali police arrived among us. But they, having been bribed by their countrymen, simply dismissed our suits. Our distress was great. The whole country was harassed.

Then all kinds of rumors were set afloat. The first one was to the effect that enormous serpents would come and swallow the people.

To avert this danger the people of five villages would purify themselves and walk about to five other villages in the course of the night.

One man from each house in five villages came to our village. They danced about to the beating of drums in front of the head-man's house. They had tied cow-bells to their wrists, making a tremendous noise when they moved their bodies.

The people of the five villages assembled at one place and made sacrifices to a god in the name of the great serpent.

Then we in like manner went about to five villages, repeating the same racket.

Coming home we men threw away the dung from the cow-sheds, a task which belongs to the women.

During our absence our women did not put their feet on the ground. They placed some cow-dung near the bed and rested their feet on this while they suckled their babies.

Afterwards word was sent around that every two women who had an equal number of children should exchange flowers in token of intimate friendship. They should also give each other a cloth and eat and drink together.

I do not know the reason for this. But I fancy that the aim of it was to unite the people in mutual friendship and confidence in case of a rebellion or war.

According to another rumor a female buffalo was coming. If she found grass in front of the door of a house she would graze on it, lie down and not get up again until every soul in that house was dead. For fear of this the people throughout the whole country exterminated every vestige of grass from the village streets.

At another time a leader was said to have been born of a virgin in the Lago Fort, east of Hazaribagh, and every one had to go there to hunt. Some men obeyed the order, going to the fort, where they saw the leader and hunted in company with him. They killed a large number of

animals, which were distributed among many thousand people, and the leader paid all the expenses.

Once we were told that all the Bengalis would be killed, and we received the following instructions: "Hang up a bullock hide and a pair of flutes at the end of the village street, so that they may know that you are Santhals, otherwise they will cut off your heads too."

Then a leader arose in the village of Bhognadi in the Por country, and people began to go there. They found him sitting within an enclosure, and sacrificed to him as though he had been a god. His name was Sido.

A police official of the magistrates came and said to him: "By what authority are you doing this? Show me your pass!"

Sido answered, "This is my pass!" and he cut the official down with a knife that looked like a pruning-hook.

Then the rebellion began. As soon as it was known that the police official had been killed, soldiers arrived on the scene. They fought against Sido, his brother Kanhu and the country people at Kochpara, where the market is held. The soldiers were defeated, and this increased the courage of Sido, Kanhu and their adherents.

The two brothers issued the following order: "Let us kill all the land-owners and money-lenders and chase all the other Bengalis across the Ganges, and the kingdom shall be ours." The people became maddened, and many leaders arose.

The soldiers were again defeated in battles at Pakour and Moheshpur.

After that Mani, pargana of Jamolpani, and Ram, headman of Baromasia, Nankar, became leaders, and Naranpur and Molhati, two large Bengali villages, were looted.

The village of Gunpura was plundered under another leader; but here the Santhals were defeated.

In a battle at Nangolia many Santhals were slain.

At Lauboria, on the other side of the More river, many soldiers and a European gentleman were killed, and the Santhals were shot down like sheep.

Being unable to cope with the enemy, the Santhals ran to the Saptola forest, where they remained about two months and where they, driven by hunger, began to plunder each other.

Then the Europeans surrounded us and chased us like so many rabbits into the villages of Sikarpur and Ramkhuri.

Having kept us in captivity about one month, the Europeans said to us: "Why should you suffer? Tell us who your ring-leaders are, and we will let you go at once."

Then the people told who their leaders were. The Europeans captured them, hanged some of them on the spot and transported others.

The lieutenant governor came and "pacified" us, the common people, and we returned to our villages.

We underwent great sufferings during the rebellion. From June to September we lived under trees in the hills.

It rained in torrents, and we almost starved to death on account of the treacheries of our leaders.

During the rebellion many of us lost our cattle, and when we returned to our villages we had to endure many hardships and privations. We had neither draft-cattle nor food, and the Bengalis ridiculed us in a most irritating way. We again fell into the hands of the money-lenders.

Some persons, by appropriating to themselves the cows and buffaloes of others, became rich by foul means during the rebellion.

After the rebellion Europeans have come to Santhalistan. Our first magistrate tried our cases free of charge; but now-a-days litigation is very expensive.

The clerks charge one or two rupees, and the pleaders take earnest money in advance. Stamped paper is required, and the court underlings turn you down if you don't give them something, and nothing is decided until you have been worried and compelled to go back and forth three or four times.

All these things are a source of trouble and distress to us.

In other respects the Europeans are fair and just in their rulings.

THIRTY-FIFTH CHAPTER.

Something for Mr. Skrefsrud.—Tallies with the Bible.—Good Connecting Points.—The Devil Supreme.—Difficult Position of Witches.—Foes.—European Jurisprudence.—A Suffering, Friendless People.—Mr. Skrefsrud Narrates.

There you have what the old heathen had to tell. As I have said before, it is only an extract. I did not dare to take any more for fear of tiring the reader.

Imagine a missionary, one who had come to instruct these people and make them realize their deplorable condition, to show them the way out of the darkness and make them acquainted with Him who is the healing af the nations —imagine such a man sitting at the feet of a heathen and receiving information on all the subjects which have been but briefly touched upon in the previous chapters!

Objections would of course have been out of place. The missionary was a pupil, and as such he had nothing to do but to listen and carefully write down whatever was dictated to him. He had previously made up his mind to take everything as it was given to him, postponing to a later date the task of planning his assault upon the lurid darkness and the abyss of errors with which he expected to become better acquainted. For it stands to reason that

he did not expect to find any good in paganism. But we, having read the previous chapters, can easily realize how profitable this instruction was to the missionary.

Those who know Mr. Skrefsrud can understand what this meant to him. I imagine that I see him listening with intense eagerness to catch every word from the mouth of the old sage. I imagine that I see new ideas rising in his mind in opposition to preconceived notions, compelling him, almost from the start, to realize that it would not do to hunt for weak points, but on the contrary to connect his missionary work with whatever the people had preserved of the testimony of God in their traditions and life.

For is there not a striking similarity between old Kolean's account of the origin and infancy of the human race and that given in the Bible? Both the fall of man and the deluge are there, and even an allusion to the confusion of Babel is made.

It must be admitted that there are discrepancies, which at times are laughable, as, for instance, the story about the earth-worm which consumed earth in the water and carried it up and deposited it on the back of a turtle.

What is to be said about the account of the fall of man? The Santhals seem to know the origin of liquor. It was Lita who taught them to prepare it, and for that reason a Santhal does not think of defending liquor as a "divine gift, which must be used moderately." But after all, this Santhal heresy may not seem so very preposterous to

some adherents to the cult of total abstinence, to which the writer takes a certain pride in belonging.

There is a great deal of nonsense, interspersed with streaks of more or less genuine ingenuity; but it must be admitted that the account of the beginning of things as given by the Santhals is derived from the same source as the one with which we are most familiar.

Considering that the Santhals were in India long before the Dravidians and the Aryans came there, and that they had no intercourse with the Jewish people or the descendants of Abraham, being therefore unacquainted with Moses and his account, it is evident that the oral traditions of the Santhals must strengthen the conviction of a believer in the Bible; but to the missionary, the Santhal genesis was especially valuable as an ancient connecting point for his work.

The patriarchal institutions of the Santhals and their distribution into twelve tribes are remarkable. The solicitude with which they guard these institutions and their dread of incest, deserve our admiration and afford the best of connecting points for evangelical work among them.

One of the characteristic features of the religion of the Santhals is, that they make the devil their chief god and devote the greatest attention to him in order that he, in return, shall not treat them too harshly.

They know only too well that there is a God who is the origin of things and who is just and good. But they are not acquainted with him, nor do they seem to be over-

anxious to become acquainted with him. Far back in the days of their forefathers they ceased paying attention to him, and as the evil and capricious gods kept on growing in importance he was gradually forgotten. They knew that he was essentially good, therefore they were not afraid of him and simply permitted him to drop out of their minds.

The evil spirits are treated differently. They were a constant source of trouble. They never left the people in perfect safety. They were numerous too. Some god might take offense at any time and cause disaster to man or beast, field or meadow. Therefore sacrifices must be made to them, and the more malicious and dangerous they were the more liberal were the offerings given to them.

The Santhals hated the gods. But the gods are spirits. They cannot be beaten with clubs and stakes. Their caprices must be endured.

But the witches were punished the more severely, for they were the accomplices of the gods.

Misfortunes, disease and death are naturally the work of evil spirits; but malicious women were often looked upon as the tools without which the gods could not accomplish their purposes.

It took both time and labor to ferret out the guilty woman; but when she was detected her punishment was generally both sure and swift. No one thought of imploring her to be good or to pay her to avert a calamity.

Oh, no, she could be reached and handled by the men, and she had to be whipped.

Old Kolean at times says words of precious wisdom. But when he comes to the witches he becomes utterly childish. To him witches are as real as is Maran Buru, and he is unable to comprehend why the Europeans, of whose judgment in general he has not a very high opinion, cannot realize that the witches are the greatest curse of the Santhal people. In bygone days the infernal women folks were somewhat curbed; but now that the Europeans have sided with them, things are going from bad to worse.

The Hindus and the Mohammedans have always been hostile to the Santhals. They have always been superior to them, they have crowded them out and persecuted them from one country to another. Merchants, money-lenders and liquor-sellers have by their extortions driven the poor people to the verge of despair; and when the Santhals rose like one man to put an end to the injustice and to throw off the yoke of oppression the white man supported the enemy and assisted in making injustice victorious.

In former days people could be just to each other. But now the morals are corrupted, and many people refuse to have their lawsuits settled according to the laws of their forefathers, preferring to have the Europeans apply their preposterous laws and to judge between Santhal and Santhal. And if a Santhal appeals to a European judge for vindication of his rights as against a Hindu or Mohammedan, the judge will only add insult to injury.

A sad song of lamentation this is indeed!

There are misconceptions and mistakes. But one receives the overwhelming impression that this is a suffering people, a people that needs sympathy and help. Worried by the gods, worried by the witches—or rather by their belief in witchcraft—by the usurers, the merchants, the liquor-sellers, the Hindus, the Mohammedans and finally by the Europeans!

What should the missionary do? Preach?

What? Preach to a hungry stomach? Preach to a man with a broken leg? Stand preaching over a man who has fallen among thieves, who is bruised and beaten and stripped of everything?

There are indeed people who carry on missionary work in this way; but the fruits are in keeping with the work. There is zeal without wisdom. But there is also zeal without a heart. And both are equally out of place.

The disposition of the missionary will dictate his methods in dealing with such a distressed people.

Is not the account of the old sage like a mighty cry from the depth of the soul of an oppressed people? The gods are the enemies of the people. The Hindus and the Mohammedans who surround them on all sides would devour them alive if they only could, and the Europeans are but little better. Everything seems to be against the Santhals. They have no friends who can help them.

No friends! Every stranger was looked upon as a new enemy by this people until his deeds had proven him to

be a friend and had won their confidence. In this case a missionary would understand that all talk was useless until he had demonstrated that the people's distress was his distress. But if his heart is in the right place he will unerringly and unhesitatingly follow the example of the good Samaritan, endeavoring to relieve suffering where the distress is most urgent.

This method was chosen by Messrs. Boerresen and Skrefsrud.

Single-handed these two men came to Santhalistan. They were backed by no individual society, no denomination. They were poor in the wealth of this world; but rich in faith and warmed with the love of God.

Mr. Skrefsrud gives the following account of his early work: "We commenced our work in an arbor, which we had built with our own hands. The Santhals visited us there. They were not afraid to enter an arbor, while they would not have dared to enter a palace or a large, splendid European house. We went out among them and joined their hunting parties, and at times we had an audience of ten thousand people. We went with them when they were at work, when they baptized and confirmed their children according to pagan rites, and when they celebrated their holidays and worshipped their gods. We accompanied them to their sages, where traditions and poems were recited. We mingled with the people in all walks of life, often sitting down on the floor in tailor-fashion. We ate black rice together with them, using our fingers for spoons,

and slept in their cow-sheds. Hunger and weariness made us sleep well there. We associated with them as though we had been one of them, and thus we became familiar with their way of thinking and their character. We detected their weak as well as their strong points and learned what ought to be encouraged and what ought to be combatted in their lives.

"We removed their prejudices against us by associating with them. They soon found that we were different from other strangers, that we had not come to sponge on them, but were their friends, and prejudice gave way to confidence. We came to them as poor people to poor people, as sufferers to sufferers. Whenever we could show them a favor we did so, and we grew together until we felt like brothers. They realized that our friendship was earnest and honest.

"We received no aid, we had no backing. But both Mr. Boerresen and myself felt that the Lord had called us to Santhalistan, and we were perfectly indifferent as to our own lives. We were not at all concerned about the hardships that we might have to undergo. But we promised our Lord on our knees that we would either conquer in his name or die in his name in our effort to make disciples of Jesus of the Santhals.

"For a long time we actually ate only black rice and curry, rarely tasting anything else. But this did not worry us, and it contributed to make us strong and hardy. When one feels that there is no human help to fall back upon he

is permitted to fall on his knees. We came to that pass, and there we are yet. I have read much in my life, but I have been permitted to pray still more, and I am sure that my prayers have done more for the missions than what I have read, though the latter has ben valuable."

In another lecture Mr. Skrefsrud says: "At first we relieved their distress. We were able to go to the English government in Calcutta and testify that the Santhals were greatly wronged by the landowners and money-lenders. The English government investigated the matter and found that we had told the truth. By a single stroke of the pen the whole of Santhalistan was taken away from these landowners and placed directly under the government. The country was surveyed and a price was fixed on every parcel of land.

"The usurers were doomed to a similar fate, a limit being put to the rate of interest which the Santhals were to pay.

"The reader can easily imagine how bitterly the usurers and the landlords now began to fight us. They often attempted to inflict bodily injury upon us because we succeeded in saving the Santhals from their talons.

"But what impression did this make upon the Santhals? How often the Santhals told me that soldiers had been sent out to take my life! But they would add: 'We will surround you, we will constitute a wall around you and shed our last drop of blood for you!' They talked this way even before they became Christians. At a great

gathering which was attended by four hundred head-men they gave away their most precious right: They invited me to dine with them contrary to the rule that this honor shall be reserved exclusively to members of their caste. They did this out of gratitude to us for having proven ourselves to be their friends in this hour of distress.

"The Lord gave us a great victory by removing all outward obstacles from the way of those who wished to become Christians. This was the first ray of light in Santhalistan, and how grateful we were!

"Having been able to assist them in this manner, we were in a position to tell them with still greater emphasis about a still worse usurer and landlord, about the arch-fiend from the beginning, how he had robbed their hearts of peace and driven them from one abomination to another. We told them about God who loves them and about a Savior who has given his life for them, told them that the darkness of sin was the worst of all darkness, and that their sufferings from this cause were infinitely worse than all other sufferings.

"Upon first hearing of this the heathen could not imagine how it was possible. But they already knew that we were their friends, our deeds having demonstrated that we only wanted to live and die for and amongst them.

"I wish you could have seen these poor heathen when they heard that there was One who was willing to help them in their distress. The tears poured down their cheeks, and they began to ask how it was possible that

God would send his Son to die for them and still ask for nothing in return but their hearts.

"Gradually the pagan darkness was dispelled, light was kindled in their wretched hearts. And when they heard that they might lean their heads up against the Savior's bosom, their eyes sparkled, their faces seemed transfigured."

THIRTY-SIXTH CHAPTER.

Chandray.—Against Rats and Dogs.—A Swindler Caught.—Slow Work.—Butter-Making.—An Odd Watchman.—Impudent Crows.—Medical Treatment.—Mr. Boerresen as a Physician.—A Poor Selection.—Nimai.

Chandray, poor fellow! He is still a heathen. But he is a faithful servant. He has been with me for two months.

Barefooted, noiselessly as a spirit he steals into my room before daybreak to put my clothes in order and to arrange everything in the bathing-room. Noiselessly he departs again, closing the door, or window, or whatever I shall call it, and he remains waiting outside until breakfast is ready. Then he turns up again.

If I take a walk I see Chandray following me in the distance, and if I have forgotten to take Mr. Skrefsrud's big sun-hat, he will come with it in his hand as punctually as a clock-work and make me understand that I am a silly baby, not knowing that the Indian sun will pierce through my American felt hat and kill me in five minutes, and if I sit down on a stone he starts a fearful racket.

If I write down what I think he says and take it to Mr. Skrefsrud to have him interpret it I occasion a thun-

der-storm of hilarity, partly because I have misspelt the words, partly because Chandray has managed to use spicy terms.

It was Mr. Skrefsrud that selected this servant for me. He wanted to confer upon me the honor of hiring a page for me. He considered it absolutely necessary to have some one to take care of me as long as I was a stranger to everything in the country. I should not think of the expenses. He would pay the bill, and when I found that Chandray was to receive three rupees, or about one dollar a month, and board himself, I accepted the offer without protesting.

It is not clear to me whether Chandray at first had a correct idea of his position; for he spent a part of the first evening in giving me a lesson in his mother tongue.

Standing in front of me, he began to pronounce a number of words quite slowly. He repeated the same rigmarole several times until he succeeded in having me pronounce the words. But the explanation came the next day, from Mr. Skrefsrud, of course. He is my only refuge when I am lost in linguistic jungles.

The boy wanted to teach me to count from one to ten in one evening.

Poor fellow! He did not succeed. By this time he must have given me up as an impossibility. In the course of two months I have learned to understand nothing but "Dakka jum, Saheb;" for this is what he says every time he wants me to eat. I know three other words. One of

them I learned from Mr. Skrefsrud, another from Mrs. Boerresen, and the third I knew before.

But if Chandray does not hold a very high opinion of my linguistic aptitude and my intellectual powers in general, he has had numerous proofs of my goodness of heart. The trifles that I have put in his hand are not worth mentioning. But my coat, the only one that I had for change, has often warmed his body as well as his soul many a cold night when he either lay in front of my door because he was too indolent to go home to sleep or sat waiting until he could light me across the court-yard when I stayed at Mr. Boerresen's house after dark. I trust that we are good friends now and hope that we will remain so for life.

The other day he turned an honest penny, and I am glad of it.

It happened in the following way: For several nights in succession I had been visited, in spite of my wishes and contrary to expectations, by one or more of those creatures which from all indications, both good and bad, must belong to the genus rat. By means of gestures and grimaces and a lot of unarticulated sounds I tried to complain of their nocturnal visits to my dear Chandray, and he seemed to understand me. At any rate he prepared a rat-trap of an exceedingly primitive appearance; but to my surprise the nuisance was nabbed.

But no one was happier than Chandray. He went to Mrs. Boerresen with the dead animal and received the

bounty which she had placed on the head of every rat caught on the premises of the station.

Poor Mrs. Boerresen! Rats, dogs and divers other quadrupeds had found out long ago that the station was a very hospitable place, and something had to be done to stem the tide of the uninvited guests.

The lady resolutely set a price on the heads of the undesirable animals.

Both boys and grown men took advantage of the offer, and at first an extra penny was very frequently earned at Ebenezer. After a while, however, there was a marked decrease in the number of slain, and Mrs. Boerresen's fund for the destruction af obnoxious animals was in a plethoric condition.

But quite recently a man has brought dead dogs at alarmingly short intervals, asked for his bounty and received it.

But to-day his traffic was choked off. Mrs. Boerresen thought this man's dogs came at a too rapid rate, and he finally brought only young whelps.

"You better look into this matter, Lars", said she to Mr. Skrefsrud, and Lars soon solved the riddle.

The man had established a regular lying-in hospital for the propagation of dogs in one of the most out-of-the-way buildings of the station.

A snide game!

As soon as the man thought the whelps were big enough he would kill them and collect his bounty. But

this time he began to draw on a new brood a little too early, and Mrs. Boerresen suspected something wrong.

It goes without saying that the man was reprimanded according to his deserts. But Mr. Skrefsrud is engaged in devising some means of removing stray dogs without offering too tempting inducements to weak souls.

One of the many curiosities which tend to make a person feel tired is afforded by a crew of laborers, two men and four women, who for fully six weeks have been engaged in making a new cement floor on the veranda in front of the house where I am stopping.

I do not dare to boast of my strength; but I am guilty of no exaggeration when I claim that I could have finished the job single-handed in six ordinary work-days.

They take it very easy, the men in particular. They make the women carry water, stone and lime, while they themselves handle the trowel, a wee little one, which they apply so gently and slowly to the cement that it gets cranky and hard before the men have made it smooth. And so they have to do it over again. But how much ought to be expected from men receiving three cents a day? Why not pay these people well and make them work decently?

"Have tried it," says Mr. Skrefsrud, "but these people cannot be handled that way. They must be trained for several generations before they become active and progressive."

In the court-yard is a round elevation with a roof over it. Here the people eat their breakfast during winter.

"Look at this," Mrs. Boerresen said, "I have built and cemented this with my own hands simply because I was not able, either by words or gestures, to make them understand how it was to be done. I worked while the people were looking at me, wondering how the job would turn out. But they learned so much that when I give them plenty of time they can do fairly good work in cement."

Fortunate is he who is endowed with patience, without which no good can be accomplished in this part of the world.

An exception to all rules is afforded by a man who churns butter every day in front of Mrs. Boerresen's window. Many farmers' wives in the West might profit by learning from him. For at times it is no child's play to separate the butter from the cream by means of the old-fashioned dasher. But this man churns butter from the thin, sweet milk, and he does it so easily and rapidly that it is a delight to look at him.

The Santhals do not churn butter until the milk is sour, and it curdles very quickly in this climate. To obtain cream they churn the sour milk, separate the butter and turn it into oil. But Mrs. Boerresen wants butter from sweet milk, and it makes no difference to this dairyman.

In conformity with the customs of the fore-fathers he pours the milk into a churn of the same shape as those in which dashers are used. This he places on end close by a post, to which he ties a piece of rope having a loop at

one end; the upper end of the dasher, or rather twirling-stick, is inserted in the loop; and another thin piece of rope is passed around the twirling-stick. The man now takes one end of this rope in each hand and pulls back and forth in see-saw fashion, the twirling-stick dancing now this way now that way with great rapidity. This violent agitation is bound to bring out the butter far more rapidly and easily than the most vigorous old-fashioned churning with a dasher.

This man therefore struck my fancy at once.

A man keeps guard outside the girls' court-yard. He is armed to the teeth and presents a most horrid and blood-curdling aspect when you run across him in the morning before he has doffed that covering which once was a woollen blanket but which now is a maze of a thousand and one big and small holes.

But he is not so dangerous as he looks. He nods and smiles whenever I pass, and at first he time and again permitted me to practice with his bow and arrow. I took this to be an innocent amusement. But I suddenly changed my opinion one day at the Simoldohi station when Mr. Boerresen posed as my target and received the arrow, a harmless little thing in every respect, straight in his mouth. Then I promised never to monkey with the thing again, and I have kept my word to this very day.

But our worthy watchman has use for his bow. Every now and then a detachment of the innumerable host of crows infesting this place will settle down to a fight with

the chickens about a piece of meat, potato peeling or whatever else is enjoyed by the fowl fraternity. Here our watchman officiates as judge and jury, and the crows are invariably declared guilty.

Strangely enough, however, he never shows up when the crows are trying to steal food from our plates when we are dining. In such cases we have been compelled to chase away the pesky, thievish birds ourselves.

Of all the wild birds you never saw a greedier lot than the Indian crows. In large cities they may enter the kitchen and steal the daintiest dishes without compunction. In Calcutta, for instance, a crow came into my room and greeted me with the familiar "krap! krap!"

Mr. Boerresen claims that it says "kerap," and that the crows suggested the name which the Santhals have applied to Mr. Skrefsrud. They call him "kerap", though they can easily pronounce his name correctly; but Mr. Skrefsrud himself will not listen to this explanation. It is a matter of record, however, that crows were unknown in these parts before the missionaries arrived, and, excepting this station, I have not seen a trace of them in Santhalistan.

The crows follow in the wake of the Europeans, for where these live and move there are greater opportunities for bird and beast to eke out a living. On this account it would not be surprising if the Santhals thought the crows were calling for Mr. Skrefsrud when they said "krap, krap."

Twice I have received medical treatment in the course of the past month. The first time the liver was the seat of the ailment. This is what the doctor and Mr. Skrefsrud claimed at any rate.

I complained a little during the day and pointed out the center of the pain. After I had gone to bed in the evening they both came to me and diagnosed the case most thoroughly. Of course I did not dare to volunteer any remarks about the diagnosis, Mr. Skrefsrud being what I might call a sort of universal expert and connoisseur, and Nimai — if this is his right name — having served a Scotch physician as assistant for three years.

Something drastic had to be done to that wayward liver. A little medicine. The doctor was to fetch it. This was well and good. But as to the rest I was left in a quandary. An operation? The doctor, who understood that much English, smiled and shook his head. But when he returned, accompanied by Chandray, who carried a kettle of burning charcoal, I almost began to shudder.

What in the world does this mean? I rattled off my entire Santhal vocabulary, "dakka jum," "hakopako", "chet kana" etc. But it fitted in like "ax-handle" to "How do you do?" and they only laughed at me.

My only choice was to submit to everything, and when Nimai had babbled a few words which he took to be English and of which I caught "good" and "help you" my worst fears were overcome.

The doctor took some rags and made into rolls which

were one-and-a-half inches long, and he made Chandray hold these over the burning coals one by one. As soon as the first roll was hot, the doctor took it and pressed one end of it, which was almost burning, against the bare skin on the spot where I felt the pain most keenly. Ugh! But it would have done no good to scream. The next moment he exchanged ragrolls, and Chandray had all he could do to keep the rolls hot. This treatment was kept up for about twenty minutes.

Next evening they returned with their kettle of fire and gave me the same treatment as before.

My second sickness was a throat trouble, and recourse was again had to the fire-kettle.

Did it help? Why, certainly. The medical art is not in vain, I should think. But the best of it is, that Nimai has not learned to despise a plain remedy. He must have found it profitable on many occasions.

A physician is indispensable at a station where there are several hundred children and where both Christians and heathen go when somebody is sick. During the first year Mr. Boerresen had to do the doctoring, and he claims that he had an extensive practice.

Once a man came to him moaning wildly and hugging his stomach. Mr. Boerresen gave him some red pepper and told him to go home.

"It burns my throat terribly," said the man, but if it cures my boy it is all right."

"Your boy?"

"Yes, my boy; for it is he that is sick."

In this case the remedies went into the wrong stomach, you see. But Mr. Boerresen told the man to go home anyway, and to return in case the boy had not improved. He did not return. The chances are that he would rather have his boy grapple with the belly-ache on his own hook than subject the parental maw to an extra dose of red pepper on the vicarious plan.

Mr. Boerresen, while on a journey in England, met a physician who had practiced in Chicago and who now pretended to be on the point of settling down in India. As the physician spoke glibly and with Christian-like unction Mr. Boerresen took him to be the man destined to fill the position of regular physician at Ebenezer, and in due time the man came there. But it soon appeared that he was not the right man. His wife was addicted to strong drink and would overwhelm him with abusive, obscene language and filth, and the couple had to be sent away head over heels.

Then it occurred to Mr. Boerresen that it might be well to train a native Christian for this work, and Nimai was sent to a Scotch physician, where he remained three years, as already stated.

Nimai is an amiable man and a sympathetic Christian. He performs his duties with faithfulness. He never fails to look after the health of the children every day, and unless I am badly mistaken he is, next to the missionaries themselves, the most popular man at the station.

THIRTY-SEVENTH CHAPTER.

At the Market-Place.—A Syrup Merchant.—Merchandise.—Tobacco.—Pan.—Santhal Industries.—When the Machine Said "Click".

We now make a trip to the market-place outside Ebenezer.

Real trading-booths are rarely found in the Indian villages. But there are fixed market-places throughout the country. To these market-places the merchants haul or carry their goods. To-day they are at this market-place, to-morrow at another. The number of market-days runs from one to three at each place. This place has three market-days a week.

The market-place is an inclosed square which has two entrances and a road running between these through the center. At each entrance is a small space where the ground is leveled and coated with earth and cow-dung. When the people from the neighboring villages fetch their rice, pease, Indian corn etc. they must take a handfuld from their basket and throw it down at this spot, which is carefully guarded by the manager. This is the tax collected for the use of the market-place.

This is the place where one may find out what the

people of the country eat and wear, what their everyday and holiday necessaries are.

The buyers are sitting on one side. They want all kinds of grain. They weigh and measure and pour the grain down upon the ground, taking care that each kind is kept in a separate heap. Each purchase is only a small

View of the Market-Place.

quantity, but when all is put together it amounts to something anyway.

This is also the place where the fuel dealers do their business. The most common fuel is dried cow-dung, an article which is used for many different purposes in India. A few sticks of wood along with the cow-dung come very handy. Fire-wood is bought in small bundles.

This is also the place for the empty carts. From the top of one of these I had a fine view of the surging multitude on the other side, where the retail trade proper is carried on.

Straight ahead of me I notice three women sitting on the ground, engaged in performing an act of mercy upon a fourth one. The latter, who is more advanced in years, has a sliver in her foot. One of the three supports her from behind to keep her from falling backwards, and while she is serving as a prop she also makes a careful search for parasites in the frowzy hair of the patient.

Some of the merchants are preparing a meal, and others are already engaged in eating. Their food consists of a mixture of crushed rice or grain, water and sugar or syrup. They keep a small vessel of water by their side while they are eating. They wash their hands carefully before they begin to mix the food. Neither spoon nor ladle is used. They fill the right hand with the mixture and stuff it into the mouth. When they are through they drink a little of the water and wash both mouth and hands.

These people are fond of sweet substances. The sugar dealers have a good sale. But their goods do not look appetizing. To me the stuff appeared to be one-half dirt and one-half sugar.

A rich man has seated himself outside the gate and is selling home-made syrup. His business is in a flourishing condition. He had a big barrel of syrup when he came, and now only one-half of it is left. He has cut out six

The Market-Place at Ebenezer.

inches from the middle of a stave, leaving an opening at the bulge of the cask. When a customer orders a quantity the merchant runs his hand through this opening and dips out so and so many handfuls for so and so much money. He wipes his hand carefully into the customer's vessel every time so that the latter may have no reason to complain that the measure is too stinted.

Among the traders are comparatively many women who have brought different products from the villages. One has brought a basketful of leaves which are pinned together into a kind of dishes which are bought and used as plates by poor people who have no brass bowls. Of other articles may be mentioned pease, pepper, oil on common beer-bottles, potatoes a little bigger than peas, different edible roots etc.

Tobacco is a very common article. The Santhals call it "tamakur." It is cultivated practically by everybody. But those who raise it are not equally successful, and some of them use it up too early.

The Santhals are fond of tamakur. You rarely see them smoke a common pipe. They prefer cigars, if I may apply that term. They crush the tobacco between their hands, place it on a fresh leaf of a tree and roll it up into a sort of cigar. They make it work, these people do.

They do not chew tobacco in the ordinary way. They are not so filthy as that. But they pulverize it well, mix it with slaked lime and place the mixture between the lips

and the gums. There they let it remain undisturbed, extracting only the juice.

Tobacco is not chewed extensively in any part of India, pan being used for that purpose.

It took me a long time to find out what this was. On the railway cars and in the cities I met many persons whose lips and teeth were as red as blood, and their expectoration, which they would send out in uncomfortable quantities, was of the same color. Now I know all about it. They were chewing pan.

When a person wants a chew he goes to a pan-vender, who generally has a lot of green leaves on hand. He has not a moment to spare, for there are many customers, and all want a chew just as they pass him. He cuts up the leaves into pieces of a proper shape and size, drops a little slaked lime in the middle of a piece, adds a few bits of betel-nut, cinnamon etc., folds the leaf carefully together, and the chew is ready.

As soon as a person begins to chew this his mouth looks like the bloody jaws of a beast of prey.

It is claimed that pan is both healthy and palatable, and I have heard people say that if they were bound to choose between the tobacco of the Christians and the pan of the heathen, they would prefer the latter.

The Europeans in India generally refrain from chewing pan, not because they do not enjoy it, but because they dread its color. But they use the more tobacco, chewing and smoking until their mouths stink like a sewer.

The different tools offered for sale are of the most primitive make. Here is a blacksmith who sells knives and axes. But his goods look wretched. Yet it is strange that he could have done so well. Perhaps he has obtained his iron from the natural ore. In some localities the rocks

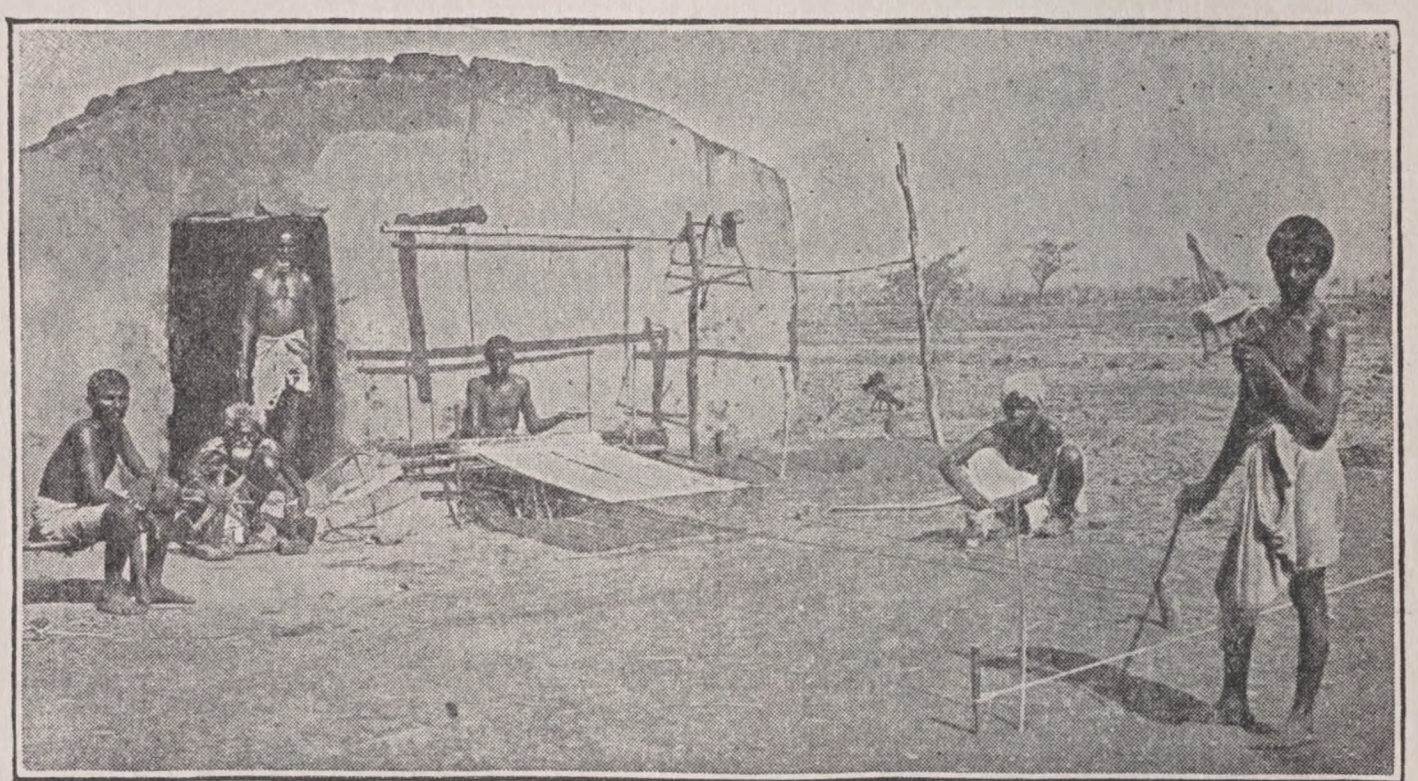
A Blacksmith Shop.

contain a large percentage of iron, and the Santhals are familiar with the art of making iron.

I visited a blacksmith-shop the other day so that I know what kind of tools the blacksmiths are supplied with. The work was really done in the open air. The bellows consisted of two bags which a boy worked by trampling on them. The anvil was a two-inch-thick piece of iron which had been rammed into the ground. The black-

smith used a pair of tongs, but I declare that they were frail indeed.

There is a comparatively large supply of earthenware, mostly water pitchers and cooking vessels. There are also small articles, such as tobacco-pipes and oil lamps. The



Weaving.

lamps are little bowls with a receptacle for the wick extending from one side.

There are quite a few potteries in the country, and, considering the fact that the tools used are hardly worth mentioning, the products are remarkably neat and well made.

The market is also well supplied with white textiles. A large part of these goods have evidently been imported from other countries in India. Buth the Santhals can

also weave beautiful textiles. In a village not far from here there are many weavers, and I have visited them repeatedly to see how they do their work.. Their loom is quite plain, consisting of a few stakes put into the ground. In the evening the stakes are pulled out of the ground, and the whole affair is rolled up and carried into the house. In the morning it is taken out and put up again. But by means of this simple gear the Santhals can weave finer cloth than any that I have seen made in private houses in Europe.

A person undeniably feels a little strange when he makes his first visit to such a market-place. This is of course largely due to the queer and outlandish things seen all around. But the impression is strengthened by having hundreds of people continually staring at you as though you were a prodigy, and watching your every movement as though you were plotting against them. But when we took Mrs. Boerresen's giant camera to the market-place the other day they had a new object to stare at. Then I could move about unnoticed and finally sit down with my back leaning against a tree and join them in staring at the machine until it said "click!" And the machine did not disappoint us, but turned out a fine group.

THIRTY-EIGHTH CHAPTER.

A Trip with Mr. Skrefsrud.—Struggle Against Intemperance —A Woman's Rebellion.—A Perjurer.—In the Ox-Cart.—The Bungalow.—In Suri —Kerap Saheb Caused a Stir.—In the Court Room.—A Man of Many Complaints.

Just returned from an enjoyable trip to the civil station Suri, south of Santhalistan, where Mr. Skrefsrud was summoned as witness in a perjury case. But this trip requires a somewhat lengthy introduction, which must come first. Here it is:

To root out an old and firmly established custom is difficult, no matter where it is found. But to put an end to the drink habit and introduce prohibition among a heathen people like the Santhals must certainly be regarded as an unusually serious piece of work.

When the missionaries broached the matter to the government officials the latter did not dare to take any step in that direction unless it could be shown that the Santhals themselves demanded such a reform.

Now the prospects were dark indeed. Is it in any shape or manner possible to induce a whole nation of sots to petition the government to introduce prohibition?

Well, who knows!

Mr. Skrefsrud, on account of former services, had been elected to the position of pargana by the head-men of the villages. As such he had authority to summon the people to a consultation.

But what good would that do! These people were fond

A Liquor Shop.

of liquor, and no amount of ordinary reasoning could make them petition the government for prohibition.

But Mr. Skrefsrud knew his customers. He also knew the women and realized what could be done if they would side with him. — But we may as well let Mr. Skrefsrud explain the whole matter in his own words:

"As pargana I summoned the women to a gathering.

"When they came I spoke to them. I told them that

I was glad to see how well they were dressed and how cheerful they looked. 'I take this to indicate that your husbands are very good to you, that they give you money to buy food and clothes for instead of spending it for liquor.'

"'Oh, no!' they shouted. 'We have not clothes enough to cover ourselves. Our children are naked, and if we want to eat we must procure the food ourselves. Our husbands are worse than ever. They do not only spend for drink whatever they earn themselves; but they often deprive us of the fruits of our own work and sell them for liquor, and when we have no more to give them they add insult to injury by beating us.'

"'Well, is this the situation?' I said. 'I thought you looked like it too, but I wanted to hear what you had to say.'

"'But do you wish me to help you?'

"'Oh, certainly, if you only can do anything, for this is more than we can endure.'

"'You know how I helped you against the usurers. Why should I not be able to help you now too? But then you must do exactly as I tell you to do.'

"Oh, yes, they would do anything at all if it proved to be a remedy.

"I assured them that I could procure a remedy if they only would obey me. Then I told them to go to their homes, and when their husbands came they should be as mean and cross as they possibly could be. They should

not even prepare meals. And when asked by their husbands for the meaning of all this they should answer that they had been to Kerap, who in the capacity of pargana had told them that they should share neither bed nor board with their husbands until the latter had been to him and had put their mark to a document which was to be sent to the government.

"This was done, and the men were thoroughly scared. They visited each other and complained about the meanness of their wives, piling misery upon misery. At last they yielded to the inevitable and came to me to find out what all this meant.

" 'You have made our wives rebel against us,' they said. 'What made you do that?'

"I frankly admitted that I had used my authority as pargana to order the women to act as they had done.

" 'But you have preached that the women shall submit to their husbands?'

" 'Certainly I have; but then the men must be men and not turn themselves into hogs. You remember what you often have told me when I have been after you on account of your intemperance and your habit of beating your wives when you are drunk. You have always told me that the trouble is due to the liquor shops. If they were removed you would drink no more. Now I want to see what you mean by this statement. Here is a petition to the government to close all liquor shops in this district. I want you to put your marks to this petition.

When you have done this your wives will be kind to you again, and you will get rid of a temptation of which you have often complained!'

"There was only one way out of the pinch. They signed the document.

"In this manner we succeeded in getting up a petition, and this, backed by our own arguments, made it plain to the government officials that the liquor traffic had to be stopped."

Thus the prohibitory law was passed. But the struggle against the law-breakers dragged along for years.

Not long ago the police were on the trail of some parties who were engaged in illicit liquor-selling. But the police were whipped, and the distillers succeeded in concealing their goods and apparatus so that nothing was found.

Next day a heathen servant at the house of the head-man of the village where the search was made came to Mr. Skrefsrud with a bottle of liquor and a part of a still. Mr. Skrefsrud reported the matter. But the boy was scared by the head-man and coaxed by the lawyers to testify in the court that he had never seen Mr. Skrefsrud and that he had not given him the objects mentioned above. But as eight men had seen him come to Mr. Skrefsrud, the judge detained him on the charge of perjury.

It was as a witness in this case that Mr. Skrefsrud had been summoned.

He was to appear at ten o'clock Monday forenoon and

had to leave Sunday evening in order to reach the place in time.

I wanted to accompany him. In a hurry we hunted up a Christian Santhal who had a rattling skeleton of a covered ox-cart, in which I was to ride. This was my first nocturnal journey in an ox-cart.

I had to lie down in there. The intention was, that we should sleep too, and I think Mr. Skrefsrud slept in his cart, for he is accustomed to this kind of accommodation. But to me the situation seemed desparate. If there only had been an end to the journey! But here we spent ten hours in rocking and rolling over a distance of only twelve miles—exactly the same distance as my first carriers conveyed me in two hours.

As a means of locomotion the ox is hardly up to the demands of our days.

And the driver! He sat sleeping on the tongue most of the time, and it is a wonder that he did not tumble down.

From Rampur Hat we traveled a few miles by rail, and the balance of the journey by horse-carriage.

We first went to a bungalow to rest a little and arrange our toilet before appearing in court.

Bungalow is the common name for buildings where traveling Europeans stop for rest or for spending the night. The government has caused such buildings to be put up throughout India, most of them being located along the highways and in towns where there are no hotels. The

bungalows are often empty, and when the travelers have bed-clothes, provisions, cooking utensils and servants they put up there and make themselves at home. In the towns the bungalows are usually supplied with good cooks to take care of the buildings and prepare the food for the travelers. There was such a cook in the bungalow at which we put up, and he seemed to know his business thoroughly.

Suri is a bustling town, and it was evident that the inhabitants were accustomed to see Europeans. The children did not hide themselves upon seeing us. Nor did men and women gather in crowds and stare at us. Not even the monkeys, which appeared in comparatively large numbers, seemed to make more ado about us than about other people.

The town has a European quarter with fine residences and several churches.

People were swarming around the government buildings, of which there is a long row. We, or rather Mr. Skrefsrud, were soon noticed. The king himself could not have received more attention that he did. "Kerap Saheb! Kerap Saheb!" passed from mouth to mouth, and in a short while we were surrounded on all sides by people who were anxious to take a good look at the prodigy. Some of them edged themselves through the crowd and seized Mr. Skrefsrud's hand and shook it as though he had been an old acquaintance whom they were glad to meet. Mr. Skrefsrud had preached to them thirty years before. But

now he had changed so greatly that they did not recognize him. Mr. Skrefsrud was soon drawn into a most animated conversation with them.

After a while he suddenly interrupted himself, saying, "Why, I was to be in court as a witness."

Having made a search among the numerous court-rooms, we finally found the right one.

But it was a dismal hole. The judge was seated at an old, black table. He was a Bengali. There could be no mistake about it, though he was dressed like one of us from head to foot, and though he wore a pair of heavy gold spectacles suspended above the tip of his nose—so far down, however, that they did not prevent him from seeing what was going on. Seated in front of him were a row of swell-looking men. They were regular dudes, wearing long Bengal coats and tight fitting pantaloons. Two of them even sported gold watch chains. They were lawyers. On either side was a narrow, square enclosure, within which a man was standing. The man to the left was the defendant, a coarse and savage-looking individual; the one to the right was the witness, who seemed to be a simple soul whom a shrewd lawyer could induce to say almost anything.

The judge was startled when we entered the room. He perceived that we were a little more than the ordinary run of people. He asked if one of us was Mr. Skrefsrud. Yes, sir. All right! The case under consideration was postponed, and the Santhal boy was given a hearing.

Poor boy, how I pitied him! He did not look dangerous. He was rather small and seemed to be about 22 years old. His hair hung unkempt down on his shoulders, and he looked as though he had neither slept nor washed himself for a long time. I do not think he would have done much harm if he had been let loose. But I would not be surprised if a boy having such a face could lie both rapidly and skilfully as long as he has the floor and then close his mouth as tight as an oyster in order not to be caught in contradictions. A face like his is rarely found among the Santhals. The typical Santhal face gives you the impression of frankness and honesty. Mr. Skrefsrud also claims that it is only recently that the Santhals have learned to lie without betraying it by their looks. They might lie formerly too; but if you asked them if they lied they would lick their mouths and make a confession. Old Kolean holds similar views. But he blames the European methods of administering justice for this increasing sin. Mr. Skrefsrud seems to think that the refusal to accept the gospel tends to develop this evil also.

Mr. Skrefsrud now entered his enclosure. An old, worn Bible was handed him. It was the binding that was worn. The contents had presumably never been used. The Bible has its place in English jurisprudence. There must be one in every court-room. It is not to be read. Far from it! But the witness must put his hand on it and kiss it when he or she is to be sworn in court. It was from such handling and kissing that this Bible was

worn out. God only knows how many Judas-kisses it has received in this way!

But now it dawned on my mind why there are so many officials in India. The language of the courts is English of course. A large number of judges are natives, and their knowledge of this language is so limited that a common man could scarcely get along with it in his every-day work. The lawyers know still less of it, and the common people next to nothing. When the people are bound to plod through cases by means of a foreign language, using the native language only when absolutely necessary, the reader may easily conjecture what progress is made.

The judge had to write down his questions to Mr. Skrefsrud and then read them to him. This work took time, and I thought the venerable witness would go to sleep where he was standing. But there was one redeeming feature: the witness always had his answers ready. In one case he gave the answer even before the judge had finished the reading of his question. The witness understood what was coming and began to answer while the judge looked up from his work and failed to finish his question.

Now the turn came to the accused. He did not understand a word of English, and the judge spoke to him in Bengali. "I do not understand Bengali," said the boy rather impudently.

At this point Mr. Skrefsrud simply broke loose. The boy pronounced these words with a perfect Bengali accent,

and he who was to be a witness seemed to forget entirely where he was. Without making any apology he plunged into a speech by which he spellbound both the judge and the lawyers.

"He is guilty!" said the judge. "His guilt has been established beyond a doubt."

Now the lawyer of the plaintiff began to jabber something which ought to have been English but which was a decidedly spurious commodity. The judge again began to ask questions. But by this time the boy had forgotten that he was to be ignorant of Bengali, and to the horror of his lawyer he answered one question after another fluently. But he always maintained that he had never seen Kerap.

"I was surprised to find such a confounded liar in that fellow," Mr. Skrefsrud said to me as we walked out.

We afterwards heard that the young man was sentenced to a term of two years.

We also paid a visit to the court-room of the superior court. This room was larger, and the air was not quite so foul. The judge seemed to be an intelligent and cultured man. Though he was a Bengali, his English was perfect, and his pronunciation plainly indicated that he had received his education in London. But then he holds a position which many Europeans would begrudge him.

To the right sat two assistant judges. They had been in the service a long time, and their manners indicated that they were conscious of their own dignity.

The witness-chair was occupied by a uniformed police-

man who was being subjected to a severe cross examination, while four sinners were standing by a railing in front of the judge. They had been stealing, and the policeman had corralled both them and the stolen goods. The four stood as though they were praying and doing penance.

Those gentlemen knew how to pose! But they overdid the thing so grossly. We had them before our eyes about an hour, but they did not move a limb during that time. They were standing with the palms of their hands pressed together, the tips of the fingers almost touching the nose.

I asked Mr. Skrefsrud which one of them looked the most sanctimonious. But he answered that all of them were thoroughbred scoundrels. He could read that much from their peering eyes. But he whose hair was white from old age was the slyest of them. In my opinion they only made the matter worse by trying to look so innocent.

But the policeman was careful. He had testified in the inferior court. The aim of the attorney of the scoundrels, who was a brilliant lawyer, was to make the policeman contradict his former testimony. But he did not seem to succeed. The witness took his time and consulted his notes long and carefully before answering.

There are some people whose lives are full of vexations. They have had many opportunities and have embraced all of them, but the result has invariably been the same, vexations. There is always something wrong about the machinery, and it is always somebody's fault. Finally

everything is found out to be wrong, which ought not to be and which would never have been the case if God had been foresighted enough to consult them before constructing the universe and planning the destinies of man. The blunder might still be remedied if it were generally known what they know; and they begin to agitate, only to reap fresh vexations.

We met a man of this class at the bungalow. He had heard that Mr. Skrefsrud was in town and started off at once; but he was afraid that he might come too late.

His manners were easy, and he spoke English tolerably well.

"What are you doing now-a-days?" Mr. Skrefsrud asked him.

"I am farming now. Things are going down hill. But I am doing well anyway, for I have learned to handle the soil in the right way."

"But I have heard that you have been a zemindar?"

"Yes, I owned thirty-six villages. But the Europeans have robbed me of all of them."

"The Europeans?"

"Well, who else? I know I was right. But the Europeans who have undertaken to administer justice among the people do not know any more about them than does the moon about rice porridge, and they have given us laws the rank injustice of which smells to heaven. Therefore I lost what I had in paying litigations, and the money paid for the land was wasted. And the Baptists! Well,

you know how they are. I shall belong to that denomination no more. It is all hypocrisy. They do not understand the people. They want to turn us into Europeans. That is a crying injustice to us. If I only could sell my house in this town!"

"Do you own a house in this town when you are insolvent?"

"They did not get hold of that. When I perceived which way my affairs were going I deeded my house to my father. If I could sell it now I would go to England and America to lecture on the misgovernment of India."

"What good would that do?"

"They would lend me an ear over there. The people in this country will not listen to me, they are corrupt."

"All headstrong people are right, more or less," Mr. Skrefsrud said when the man was gone. "This man is no exception to the rule. Very many laws and regulations were drawn up by parties who were not acquainted with this people, and in some cases the law-makers were unduly influenced by rich men whose interests are widely different from those of the common people. And much of this is due to the indolence and unscrupulousness of the officials. Years ago I used to look upon this man as a warm-hearted Christian. But he has been meddling with affairs which he was not able to manage successfully. He has not been properly understood by the Christians,and his development has been side-tracked. If such people were treated in a spirit of appreciation and indulgence instead of being antagonized, their capacities might be utilized for some good purpose."

THIRTY-NINTH CHAPTER.

Mr. Skrefsrud's Birthday.—A Strange Life.—Mr. Skrefsrud as a Peacemaker.—With the Magistrate.

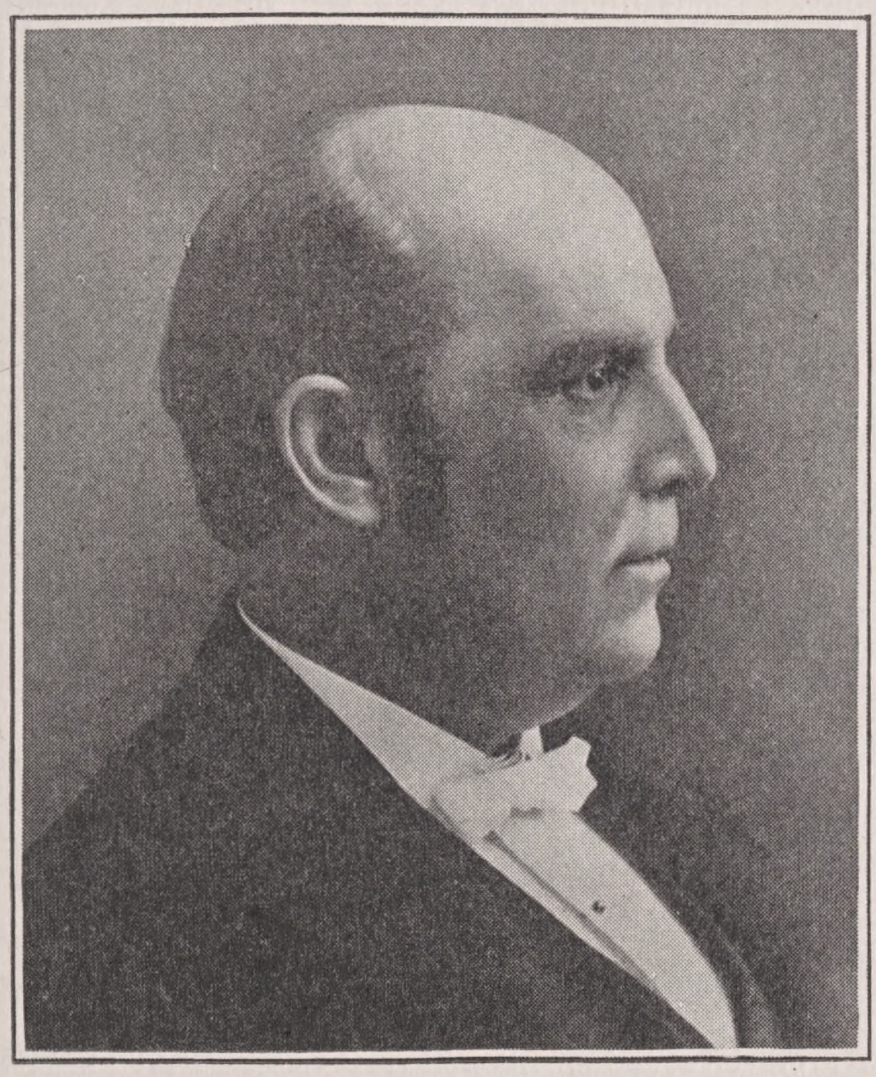
At five o'clock this morning I was aroused by several hundred little throats that were singing outside of Mr. Skrefsrud's room. I ought to have been with them. For it is Mr. Skrefsrud's birthday. But when I came out the whole demonstration was over, and I had to go all alone and extend my congratulations to him. But before doing this I had to adjust the Norwegian flag which the janitor had raised at half mast.

Mr. Skrefsrud is a Norwegian from top to toe, while Mr. Boerresen, though born in Denmark, is a cosmopolitan. Mrs. Boerresen is a German, a genuine Berlin lady, and her ideal of a ruler is Kaiser Wilhelm II. He is a genuine German.

Mr. Skrefsrud was born on a Norwegian farm, far up among the mountains, and he grew up under straitened and unfavorable circumstances. As a boy in his teens he went astray and was punished for complicity in stealing, but he stubbornly refused to give the names of the leaders.

Afterwards he was converted, and he experienced a

burning desire to become a missionary. He procured an English and a German text-book, and though he had no assistance he soon learned to read any book in those languages. While working in a machine-shop he studied French, Latin and Greek without receiving any in-



L. O. Skrefsrud.

struction at all. When he got stuck he went out on the street and consulted the first student that he ran across.

He applied for admission to the school of the Norwegian mission society, but was turned away because he had been in jail. A friend gave him some aid, enabling him to go to Berlin, Germany. Here he became acquainted with

Mr. Boerresen, who occupied a good position as civil engineer. Mr. Boerresen, who was a warm friend of the missions, accompanied him to Procknow's mission school, where he soon was admitted as a student.

Only one year of a five-year course remained, but Mr. Skrefsrud graduated the following year at the head of his class.

In 1863 the Goszner Mission Society sent him as a missionary to the Col people, his patriarchal friend, Mr. Boerresen, having promised to follow him.

At this time a war was raging between Germany and Denmark, and on account of national sympathies the German missionaries did not want to have two Scandinavians at the same station.

The two friends now had their choice: They would either have to live apart or leave the German society. They chose the latter course, withdrawing from the society in 1865.

They came empty-handed to Calcutta, where they were allowed to stop at the house of some Bengali Christians.

Next year, assisted by some friends of missions in India, they began their work in Santhalistan.

Not until 1874, when a correspondent of the London Times wrote an account of a visit to Ebenezer, did the people in Europe begin to pay attention to this mission, which even at that time had borne blessed fruits. And now the gifts began to flow in, especially from England and Scotland.

In 1877 this mission was approved by the church of Denmark, Mr. Boerresen, while on a visit to Denmark, being formally ordained by Bishop Martensen. In 1883 the Norwegian church caused Mr. Skrefsrud to be ordained. From that time the contributions have been pouring in more liberally, and during the past ten years America has furnished a considerable percentage of the total receipts.

Around these men a congregation of eleven thousand souls has grown up. Verily, a man who can point to such a strange and glorious past as this has something to be thankful for on his fifty-ninth birthday!

But Mr. Skrefsrud has no time for rest. He must be in his harness to-day as at all other times. The intervals are not long between the arrivals of groups of people who have some quarrel or some knotty qustion which they want him to settle.

A few days ago a woman came here and complained to Mrs. Boerresen that one of her neighbors, a heathen, would cheat her out of two rupees which she had lent him nine years previously.

"Are you a Christian?" Mrs. Boerresen asked.

"Oh, yes, I have been a Christian for many years."

"Do you go to church?"

"Sometimes."

"Well, I believe it is only sometimes, for I cannot remember that I have seen you here, at Ebenezer."

No, she had not been here so often. The distance is so much shorter to another church.

"You better see Kerap Saheb about this. Maybe he can help you out."

Then she came to Mr. Skrefsrud.

"Does he refuse to pay? What does he say?"

"He claims that I have received the money."

"Bring the matter before the head-man, and if that does not help, then you may take the other party with you and come to me. I can do nothing until I have had a talk with him."

To-day that woman returned.

The head-man, who is a Christian, his whole council, her father and brothers and the man that she accused accompanied her. They arranged themselves in a row outside of Mr. Skrefsrud's room.

He came out, saluted them and asked what was the trouble. The woman stepped up and kept her talking machinery in operation until Mr. Skrefsrud interrupted her by making questions. When he was through with her he gave the man a chance to defend himself.

It was proved that during the nine years the woman had not asked for her money. But a short while before this, on a certain occasion, she had demanded the money. But the man maintained that he had paid the money back a short time after making the loan.

"She has received the money," was Mr. Skrefsrud's verdict. Turning to the company, he said: "Do you believe that a Santhal woman could have two rupees com-

ing to her for nine years without speaking about it to everybody?"

"No," they answered. "She would not have kept quiet for nine hours but would have gabbed about it on every occasion until the whole nation would have known about her investment."

"Are you satisfied with my verdict?"

"Yes," answered the whole company, including her father, brothers and other relatives, as though it came from one mouth.

The woman was severely reprimanded for claiming to be a Christian while she was behaving like a heathen. She had been excommunicated from the church a number of years before this happened, and she could not be regarded as a Christian until she had been converted.

The two rupees cost about twenty men at least one day's work each. But justice must prevail, you see.

Now Mr. Skrefsrud is almost through with another case, the fourth one to-day. A heathen old woman and some Christians were at odds. The Christians supposed that they had done all they could to settle with her, and they had finally induced her to accompany them to Kerap.

He gave a verdict to the effect that the Christians were wrong and the heathen woman right. The Christians themselves were also made to see the case in the same light, and they asked both the woman and Mr. Skrefsrud to forgive them.

Some one might suppose that Christianity would suffer

in the eyes of the heathen when the missionaries decide in favor of the heathen and against the Christians. But Mr. Skrefsrud assures me that it works the other way. The willingness of the Christians to ask forgiveness when they see that they have wronged a heathen is good testimony. The fact that the missionary decides in favor of the heathen when they know that they are right, strenghtens their confidence; and this has given the missionaries an opportunity to proclaim the gospel of God to many people whom it would be difficult to reach in any other way.

In this district the people have gradually fallen into the habit of taking their quarrels to Mr. Skrefsrud instead of to the magistrates. The judge, a young Scotchman who administers justice in the open air about one mile from here, came here one evening. People had told him, he said, that he might as well leave the place, for they went to Kerap Saheb with their lawsuits anyway.

Next day Mr. Skrefsrud was asked to take his American friend with him and come to breakfast at the house of the judge. We accepted the invitation and spent a pleasant day with the judge and his family at the bungalow.

But now it was found that the judge had something to do anyway. Twenty thousand Santhals had introduced one case each, and he did not see how he could dispose of all of them without doing injustice to some one.

The Santhals had again borrowed money on their lands but refused to pay, because they knew of a law which states that their lands cannot be taken away from them. The

In Court.

money-lenders, who knew only too well that they could not foreclose their mortgages, promised to help the needy ones in the future if the Santhals would declare that the debtors were under obligations to pay. The judge thought the people ought to agree to this, and the twenty thousand law-suits would be dismissed. But as he did not understand their language he could do nothing.

Mr. Skrefsrud talked to the crowd for two hours. I had never heard him speak with such zeal as he did on this occasion. He gave an account of all the misfortunes which had befallen the Santhal people and demonstrated that all of them were due to sinful or foolish acts. Now they think it would be well done if they could cheat the money-lenders since a splendid opportunity is presenting itself. But it is unfair to take advantage of such chances; for thereby the Santhals prove themselves to be swindlers, and as such they will be as bad as the usurers.

But the heathen, who listened attentively, stuck together and would not follow Mr. Skrefsrud's advice.

"If I had not helped the people to obtain this law thirty years ago they would not have been guilty of this sin," the missionary afterwards complained. "But at that time I did not have the slightest idea that this regulation would lead the people into wholesale swindling. The idea of deliberately running into debt and afterwards declaring that no payment shall be made because there is no law to enforce it! I never imagined that I should see the Santhals come to such a pass."

FORTIETH CHAPTER.

School for Christian Children.—A Small Beginning.—English Abandoned.—Physical Labor.—High-School Plan Abandoned.

(Written at Ebenezer in the latter part of February.)

In modern missionary work it has been customary to "begin with the children." Accordingly, the first task of the missionary after a house has been put up for him is to establish a school and give instruction to heathen children. Preaching to the grown people has generally been looked upon as a secondary matter. The missionary work of the Church of England, for instance, is almost exclusively educational. Most of the branches taught are secular, and for that reason even heathen parents will send their children to the English mission schools. But the missionaries assume that this education will gradually attract the pupils to Christianity and finally make them join the church.

When Messrs. Boerresen and Skrefsrud came here they pursued a different method. They had mapped out no plan for their work. "When the people in our native countries speak about the plan which Mr. Boerresen and I followed during the early years of our work out here," Mr. Skrefsrud said in the course of a conversation a few

evenings ago, "they do not know what they are talking about; for we had absolutely no plan at all. The head was not concerned in the work. It was the heart that drove us on and on, and we went straight ahead the way the nose

The Seminary.

pointed. And the definite plan which is obvious at present is the result of a gradual development. When we made a blunder we tried to avoid a repetition of it; but when a method proved successful we adhered to it; and thus our plan is based on long years of experience."

There must be some reason, however, why they did not start schools for children like other missionaries. The apostles of our Master did not begin with children's schools either. They appealed to the parents, and there were good reasons for doing so, though they themselves did not have a clear view of the situation. It did not occur to them to begin differently. They did only what the Spirit impelled them to do. Did not Messrs. Boerresen and Skrefsrud do the same?

Mr. Skrefsrud said in an address made in Kristiania in 1882: "We did not want to begin with schools. I shall tell you why we did not do so. When you begin with young children most of your time will be devoted to the teaching of common branches, leaving but little time for religious instruction. In the Scotch missions in India, for instance, five hours a day are devoted to secular work and only one hour to instruction in Christianity. But I would never devote five-sixths of my life to common things. I wanted to use all six-sixths for the propagation of the kingdom of God. Besides, when a person is engaged in school work six hours of the day he is fagged out and made unfit for going out to preach to grown people. Still another fact must be borne in mind. When the children return home from school the good impressions which their young hearts have received—and they must never be underestimated—will be neutralized in the pagan family life, where the Word of God has obtained no foot-hold; for family life is stronger than the individual life in the children. For these

reasons we did not begin by establishing schools. We went to the fathers and mothers and applied the old gospel, which the apostles and their followers used, to their hearts that we might, by the grace of God, have them converted. If they were converted they had a mission society in their house at once, and the children came of their own accord, giving us both old and young at the same time. Thus we established the conditions of a healthy development of family life, of a Christian family life, and this must be the foundation of a Christian social life."

These two men may now point to a congregation having almost eleven thousand souls and two schools with a combined attendance of about five hundred; but the schools are a fruit of the congregation, and not the reverse.

But as a result we also find that the difference between these and other mission schools is obvious. The other day I accompanied Mr. Skrefsrud on a trip to Suri, where we visited a Christian school for girls. All the children were very neatly dressed, and when Mr. Skrefsrud held the books before them even the smallest ones could read well. But one thing struck me at once: only a few of the pupils had Christian parents. How could I tell? The difference is conspicuous in these parts. The children of Christian parents do not present the same appearance as those of pagan parents. When you see little girls wearing one, two or three rings in their noses and others in their ears and on their arms and toes you need not suspect their parents of being Christians.

Pay a visit to the schools at Ebenezer, and you will receive an entirely different impression. Not all of its pupils distinguish themselves by an exemplary behavior. But in most cases they have a mother who follows them with her best wishes, though she may not always be able to enforce them. They are all there for the purpose of acquiring a Christian education, and almost without exception they seem to be the children of Christian parents.

These missionaries did not begin their work by opening a school for heathen children. They began their work by preparing the ground where the tender plants were to grow, that they might receive proper nourishment and care at home. Besides, they had a small school for young men. The result of this work is a great congregation with thousands of Christian homes, where the children may receive a Christian education from their earliest infancy. But the fruit of this arrangement is, that the mission at Ebenezer has a school for boys and another for girls which may not only be pointed to as standard institutions but which also are of greater importance to the mission, and perhaps to civilization in general, than any other mission school in India.

The children do not come here to learn to be Christians. They are Christians. Nor do they come to acquire useful knowledge. They are sent here by Christian parents to develop into good, firm, useful Christian men and women who love their people, who will work and rest, live and die among them and who will assist in lifting their race

from its present social and religious degradation. This is the aim of these schools.

The result is what might be predicted. In this mission field there are not many half-learned pagan villains who have lost faith in the gods of their fathers without having learnt to know and love their Creator, believing nothing and sneering at everything, even at their own relatives and race, anxious to go out into the wide world, where their learning and cleverness will be better appreciated that at their plain, insignificant homes. Such characters are the general fruits of Christian schools for the children of heathen parents. Such schools succeed in depriving the young people of their faith in the old gods and in imparting a large amount of knowledge to them. But as a rule they become free-thinkers and conceited fools, and this is a poor fruit from the work of Christian missionaries.

The schools at Ebenezer were not built in one day. In regard to the school for boys there was not a little vacillation. When the missionaries came here they did not know the language. But as the people generally understand Bengali they could talk with them at once anyway. They had a young Bengali with them. He was not only an ardent Christian but was also highly educated. His name is Hezekias Das. He was the first school-master of the Santhals, and he is still here. But the missionaries did not like the idea of teaching the boys in the Bengali language. They wanted to educate the young people in such a way as to make Santhals out of them. They wanted to

teach them to love their race and their mother tongue in order that the treasures stored up in their minds might through them become germs of life in Santhal soil. On that account the instruction was given in the mother tongue of the pupils at the earliest possible date.

At first the work was greatly hampered because there were no text books in Santhali. But the teacher, who had learnt Santhali, translated one lesson after the other from his Bengali books and gave them to his pupils orally. Later on, when Mr. Skrefsrud had written or translated a number of text books, the work went on more smoothly and rapidly.

On my trip through the country in company with Mr. Boerresen I met a presiding elder one Sunday who could make himself fairly well understood in Englisch. He said that he had learnt it in Ebenezer many years ago. When I told this to Mr. Boerresen he said, "Well, he is from the time when we felt big and wanted to teach the boys English, you see. Our intentions were good, but we soon found that we were on a wrong track."

"How so?"

"Well, we did not come here to turn out gentlemen. We only intended to make good, hard-working Christian Santhals out of the boys. But we found that as soon as they had a smattering of English our school as well as Santhalistan and their own nation became too small for them. They wanted to go to English schools in Calcutta, and if they came that far they would no longer own their

Santhal origin. Thus they were lost to their own people and were of no use to the mission. It was not our intention to educate single individuals in order that they might be able to find employment outside of Santhalistan, leaving us to continue the work without their aid. We thought of the whole people, and we wanted to make our school a means of educating young people who would remain in the country and swell our stock of laborers for the salvation of this nation. Therefore we dropped the English language."

Thenceforth Santhali was the language generally used at the school for several years.

From the very beginning some time was instinctively devoted to farm work, the construction of roads, the digging of ditches etc. But the missionaries gradually found that this work was a necessary means of developing the moral as well as the physical capacities of the boys. Physical labor, therefore, was made a regular part of the courses. In this particular branch the Bengali teacher proved himself to be a born pedagogue.

But the idea arose that the boys at least ought to receive a more advanced education, and a sort of high school system was introduced, with Bengali as the chief language. This system was pursued a few years, and one boy actually passed high school examinations with a fairly good standing.

But the missionaries again found that they were on a wrong track. The college-spirit entered the school. The

students became "whimsical," as Mr. Skrefsrud said, and this the missionaries would not tolerate. Mr. Boerresen says, "This kind of education proved too much for them. It turned them into conceited dudes who could not feel at home amidst their simple surroundings."

As soon as this became clear to the missionaries the high-school plan, with Bengali as the leading language, was abandoned, and Hezekias Das, who meanwhile had taught in the school for girls, was again made principal of the school for boys, which institution was replaced on its old basis. The examinations are still conducted in Bengali; but the work of translating and writing matter for text-books in Santhali is steadily progressing, the ultimate aim being to use Santhali exclusively as a means of instruction and to treat Bengali only as a foreign language.

Bright boys of an advanced age who are expected to become able missionaries among their own people may enter what we would call a theological class, but which is called a Bible class. Mr. Skrefsrud gives instruction one hour a day in this class.

FORTY-FIRST CHAPTER.

School for Girls.—The Condition of Santahl-Women.—Mrs. Boerresen's School.—Spring Life.—Harvest.—Piety.—Discipline.—Care ot The Sick.—Seeds of Christian Life.

The Santhal woman, considering that she is in India, occupies an anomalous position. Among the Hindus—and the Mohammedans too, for that matter—woman is practically a slave. A Hindu will buy a bridegroom for his daughter while she is yet an infant, and if she belongs to a higher caste she must show her face to no man but the monster whose wife she has become. If she belongs to a low caste she may move about in the open air, but only in order to work as her husband's slave. The Hindu looks upon every walking, flying, swimming and creeping thing as sacred, considering it a sin to step on a wretched worm; but woman is always subject to his oppression and abuse.

Not so among the Santhals. Here she is "the master of the situation." She must perform most of the drudgery. But she does not work as the man's slave, she does it as the master of the house. The Santhal woman is naturally active. She does not only care for the management of the

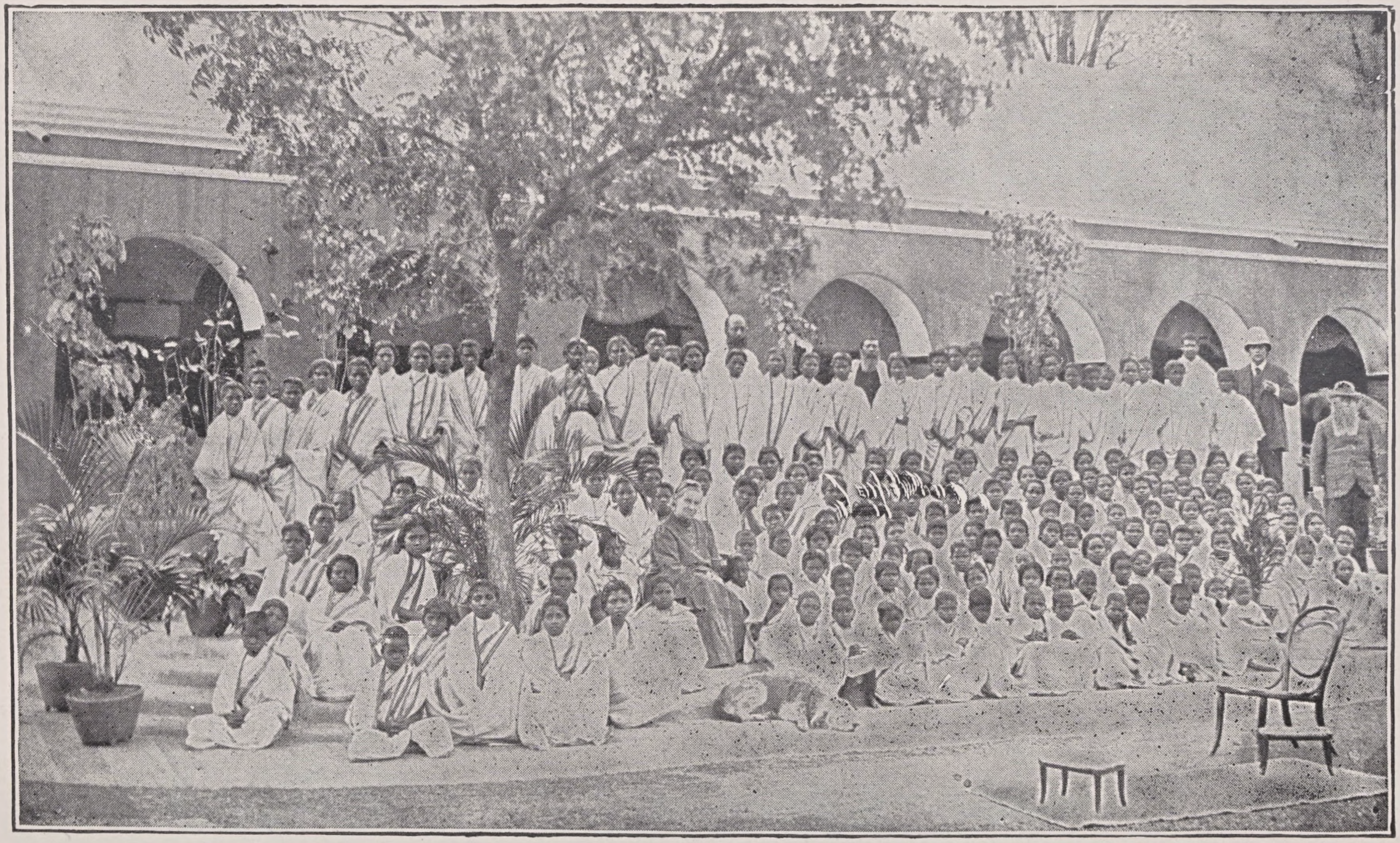
house, but her husband generally forgets his farm-work until she reminds him that the time has come for doing it, and she may have to tell him twice before he stirs. But he must get out, for she has a tongue which he cannot resist in the long run, no matter how fond he may be of his rest. After he is put in motion he can work; but his wife must furnish the motive power; or else his affairs will go to wreck and ruin for lack of care and foresight.

The above facts easily explain the prominent position occupied by the girls' school in this mission. What is done for the boys is of great importance and cannot well be overestimated. But in regard to the mission the education of the Santhal women is many times more important.

The aim of the school for boys is to develop characters rather than to impart a certain amount of positive knowledge.

But the same may also be said of the school for girls. There is this difference, however, that the latter has been subjected to no vacillation. A fixed and definite plan has been followed from the very beginning, and this plan has been enforced with a firmness which I venture to characterize as unique.

It is Mrs. Boerresen's school. Of this woman I may say without fear of exaggeration that she is the soul of the mission at Ebenezer. With due regard for Messrs. Boerresen and Skrefsrud it is my firm conviction, that without this woman the Santhal mission would not have been what it is. Mr. Skrefsrud, with his clear head and his fiery Nor-



Mrs. Boerresen's School for Girls.

wegian heart, needs Mr. Boerresen, with his peaceful Danish temper, in order to be kept in equilibrium.

But in a work the goal of which is far away, where trifles are fraught with great moment, where the same things must be done over and over again from day to day, where days and years must pass before any fruit can be expected, where a person can see no progress and yet remain patient—there is an opportunity for Mrs. Boerresen's powers.

And these powers are felt there. But they are most strikingly manifested in the school for girls, which is confided to her special care.

This school is an educational institution in the strictest sense of the word. I have repeatedly visited the school and have ascertained to my entire satisfaction that the pupils, as far as general information is concerned, are fully abreast of the pupils of the "intermediate schools" of Europe, and many a European lady would find it difficult to match their needle-work.

To learn the lessons and do the class work covers only the minor part of the program of this school. Only a few hours are devoted to instruction, but the pupils are busy from five o'clock in the morning till nine o'clock at night. I have been here more than two months, and yet I have failed to see these girls have any time to spare for play. They must do all the work. There are no servants. They must do their own washing, chop their own firewood, thresh their own grain, cook their own rice, dry

it, hull it — and also that of the boys — cook their own food, nurse their sick comrades, keep watch at night, take care of the geese, ducks, chickens and goats, turn them out in the morning and see that they are all there at night, clean the goat-shed and the cow-shed in the morning, sweep the court-yard, wash it with a mixture of dirt and cow-dung to keep it smooth and clean, take care of the small children which have been confided to the school but which are not yet able to take care of themselves — in short, do everything which a Santhal woman will have to do at home.

In the court-yard of the school everything is life and activity. But there is method and order in it. Not only is the arrangement such, that everything is done, and done at the right time; but the girls are divided into groups which take regular turns, giving every one of them an opportunity to perform every kind of work. For instance, those who do the cooking one week may have to clean the stable the next week. A girl who, under Mr. Skrefsrud's guidance, has translated six books from Bengali into Santhali in the course of the past year, may teach one day and collect cow-dung the next day, picking it up with her bare hands and carrying it away in a basket on her head.

"These girls," Mrs. Boerresen said to me one day, "must learn everything that a woman has to do. It is a hard task, but some day they will reap the benefit of it. I thought my lot was a hard one myself when mother made me get up early in the morning to cook coffee

while our servant-girl was yet sleeping. But I had to do this every other week. One week I was compelled to cook coffee for the servant-girl, and the next week she treated me the same way. I had to wash my own clothes, and even to mend my own shoes. Not because I needed it, for my parents were in easy circumstances. Mother used to say when I complained: 'It is not easy to tell; maybe the circumstances will compel you to do the work yourself, and then it will be very expedient to know how to do it. And if you are to have a servant-girl, you will know from experience what she has to do.' When I had to iron clothes in the forenoon until my fingers were sore, I wept because my music teacher would see it when he came at three o'clock in the afternoon. But mother cheered me by assuring me that it was no shame either for me or my music teacher to work. In this wise I learned to work and to be thrifty, and often indeed it has stood me in good stead. Thus I have also been in a position to render the Santhal girls some aid."

"It would be comparatively easy to make ladies out of these little girls," Mrs. Boerresen said on another occasion. "But it would be a pity to handle them in that way, in regard to themselves as well as in regard to the Santhal people. We cannot think only of the individuals. We must think of educating good wives for Christian Santhals and good mothers for the coming generation. We must educate them in such a way that they do not feel too refined to return to and live in Santhal homes. For that

reason they must learn to do everything that the Santhals do, only so much better."

The girls must also learn to do spring and fall work. During the rainy season it is difficult to keep them indoors. The nature of the Santhal woman craves for outdoor life at that time of the year.

"The man may walk thoughtlessly behind his plow," says Mrs. Boerresen, "chew his tobacco and smoke his home-made cigar while his wife must see that everything is done in the proper time. This tendency is manifested even in my school for girls. As soon as it begins to rain they ask, at first almost in a whisper, whether it is time to get out and carry manure and spread it on the rice fields.

" 'Not yet,' I answer them.

" 'Oh, but time flies, and it will soon be too late, mamma.'

" 'Oh, well, we'll see to that,' I tell them, and they keep quiet for a time.

"Then they begin to work the teacher: 'Can't we soon go into the fields?'

" 'Mamma will see to that,' he assures them. But they keep on telling him that it will soon be too late, and finally he comes to me and states that every girl's mind is full of spring thoughts and that no work can be done in the school.

"At last they are permitted to go, partly because they need to come out, partly because the work must be done. But now they work too. The underground reservoir into which the manure has been thrown is emptied and its

contents carried out on a parcel of ground. Rice is sown thickly in this richly manured ground. When this task is finished the girls cheerfully resume their school work with renewed vigor.

"Later in the season they begin to ask whether the rice-plants are big enough for transplanting.

" 'No.'

"After a while they begin to ask the teachers whether the boys have commenced to transplant their rice.

" 'No.'

"Then they make themselves sweet and ask for permission to go out and see how the rice is doing, and they are allowed to go out in company with papa.

"They return rejoicing: 'The rice is tall enough, mamma; now we must go out and transplant it.'

"But then I tell them that this year we must get women from the villages to do it because the work done at school has been so unsatisfactory that they cannot pass the examinations if they are to transplant the rice too. This is sad news to the girls. They complain to the teacher that they will not be allowed to transplant the rice this year, for mamma has told them that if they do this work they cannot pass their examinations.

"When the teacher tells them that they can both transplant the rice and pass the examinations within six weeks provided they make good use of their time, a faint hope is again kindled in them. He may also add that he will plead their cause with mamma if he soon finds that they are making progress. This is a signal for taking hold of

the books with a will, and as soon as the rain sets in and the rice-fields are under water there is an exodus at the school.

"The girls present a picture of great animation while engaged in this work. The big girls pull up the plants in small bunches, and the little ones plant them in the rice-field which has been worked into a semi-liquid mass. The work is done so rapidly and cheerfully that the observer will find it a source of keen pleasure. The transplanting of the rice always imparts new life and zest to the school work.

"In the fall they are equally anxious to get out. They think it is very great fun to fetch the rice from the fields. They carry it in big bundles on their heads. They always stop outside the house and shout to mamma, that I may come and see how well they are doing their work. They drop the rice in their court-yard, where the Santhals thrash it by driving their oxen over it. The girls afterwards separate it from the straw and chaff and carry it into the store-house."

These little girls take things seriously. They love this place, and they actually look up to Mrs. Boerresen as to their mother. They rise before day-light in the morning. They sleep on the hard floor in the night. But they know of nothing better, and it is a part of the system of this school to avoid molly-coddling. When the biggest have assisted the smallest and all are on their feet they leave their court-yard and say their morning prayers in front of Mrs. Boerresen's window. Many a morning have

On the Wedding Day.

I been aroused from my sleep by their singing. One of the oldest girls leads in prayer, and all of them repeat the Lord's Prayer in chorus. They finally pronounce their "Johar Mamma!" so that it may be heard throughout the premises, and as soon as she answers from the inside they return and begin to work.

But it often happens that girls who are laboring under serious mental affliction come and knock at mamma's window in the night to seek spiritual aid and advice, and many a night she has been compelled to wake with one after another of her little girls, comforting and guiding them, weeping and praying with and for them.

Disobedience is not unknown, but very little of it is tolerated. From the very beginning, trifling matters are handled with such earnestness and thoroughness that there is practically no ground for weeds of this kind.

The vicious habits which the girls have contracted at home before coming to school are very difficult to get rid of. But in this case the older girls render valuable aid. When a new pupil is admitted the arrangement of the details is such that it is not left exclusively to the principal to cut away the weeds, but the efforts of many are concentrated upon the new arrival until she has learnt to behave herself well.

Occasionally a young wife is brought here by her husband and relatives, who implore Mrs. Boerresen to make a decent woman out of her. Mrs. Boerresen generally admits her to the company of her little girls, and in most

cases the attempt proves so successful that the woman is sent back to her husband as a new creature.

A woman of this kind was brought here by her father and husband. She had run away from home several times and had behaved like a brute. She had one baby under her arm and was expected to give birth to another at any time. Could mamma do anything with her?

"Oh, yes, come here, my girl," said Mrs. Boerresen. The woman wanted to hand her baby to her husband, but Mrs. Boerresen told her to keep it.

Mrs. Boerresen introduced the woman to the girls in this wise: "This woman is not happy, and she does not behave well. She has run away from her husband several times, and now he and her father have brought her to us. She is to stay here until she learns to behave well."

They all knew what this meant, and they immediately began to devote their attention to her. She tried to be mean and cross and refused to work. She would not even take care of her own child. At first her waywardness had to be checked by means of coercion. But the ceaseless attention paid to her by the girls, the self-sacrificing love which she witnessed during her confinement and their daily prayers for her broke the ice, and some time afterwards she made her husband happy by returning home with her two little ones.

The mutual affection of these girls is most strikingly shown when one of their number is sick. Some one is on the sick list most of the time. The girls care for the sick by turns, affording all of them some experience in

nursing the sick. Mrs. Boerresen states that they are "unsurpassable" in this particular work, being far superior to all the trained European sick-nurses known to her. They seem to feel the exact condition of the sick and to know to a dot how a pillow must be placed and the patient turned, and their gentleness and adroitness are truly marvelous.

The girls generally remain here until they are married, and as wives they are in great demand. A young Santhal can think of no higher happiness in life than to obtain a wife from Mrs. Boerresen's school, and every now and then a boy approaches Mrs. Boerresen and begs her to aid him in winning this or that one of her girls for a wife. If he proves himself to be a young man of good character she is apt to see that they are united in marriage.

In this way the pupils of Mrs. Boerresen's school are scattered as seed throughout the country, and to one who travels among the people the results are already clearly discernible. The rule is, that such a woman not only makes a good house-wife, but she soon becomes a power among the women of her village. They learn to look up to her as to no one else, her advice will be sought and her words listened to, and whatever she does they will try to imitate; for she has been with "mamma".

As Mrs. Boerresen is the soul in the missionary work of this place, so is her school for girls the most exquisite flower of this mission; and it is no wonder that Mr. Skrefsrud speaks so highly of it in his letters.

FORTY-SECOND CHAPTER.

Indian Railways.—Cawnpur.—The Rebellion of 1857.—The Massacre.

Well, sir, how cheaply a man may wind his way through the world anyway. Mr. Boerresen told me that during the early days of his career as a missionary he would always travel in third-class railway cars when he was out raising money. I noted this and reasoned to myself: if he could do it I can do it too.

In a third-class car you may travel five miles for two cents, but in a first-class car you must pay three cents for one mile. A poor man finds a big heap of difference between the two.

In most trains there are third-class cars which have a compartment for Europeans alone. This is generally empty.

At Rampur Hat I settled down in such a compartment, went to bed and awoke the next morning after having traveled two hundred and eleven miles for two rupees and eight annas, or a little over eighty cents.

Five miles for two cents! Does that pay?

Those who built the railways in India knew before-

hand that the people simply could not afford to use this means of travel if the charges were put higher. On this account no railroads were built until the government guaranteed five per cent interest on the capital invested in a railway approved by the government. And even then the capitalists hardly dared to enter the field. But when the first lines were opened it did not take long to demonstrate that the capital was well invested, and subsequently new lines were constructed by one company after another without any guaranty.

When the government guaranteed a return of five per cent it was foresighted enough to reserve to itself the right to appropriate the whole railway if it should choose to do so. The government has not only made use of this right by appropriating several trunk lines, but it has also built new lines on its own account. It is becoming more and more evident that these railways, with their low rates, constitute the most promising resources on which the government may draw for revenue.

Bishop J. M. Thoburn, an American citizen who has spent half a century in India, writes on this subject as follows:

"American statesmen might profitably take a leaf out of this chapter of Indian history. The American people have been strangely reckless in throwing away valuable franchises of this kind, especially in the great cities. The American railway system, if properly controlled, might easily be made to pay all the expenses of the various state governments, and thus relieve the people of the heavy

burden of direct taxation under which they are becoming somewhat restive."

We continue the journey and step off the cars at Cawnpur.

The mere mention of this place makes everyone shudder who is acquainted with the history of India. It is the most horrifying event in the history of the wars of the nineteenth century which more than anything else has made Cawnpur known.

It occurred during the Indian revolution, or the mutiny of the Indian army, in 1857.

The East India Company, which from time to time had subdued one people greater and mightier than the other, became more and more daring for every victory, and one war with native rulers was followed by another until the company, contrary, as it seems, to all considerations of justice, annexed the kingdom of Oudh. The army maintained by the company had to be recruited continually with native soldiers until at many places only the officers were Englishmen.

The disgruntled princes who had been made dependent were of course brooding on vengeance, and they soon succeeded in arousing discontent and suspicion among the native soldiery. Messengers were sent from camp to camp, where they pointed out the tyranny of the English and the suffering of the people in the darkest colors.

New rifles were introduced in the army. The cartridges for the rifles were greased. This afforded an oppor-

tunity. Now every one could see for himself! The grease was a mixture of lard and ox-tallow. Would Mohammedan and Hindu soldiers allow themselves to be compelled to touch such cartridges? Fat from the hog would make the Mohammedan impure, and the Hindu would be guilty of sacrilege by using ox-tallow for such unholy purposes.

This consideration decided the matter, and the rebellion broke out.

In Cawnpur there were three thousand native soldiers and only sixty English officers. The European population of the city was close to one thousand, among whom were several missionaries and their families.

About three weeks after the opening of the rebellion the commander at Cawnpur was deserted by all but eighty native soldiers. He had to leave the fort, hurriedly gathered and armed three hundred men and built breastworks on an open square, where the European women and children also found a place of refuge. For three weeks the Europeans defended themselves night and day against a ceaseless storm of shot and shell, the hunger and thirst ever increasing and the heat rising to 138 degrees Fahrenheit. Two hundred and fifty had lost their lives during the struggle, but the survivors still proposed to keep their ground.

When Nana Saheb, the leader of the rebellion, who had three thousand armed men under his command, failed to defeat the few famished men who yet remained, he promised to procure food for them, carry them and the

women and children in boats to Allahabad and protect them from all harm if they only would surrender.

Pressed by the utmost distress, the English accepted the offer and surrendered. But as soon as the defenseless captives reached the Ganges a signal was given and they were butchered without compunction, only four men escaping. At the order of Nana Saheb two hundred women and children were spared, but only to suffer a still worse fate.

As soon as this terrible massacre was reported an army was sent out to liberate the captured women and children. Under the command of Gen. Havelock the army marched night and day incessantly. They were brave men, who defied heat and thirst, foes and jungles. They moved forward irresistibly. Everything in their way had to yield. But when they came to Cawnpur all their efforts proved to have been made in vain. A few days previously Nana Saheb had sent out five men to dispatch those that the army had come to save.

The day after the butchery had taken place several of the victims were yet alive. The dead bodies were seized by the hair and dragged into a dry well, and the dying ones went the same way. Three small children which had been overlooked ran around the grave of their mothers weeping. No mercy; they were thrown alive into the well with the rest.

When the soldiers came and saw what had happened their craving for revenge rose to a frenzy, and their be-

havior is disgraced by a cruelty almost equal to that of the deeds perpetrated according to Nana's orders.

If it is assumed that Gen. Havelock's army came to Cawnpur in the name of Christianity, civilization and hu-

"The Memorial Well."

manity we can easily understand why the English prefer not to speak of this event.

"Of what took place, the less said is the better," says Sir G. O. Trevelyan. But the native witnesses, of whom thousands are still in a position to speak, do not

keep silent. They will tell it to their children and grandchildren, and according to this conduct they will judge the white man's Christianity and humanity. And when the missionary preaches the gospel of Christ it is no wonder that some of the most simple-minded will ask: "What is the use of dropping paganism and adopting a religion which permits such revenge as this?"

Sir Trevelyan says: "But there was a spectacle to witness which might excuse much." He is right. But if palliating circumstances are to be taken into consideration on one side, why in the name of justice should not the same rule be applied to the other side! Or maybe some impartial reader of the history of India finds that the natives of India have nothing to avenge? No educated Englishman will make such an assertion. An abused pagan people which is stirred by fanatics will always be cruel in wreaking vengeance. No better can be expected. But when an English army enacts a drama which an English historian is ashamed of narrating in detail the affair is made two-fold nauseating.

Above the well which keeps the dust of the two hundred women and children a large and beautiful monument has been erected in the midst of a thirty-acre park. The place is known as "The Memorial Well."

FORTY-THIRD CHAPTER.

Lucknow.—An Awkward Position.—Overcrowded Hotels.—The Siege of 1857.—High Prices.—At the Ruins of the English Residency.—Kalsomined Palaces.—The Bazaars of Lucknow.

Lucknow is located forty miles from Cawnpur.

This city is evidently within the bounds of civilization, for magnificent horse races occurred there just as I was passing through those parts.

The hotels were packed, and no one cared for customers from the trains.

It was late at night, the streets were dark, and there was no vehicle to be had.

What should a stranger do who did not understand an iota of the language of the land? Slim comfort could be extracted from an employe at the station who simply pointed into the dark toward the European quarter, where the hotels are located. I tried to walk. Am not afraid in the dark, but one might go astray, and it looked like damp weather. Gave it up and returned to the waiting-room.

Then came a humane soul, whom I shall never forget, and assisted me to a seat for four annas in a carriage

which scarcely afforded room for its driver. I took him to be a Mohammedan. He may have been a Christian, however, for all I know. I hardly think he was a Hindu, for he was not afraid of approaching me.

But I frankly confess that I did my very best to compress my diminutive figure still more in order not to be too closely connected with him.

In my mind I may have wronged the man. But it was so dark, and my former experiences with such coachmen aroused uncomfortable notions in me, and if the readers had seen me by the side of this man they would scarcely have thought more of the author of this book than they do now.

But the man performed a good deed. He brought me into a humiliating situation, perhaps without his own knowledge, and he took me to the best hotel in Lucknow. It was not his fault that there was no room to spare. We charge that up to our civilization, our humanity and the horse races. But I met with well-bred people, who kindly conducted me from one over-crowded hotel to another.

At last we came to a house which was named after the Prince of Wales, and which still had room to spare.

Whoever has traveled some and seen some of the different parts of the world is not left in ignorance as to a house when it bears the name of the English heir apparent above the door or his picture on the wall. This may mean more than good board. I actually experienced some misgivings. But the situation practically left me no choice.

The food I shall not criticize. There was no lack of drinkables, but I left them all untouched. I spent the night without serious detriment to my health, and for this I thank the Lord more than I do the proprietor of "Hotel the Prince of Wales."

Lucknow! What may be said of Lucknow?

Pull out the handbook! This says a great deal about Lucknow.

It is the long siege during the rebellion of 1857 which has made Lucknow famous.

But the hand-book does not begin there. It first tells us that the city is several miles long and has several hundred thousand inhabitants, and that it was the capital city of the kingdom of Oudh, which was annexed by the East India Company the year before the rebellion.

At the breaking out of the rebellion the new province was governed by Sir Henry Lawrence as chief commissioner.

On a high elevation outside the city a commanding position was occupied by the residency with its offices and family accommodations.

As soon as Sir Lawrence heard of the rebellion and noticed the restlessness of the natives in his own garrison he prepared for a long siege by putting up defenses around the residency.

On the thirtieth of June the rebellion broke out in earnest. Sir Lawrence set out with his forces to nip the row in the bud, but was repulsed with a heavy loss. With 730 white and 480 loyal native soldiers and 500 women

and children he was forced to withdraw inside the enclosure of the residency, and this marked the beginning of the siege of Lucknow.

Three days after the beginning of the siege, Sir Henry Lawrence, who was sick in bed, was struck by a fragment of a bombshell which was thrown through the wall and exploded in the room. He was mortally wounded and died the next day. His successor fell three weeks later.

Uninterruptedly, night and day, the fire was kept up by the enemy. But the besieged defended themselves week after week with unflinching heroism and courage.

One assault after another failed. The enemy built mines and dug trenches, but all were discovered in due time. The buildings were riddled by bullets on all sides, yet they remained standing as proud as ever. The small-pox, cholera and other diseases combined with poor and insufficient food and oppressive heat, made the situation more critical from day to day. The number of able-bodied men grew smaller and smaller. But relief was expected from Cawnpur, and no one spoke of surrendering.

The enemy attempted to storm the residency on the twentieth of July, but were repulsed. On the tenth of August a similar attempt was made, but with similar results. Over one-half of the little garrison had already lost their lives; but the courage of the survivors never flagged. On the eighteenth of August a fresh assault was made. But as the enemy encountered the same stubborn resistance as before they soon withdrew to their entrenchments.

On the fifth of September a loyal native, who had

stolen through the ranks of the enemy, brought news from General Havelock and General Outram that they were on their way to Lucknow with reinforcements. This was a source of fresh courage. But the struggle had to be kept up another twenty days before the reinforcements arrived.

And when they did come they brought no relief. The two generals had been compelled to fight their way every inch until they reached Lucknow. But to cut a way through the city up to the residency cost more lives than what now remained of the beleaguered garrison. The reinforcements were in the city. But to get out again with the women and children, the sick and wounded was in impossibility. The very best they could do was to keep their ground until the arrival of fresh reinforcements.

The siege was continued. The enemy were busily engaged in keeping up the fire. The main building of the residency began to tumble down, and several of the adjacent buildings were shot down. But the defense was managed as usual and with similar results.

On the twelfth of November Sir Colin Campbell's guns were heard, and a few days later the British flag was seen waving over Martiniere College, which he had stormed. This gave the garrison fresh hope.

From the residency Sir Colin's army could soon be seen approaching, continuously wading through blood, for the bayonets had to be used at almost every step for a distance of eight English miles.

It was a horrible butchery and a terrible struggle.

At a large stone building in a garden about two thousand men had gathered to check the progress of the English. They fought to the last man. Not one of them surrendered, but the butchery went on until they were all killed.

General Havelock could soon run the risk of stepping outside the residency to receive Sir Colin Campbell, who now was the real savior of the garrison.

But even now the English did not feel strong enough to hold the city. Sir Colin Campbell therefore resolved to withdraw to Cawnpur with his army until it could be reinforced, and to forward all civilians, women and children and sick persons to Calcutta.

On a dark night the whole party broke up from the residency and passed silently through the city without the knowledge of the enemy.

In Lucknow there was no lack of persons who were willing to conduct a stranger and show him all the sights of the city. Remembering my experiences in Bombay, however, I made up my mind to ascertain the charges as well as the linguistic endowments of my customer.

Several of them stood the test as to the English language. That is to say, I could understand a fractional part of what they said. But the charges! They asked for double wages, and more too. Chandray would gladly have worked a whole month for what these guides demanded for one day's service. And not a single one of them looked better than he did.

But the races received the blame. They had attracted

so many Europeans to the city, and practically every one of these had to have a local guide. This extraordinary demand of course hoisted the charges to an abnormal height.

The same state of affairs among the cabmen. Two prices combined in one. All on account of the races, of course. If the charges were too high I was to blame myself. I ought to have chosen another time for seeing the sights of Lucknow. No poor man should go there during horse races.

After breakfast I started off through a torrent of rain. This time my vehicle was drawn by two horses, and each of them had a driver.

On our way my guide protested that he could show me everything worth seeing by twelve o'clock; for he was not only well acquainted but had mapped out such a systematic and glorious route that he could save one-half of the time which would have been required if I had engaged another guide. Believe him whoever chooses to do so!

When we read about remarkable events, unusual phenomena in nature, famous works of art etc., our imagination plays such a part that we are often disappointed when we are made better acquainted with the actual facts.

I was expecting an experience of this kind in Lucknow. I had formed sharply defined views about the heroism displayed by the small garrison during the siege of the residency at Lucknow. But when I stood at the

Bailie Guard gate and took a look at the ruins I received an impression of the terrors of war and of the heroism of those people which I am unable to describe.

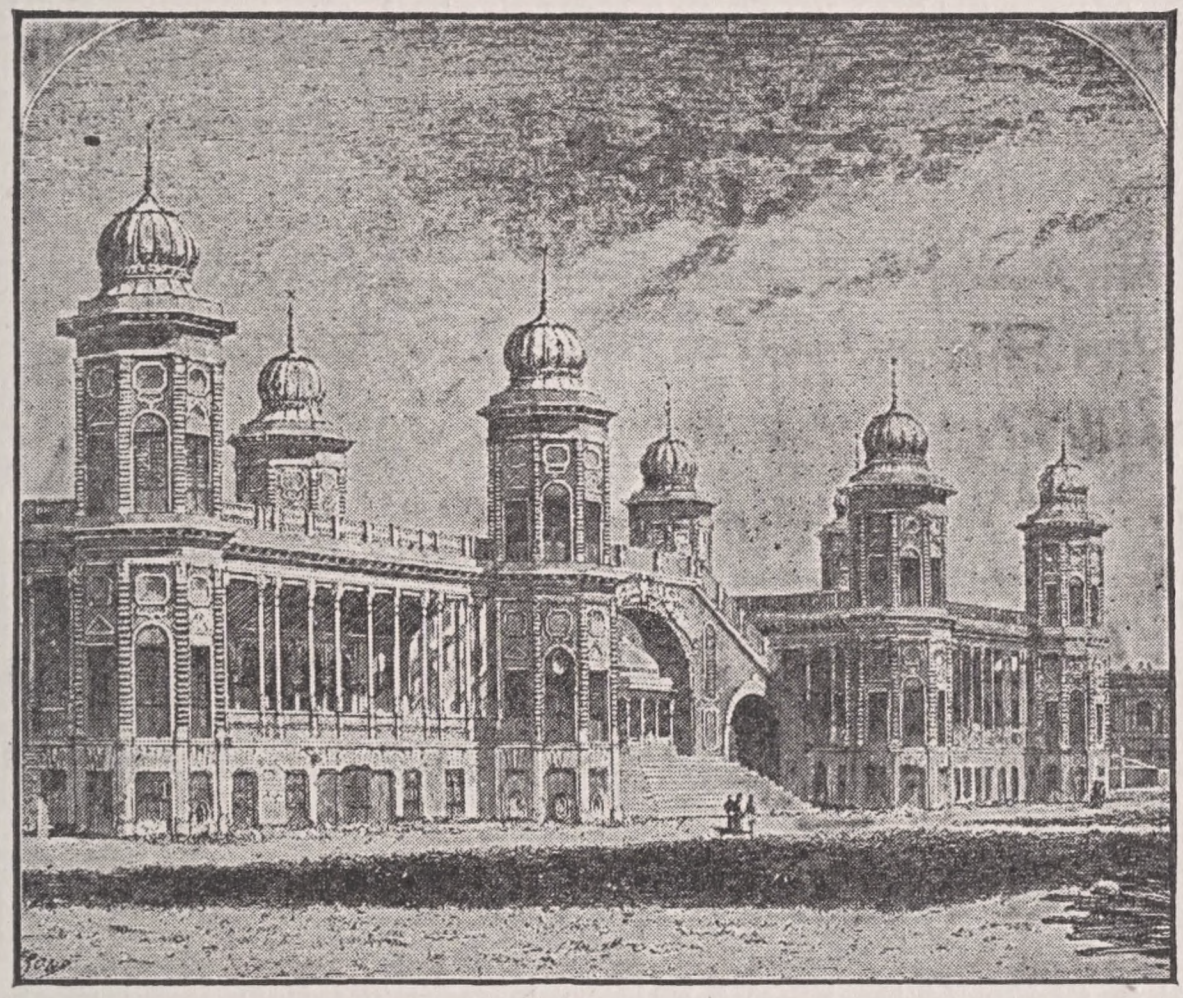
Outside of the room in which Sir Henry Lawrence lost his life a man was standing on one leg. He claimed to have been struck by the same bomb that put an end to the general's life.

It goes without saying that he never forgets to tell this to every traveler. He makes his living this way, and unless I am grossly mistaken he has made more money on his lost leg than on the one he still keeps. But I do not begrudge him his business. If he has experienced what these walls so plainly indicate, he must have heard and seen much which I am grateful for knowing so little about, and as a token of my gratitude I shared my little portion with him. It was the only "tip" that I gave with a generous heart during the whole trip — excepting Chandray, of course, and a Benares boy.

How I pitied the poor women and children! The house in which they were closed up is in a fairly good state of preservation. But what a suspense they must have been subjected to while pining away from week to week, from month to month amidst the roar of cannon and the crackle of musketry, the moaning of the wounded and the war-whoops of the enemy! Their lives were unceasingly trembling in the balance between hope and fear, between a cruel death and an indescribably welcome deliverance!

Not even the most vivid imagination, I believe, is able

to paint the situation worse than it was; and on the other hand it is difficult to imagine a more indomitable endurance, a more unflinching courage, than that displayed during the struggle incident to the relief of the beleaguered people.



Pavillion of Turka.

About all the royal castles and gorgeous palaces of which Lucknow may boast, a big book might be written. They testify to a grandeur and a splendor to which this city of kings will scarcely return.

A civilization of an entirely different kind threatens to invade Lucknow. Its aim is not to amass riches and

leave them in such an out-of-the-way place. The tendency at present is to accumulate as much money as possible and spend it in high living in Calcutta or Bombay, or, still better, at some manor in England.

The tooth of time is gnawing upon the imposing structures, and they will gradually crumble and tumble down; for the aim of those who constructed them was rather to capture the eye by a showy appearance than to erect something substantial. What looks like glittering marble when seen from a distance often turns out to be only kalsomined wood-work.

The kings of Oudh did not build much for the future. They were out rather late, and whatever they did had to be finished in a short time that they might enjoy it while yet living. They were fond of enjoyment. Therefore they kept an exceedingly expensive court. When the last king was deposed and taken to Calcutta as a captive the government found that it required at least fifty thousand dollars a month to support him. A very respectable board bill for a captive! How much more would he need while occupying his royal throne in Lucknow as ruler of several million people!

The bazaars of Lucknow are well worth seeing. There are two of them, one is old and the other new. The old one is a street running through the city, and is so narrow that a wagon can scarcely pass through it. For that reason the wagon had to stop in front of the gate.

The houses on either side are two-story brick buildings. The ground floors are used for shops of all kinds.

There is a great number of jewelry shops, which are narrow rooms without front walls. There is usually a master and one or two apprentices in each shop.

Gold I did not see at all, but silver was the more abundant. Even of this metal there was not so much as appearances indicated, these people having learnt the art of deceiving. You may buy a silver can that looks quite massive. But it is made out of a plate which is so thin that you may perforate it with a pin. There is a series of ornaments around the can. You suppose that these were cut by hand; but on the inside there are always corresponding elevations and depressions which will convince you that it has all been pressed in a mold. You buy a ring or a button because you get it for one-fifth of what the man first asked for it. But when you begin to use it you will find that you have paid too much for it; for what you took to be a solid button is hollow and soon falls to pieces.

But it is worthy of admiration that they are able to produce such deceptive goods by means of their primitive tools.

Here you may find shoemakers, tailors, barbers, weavers, blacksmiths, in short, artisans of all kinds that you can think of, each one in his shop. And they all sell their goods from the shop, which is so narrow that there is scarcely room enough for a man to turn around.

In the grist-mills you will find women seated in twos all over the floor, each couple working one mill-stone together. They grind away until their laps are full of

meal and more too, and the purchaser may easily ascertain that the meal is not too old.

The most common medium of exchange is copper coins. If some one has silver there is generally a banker at hand who for a trifling consideration furnishes change. He must make a living too, you see.

I suspected that these merchants graded their prices according to the looks of their customers. The natives surely cannot pay so much for their necessaries. But of a European they ask ten times the regular price. At first I thought it was a pity not to make an offer for some of their goods, but I mentioned a sum which was so small that I felt certain that the article could not be sold at that price. I soon found, however, that I was beaten every time.

Now only my hotel bill remains, and we have finished Lucknow.

A great deal might be written about the life of the English officers, about the strong garrison kept at this place, about the two modern forts outside the city — I visited both of them, but was permitted to walk through only one of them. No time can be spared for this at present, however.

About the hotel bill this one thing may be said: it was the most memorable of everything that I saw in Lucknow, and yet I did not get a drop of that for which the Prince of Wales hotels are most noted.

The horse races again!

FORTY-FOURTH CHAPTER.

Agra.—Moonlight.—Akbar the Great.— Taj Mahal.

"Be sure to have moonlight for Agra and the Taj," says a writer.

But I read this too late, and on that account I failed to order moonlight.

Of my own account I could not be expected to divine that moonlight was more necessary at Agra than at other places. I desired to see everything in broad daylight. I therefore traveled all night and arrived there about break-fast time, incidentally saving a stiff hotel bill.

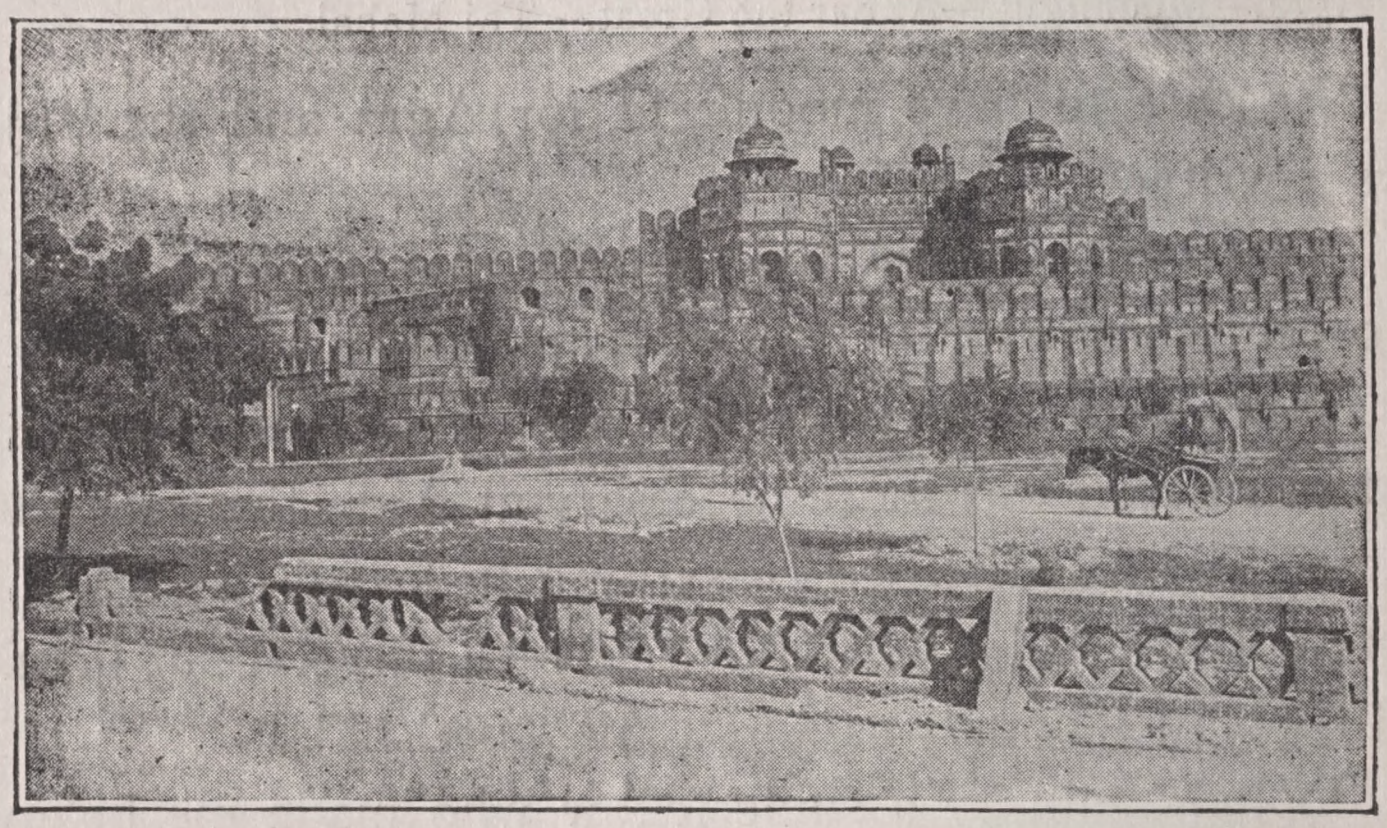
Fooled again by a snide fellow who made me believe that he could drive me around town and also act as guide and show me all the magnificent sights of the city, I to pay only for my ride. He was as well acquainted as any guide.

All right! Being glad to save that much money, I jumped into his wagon, and he closed it.

When I arrived at the hotel I was dumbfounded to find that I had changed drivers. The one now sitting on the box was an old wretch with whom I could neither speak nor get angry. Consequently I was compelled to

hire one more man. This time I succeeded better. I could understand every word he said, and he told me many things.

"You want to see Taj Mahal of course," he began. "All tourists want to see that. But you have chosen an unfavorable time. You cannot do justice to the Taj now.

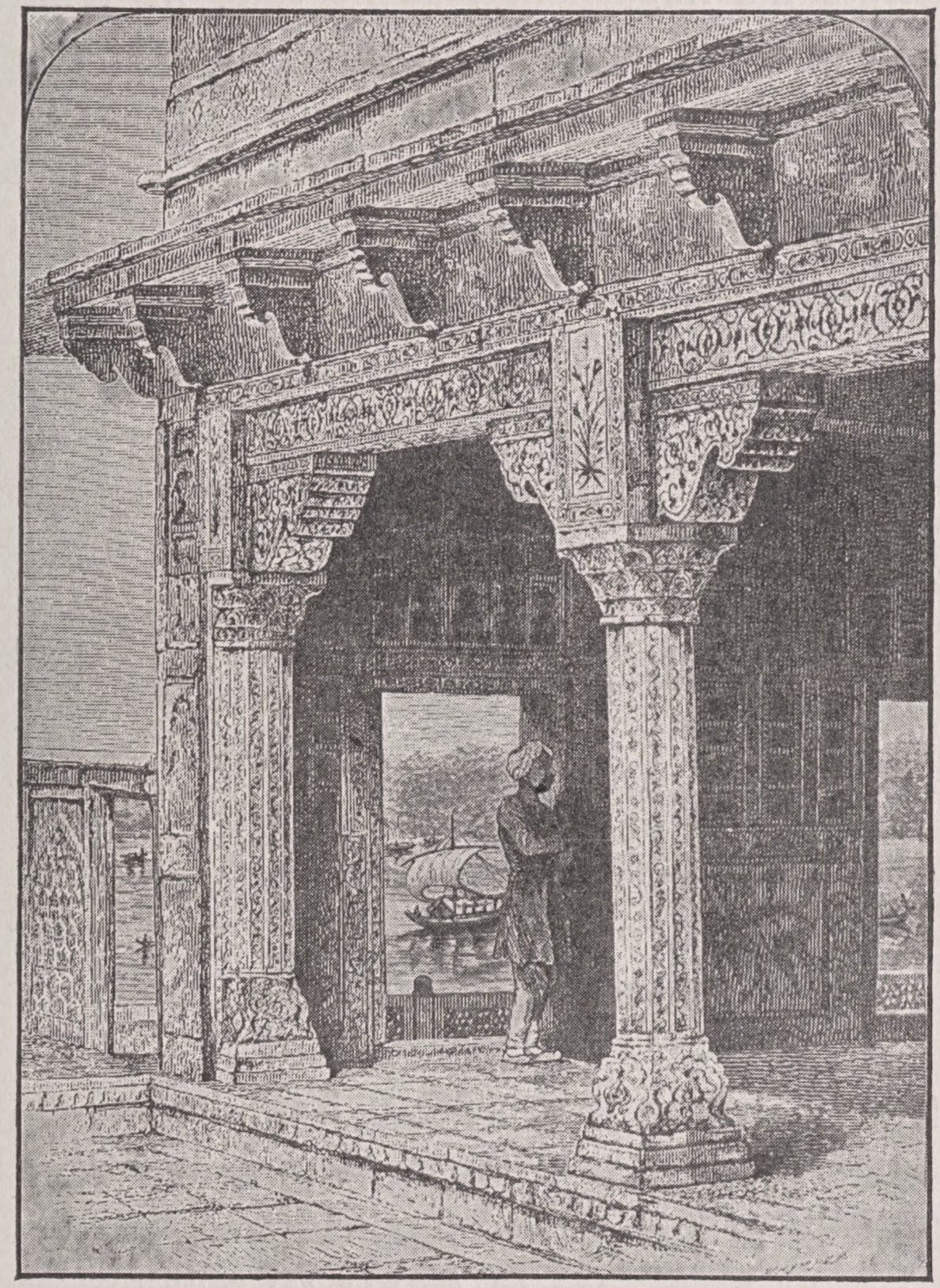


Fortress at Agra.

It must be seen in moonlight. Then it is simply fascinating. But even in daylight it excels everything else of which the world can boast in the line of architecture and art. As you may have heard, it is one of the seven wonders of the world. Believe me, it is the crown of everything that may be called architecture."

What is Agra? Let us answer that question in the first place.

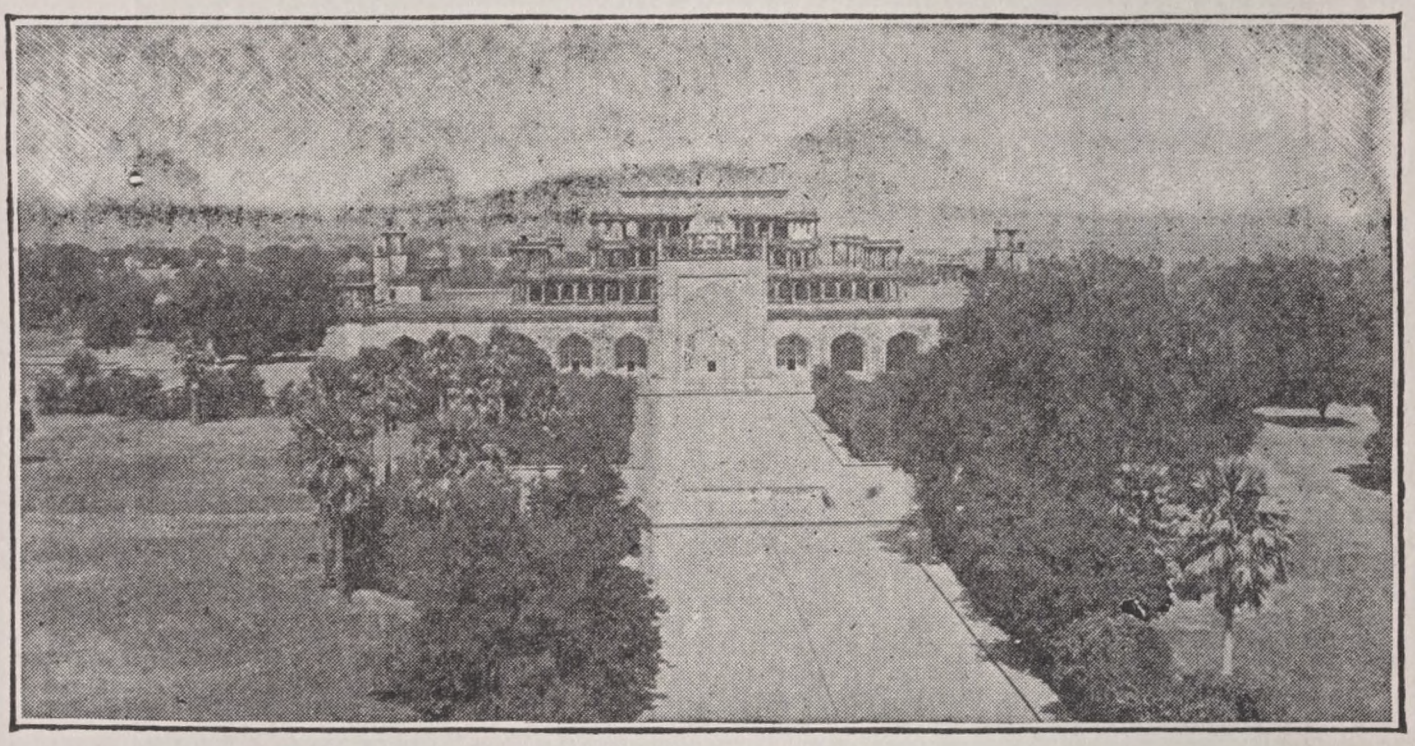
The city is also called Akbarabad, and for a time was the seat of the Mogul dynasty. It was chiefly Emperor



Balcony in the Palace.

Akbar the Great who, at the close of the fifteenth century, began to give to Agra that prominence which it enjoyed for many years.

Akbar was a remarkable man in many respects. Though a Mohammedan he was liberal in his way. To demonstrate his impartiality, as he said, he took unto himself three wives representing three different religions, one of them being a Mohammedan, one a Hindu and one a Christian. It is reasonable to assume,however, that he did this from political motives.



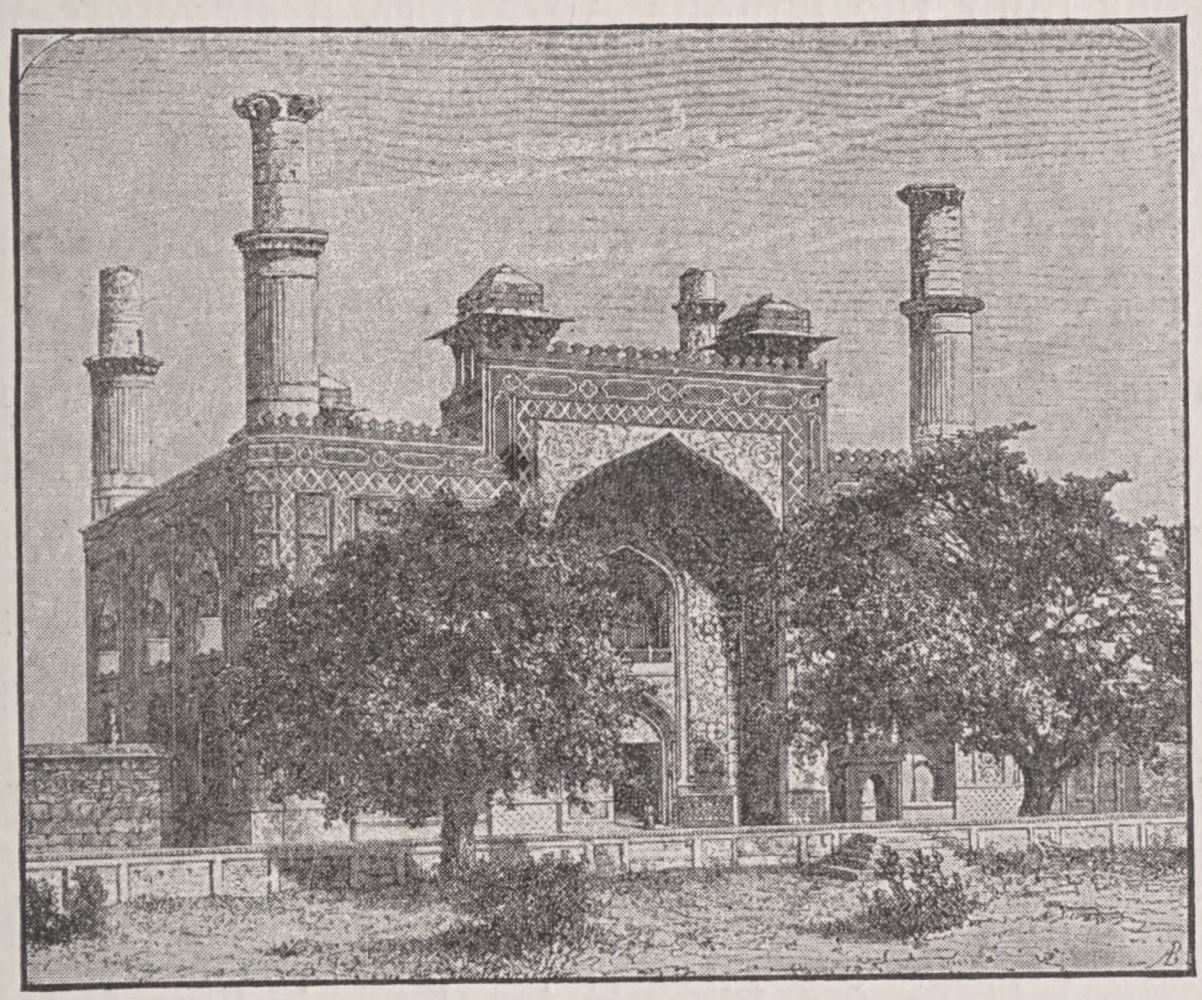
Sikandra, Akbar's Mausoleum.

It is even claimed that in his old age he was engaged in constructing a new religious system in which was embodied a little of each of the dominant religions of India. His aim must have been to gather all religious sects in one state religion and to make the emperor the head of the civil as well as the religious power.

From a Christian point of view Akbar was not a good ruler. He rewarded his friends liberally and knew how to

rise to a greater power and fame than any other ruler in India. But he was cruel and tyrannical towards those that he did not like.

He had a peculiar way of expressing his pleasure or displeasure. We are told that he carried with him a



Gateway at Sikandra.

box of confectionery. There were two compartments in the box, and the confectionery in one of them was mixed with a deadly poison. When he offered of the contents of the box to somebody no one was permitted to decline the offer. When a person received something from the right part of the box it meant that he enjoyed the favor of the emperor and that he would be promoted. On the

contrary, if he received something from the other part of the box it tasted well in the mouth, but death was apt to overtake him before he reached his home.

But one evening things went wrong. The emperor himself wanted some delicacies, took some of the poisoned confectionery and died.

Akbar built the famous Agra fort, a structure which with its seventy-foot walls of cut red sandstone looks very imposing when seen from the distance. But when you come close up to the walls, which extend about two miles and form an enclosure, you receive the impression that they were made rather to please the eye than to resist the assaults of an enemy. They are beautiful. But we cannot imagine for a moment that a ruler and warrior like Akbar, who was familiar with the advanced stage of the art of war at his time, seriously looked upon these walls as an effective protection to his castles and palaces on the inside.

About five miles from the city, Akbar constructed a great mausoleum for himself in the middle of a large garden surrounded by high walls.

His body is buried deep down in a dark cellar, where we had to use artificial light in order to see. The many rooms with walls of shining marble are empty.

On either side of the entrance to Sikandra, the mausoleum of Akbar, have been tall marble pillars, the summits of which are broken off.

Not far from this place is a house which Akbar built

for his Christian wife, and also a church building for her use. The former at present serves as a Christian orphans' home.

In the imperial palaces are many things which excite the traveler's admiration even if he has seen some of the world.

Still my guide kept on repeating his, "It is nothing compared with the Taj."

We ought to see everything else first, otherwise I would stare at the Taj to a surfeit, making the other sights look cheap and stale.

Well, he ought to know all about it; and in my imagination theTaj swelled up from a little fairy palace to a Titanic edifice whose glory and splendor exceed even that of the sun, so that it ought to be seen in moonlight in order to spare the eyes from being blinded.

Taj Mahal! What is Taj Mahal? It is a casket, nothing else.

We have mentioned that Akbar the Great built his own mausoleum. This was not peculiar to him. The ancient Tartars were in the habit of building such expensive burial chambers either for themselves or for some one else whose memory was dear to them.

In conformity with this custom all the Mogul rulers of India built great and expensive sepulchral monuments, the one more gorgeous than the other, until Shah Jehan, the grandson of Akbar, reached the climax of Saracenic architecture by erecting Taj Mahal in memory of his favorite wife, Arjamund Banu Begum.

It is claimed that a force of twenty thousand men were engaged in work on this monument from 1630 to 1648 — seventeen long years, and the total cost of it was about fifteen million dollars.

The workingmen, however, did not receive too much for their labor in spite of this fabulous outlay. We are told that one-half of them starved to death while at work.

Isa Mohamed, the chief architect, however, did not starve. He received three hundred dollars a month. The illuminator and the master-mason were equally well paid. Workingmen from Turkey, Persia, Delhi and Punjab received from fifty to two hundred dollars a month. They too could get along. Chandray can make both ends meet when he receives one dollar a month, although it is asserted that the prices of goods have doubled during the past three hundred years. Hence it stands to reason that those who starved to death received less than Chandray did. But I leave it to the reader to figure out how far it is from one dollar a month to actual starvation. I have to proceed with my work.

There were no building materials at the place. Many things had to be imported, and imported commodities generally come high. Whether they had a protective tariff over there in those days I do not know. When my hand-book tells me that twenty dollars per square foot was paid for crystal from China I do not know whether this included tariff and freight.

White marble was obtained from Raiputana. The ex-

act location of this place must be known to those who have studied geography.

Yellow marble came from the banks of the Nerbuedda. Consult your geography.

The black metal was imported from Charkoh. Point out the place on the map.

Jasper was fetched from Punjab; carnelian from Bagdad; turquoise from Thibet; agates from Yeman; lapes lazuli from Ceylon; corals from Arabia and the Red Sea; diamonds from Bundelkund; rock spar from Nerbuedda; philosopher's stones from Marcheen; loadstone from Gwalior; onyx and amethyst from Persia; sapphire from Lunka and red sand-stone, aggregating 114,000 wagon-loads, from Tuttehpur-Sikri.

Many other kinds of stones were also used; but there are no names for them in our language, says my handbook.

But it must not be supposed that Shah Jehan paid for all these materials. They did not come exorbitantly high to him after all. Crystal from China and gems and diamonds from Persia are supposed to have been the most expensive. A large quantity of the other stones were procured free of charge from the numerous tributary rulers throughout his vast empire. He only had to say, "Fetch this and that!' and the rulers of course had to turn to the people, who could do just as they saw fit, namely, work for nothing on their own board or be sent to sheol before time. The king's word was law in those days. I am glad on behalf of Chandray because that time is past.

It is stated, however, that some princes sent materials wholly of their own accord to Shah Jehan for the construction of the Taj.

The ambitious emperor had laid still greater plans than this Taj. He wanted to build another for himself. This one was to stand on the opposite side of the river which flows past the place, and both of the wonderful structures were to be united by a bridge across the river. The work was actually begun, and the ruins of the foundation are still plainly discernible.

But the work was interrupted. A rebellion broke out, and the country was ravaged by civil wars. Shah Jehan was dethroned by his own son and kept in captivity during the rest of his life.

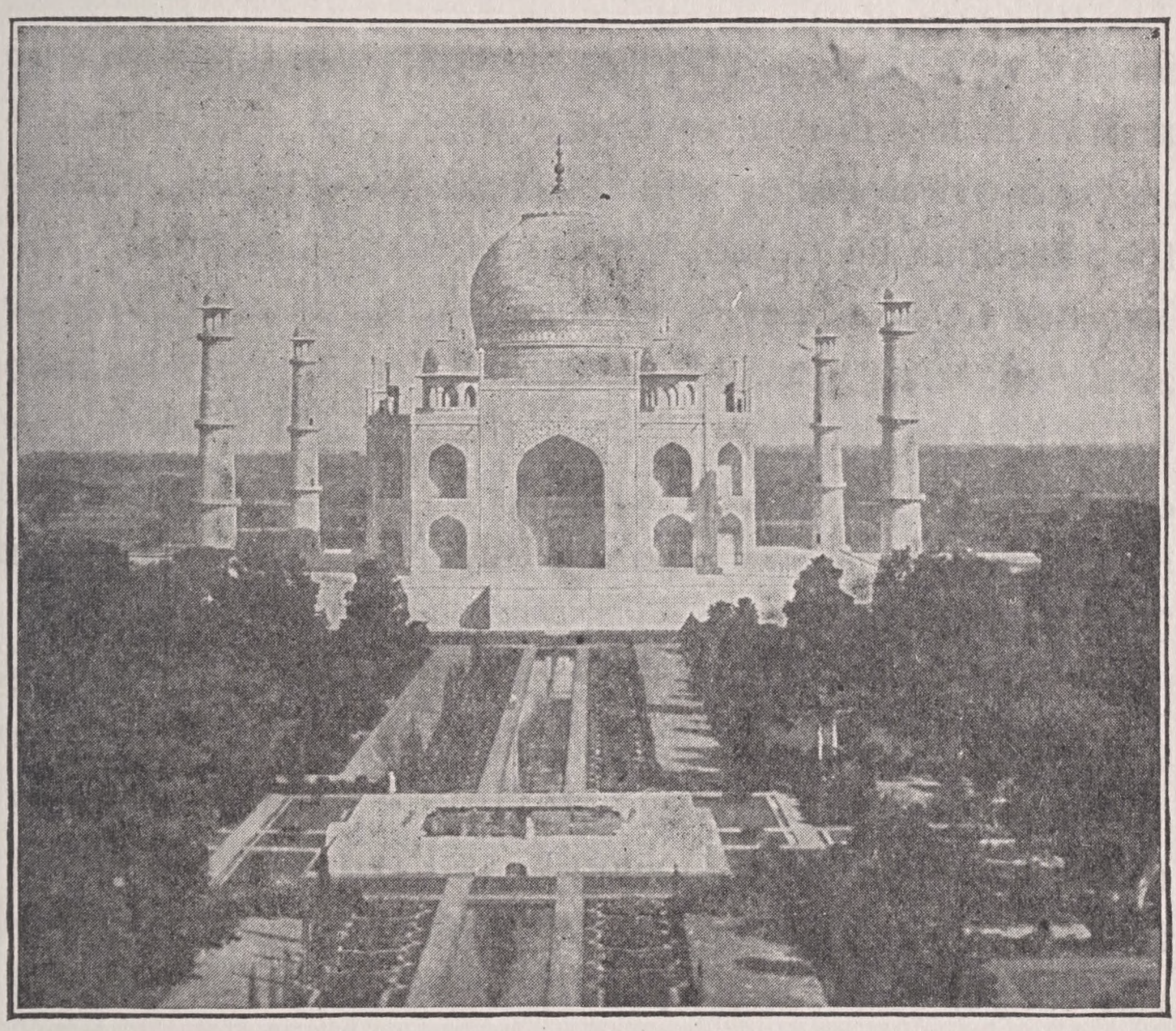
But he suffered no distress, his son caring well for him. I saw the rooms which were at his disposal. From the balcony where he breathed his last he had a charming view of the surrounding country, including Taj Mahal, which was mirrored in the waters of the Jumna river.

When he died his remains were deposited by the side of those of his favorite wife.

As I have said before, my guide never ceased boasting of the size and splendor of the Taj, exciting even my sluggish imagination.

The hand-book tells me that the Taj rests on a foundation of red sandstone which is 964 by 329 feet. On top of this comes a superb terrace of white marble which is 313 feet square. In the center of this stands the Taj which is 130 feet wide, and the distance from the ground

to the top of the cupola is 260 feet. But the imagination does not bother itself with such dry stuff as figures, and I had already constructed an air-castle at least five-and-a-half times as large as the tangible Taj.



Taj Mahal.

Standing in the gateway which affords a view of the world-famed building at a distance of several hundred feet, I involuntarily gave vent to an expression of disappointment: "Is this all!"

But that was all I could say too. When my Titanic

edifice covering several acres had crumbled to dust the real Taj Mahal remained, and it kept me spell-bound in silent admiration.

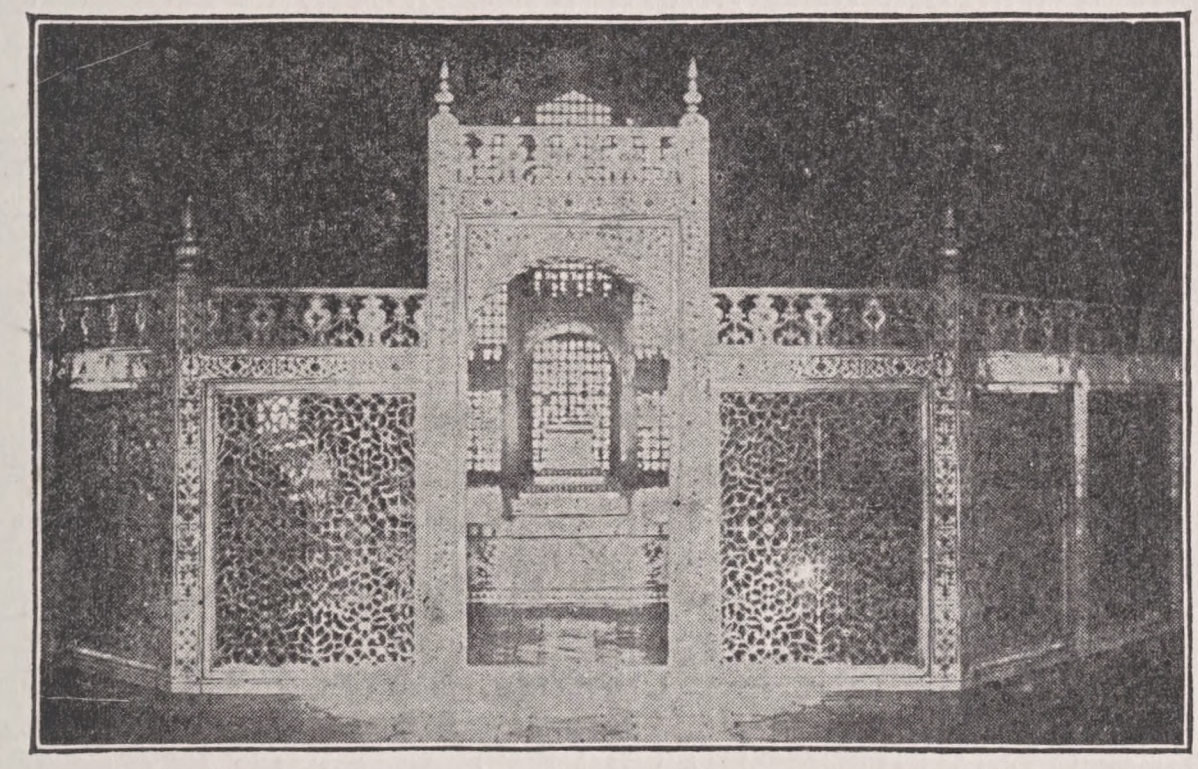
It is not so large as I had imagined, but infinitely more beautiful. No, beautiful is not the proper word. The observer is overwhelmed by a sense of purity and perfection which makes him ask himself: "Is this a work of man? Is it a dream, or is it real?"

The writer is not a man af extensive travels, and on that account he cannot well make comparisons. But Brother D. L. Miller of Illinois, whose pleasant company along the Red Sea and across the Persian Gulf I cannot easily forget, has traveled more than I. He is also a keen observer and a very able writer. As to profession of faith he is a Dunkard, and is an old leader among his brethren. This gentleman writes:

"I stood before the Taj as if entranced. I wondered again and again how human mind and hand could invent and fashion anything so wondrously beautiful. I have admired the tomb of Napoleon I. at Paris, world-renowned for its beauty; I have wandered through the Albert memorial chapel at Windsor palace, the gem of all Europe, a worthy memento of the wifely love and affection of England's greatest queen for her dead husband; I have stood beneath the dome of St. Peter's at Rome, the ecclesiastical architectural wonder of the world; and have beheld with amazement the beauties of the alabaster mosque at Cairo; but none of these are to be compared with the Taj. This pearl of India easily bears the palm of victory."

The gate leading into the charming garden which surrounds the Taj on three sides is a magnificent structure all by itself.

From the gate to the main building there runs a long pond, where thousands of fish are swimming about in crystalline water.



The Interior of Taj Mahal

Across this pond is built a marble bridge in the middle of which is a small, square pond, where carps of all sizes and colors are playing incessantly.

On either side of the long pond are tastefully arranged flower-beds, and outside of these are walks which lead up to the Taj.

In the garden on both sides is a miniature reproduction of the flora of India in all its variety and beauty.

Roses and jasmines fill the air with the richest fragrance, and from the branches of a profuse selection of large and small trees, gay little birds pour out a ceaseless stream of happy music.

The tombs are located in a dark cellar far down beneath the building. Here everything is dismal and silent. Nothing is to be seen here but two tombs which are built of polished marble and inlaid with precious stones of different colors.

But above the underground chamber, right under the cupola of the building, is an exact reproduction of the tombs. Around these is a marble screen the open tracery of which is tastefully designed.

The framework of this screen was inlaid with precious stones artistically arranged, but much of this adornment has been plundered by rapacious soldiers during the ravages of war to which the city has been exposed.

While I was sitting on one of the tombs my guide began to sing. At first I thought he was losing his reason, for with due regard for the performer his singing was disagreeable. But all of a sudden he stopped and began to listen. The harsh discords that he produced quickly passed away, while sounds of the purest harmony returned to us: first as a mighty surge, then more slowly and feebly until you finally were in doubt whether the strains had died away or were still sweeping on indefinitely above your head.

FORTY-FIFTH CHAPTER.

Punjab.—Delhi.—The Royal Palaces.—The Jumma Mosque.—A Monkey Mother.—Fine Work.—The Siege of 1857.

Now we are in Punjab, or "the country of the five rivers."

The Santhals call it Champa.

Punjab was the country of the Santhals for a long time. They were living there as a powerful and independent nation until they gradually were conquered and chased away by the Dravidians. Still later came the Aryan migration like an irresistible flood, sweeping away everything and carrying it eastward and southward. The Santhals, who clung to the forests, were repeatedly compelled to let go their hold and move on until a thousand miles lie between their present home and the rich Punjab, which once was theirs.

Punjab constitutes that part of India through which the river Indus flows and which Alexander the Great reached when he made his famous expedition to the Orient.

Delhi is not only the chief city of Punjab, but for a period of three thousand years it has been the center of

culture and intellectual life of India, not to say of the whole of Asia.

The present Delhi, however, is of a later date. The legends tell us that the city has been destroyed and rebuilt seven times. It is at least certain that is has been located at different places, which fact is demonstrated by the ruins which cover the landscape within a circuit of twenty miles to the south and south-west of the city.

The last time the city was moved by the above mentioned Shah Jehan, for which reason it is also called Shahjehanabad.

The present Delhi is surrounded by a fortified wall of red granite having a circuit of five-and-a-half miles, and twelve magnificent gates connect the city with the outside world.

On the inside the royal palace rises on the banks of the Jumna. It is surrounded by a strong forty-foot wall, which is richly ornamented with towers and cupolas throughout its whole length.

The hall of audience in the royal palace is a spacious hall which is open on three sides. The roof rests on several rows of pillars of red sandstone.

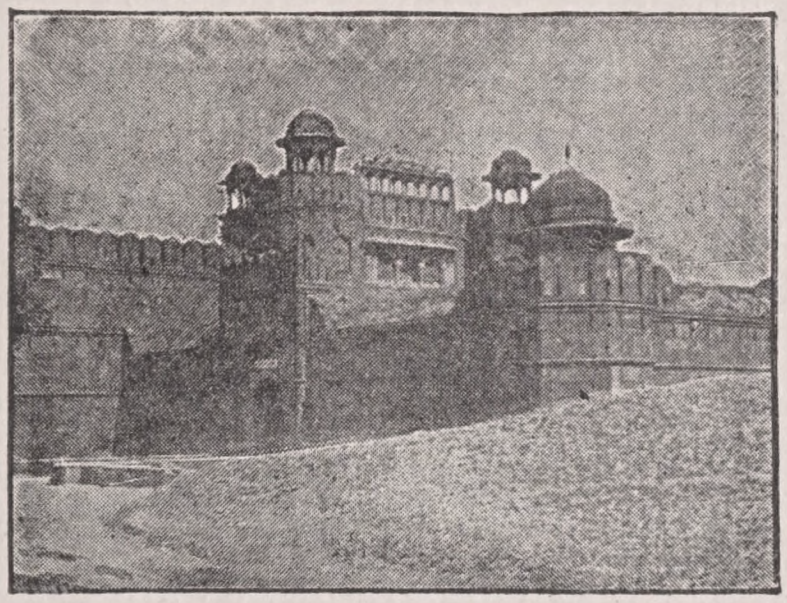
In the background a ten-foot stairway leads up to the throne, which is surmounted by a big canopy supported on four pillars of white marble.

From the throne a door leads to the private apartments of the emperor.

The throne, the canopy and especially the back wall

are ornamented with the most exquisite mosaic work, the inlays consisting of precious stones exclusively.

"But this is nothing," my guide assured me, "compared with what it was during the Mogul regime." And I think he was right. The throne and the wall plainly indicate that rapacious hands have carried away whatever could be removed without difficulty.



An Entrance to the Fortress.

The Pearl Mosque, so called on account of its artistic style and polished marble walls, deserves its name well.

The private audience hall of the emperor was being repaired. That is to say, a number of artisans were engaged in gilding the ceiling and the arcades of one corner. The work was only a sample showing how the room looked when new or in good condition, and how much gold it must have taken to gild the whole of it.

This hall too is open on three sides, having only one wall. The roof is carried by massive marble pillars which are covered with mosaic work.

In the center of this hall stood the peacock throne, so called, it is said, because it was made in the form of a peacock's tail.

The throne was six feet long and four feet wide, made of solid gold and inlaid with gems and diamonds. The throne was surmounted by a canopy supported on twelve pillars, everything being made of pure gold.

A Frenchman who had the honor of seeing the throne in its greatest splendor claimed that it represented a cash value of thirty million dollars.

All that now remains to be seen of the peacock throne is a footstool of marble. The Persian Nadir Shah turned the rest of it into the crucible and converted it into money, for which he had more use.

From the palace we drive to the famous Jumma Mosque, the largest and finestMohammedan mosque in India. The foundation of this structure covers a large square in the center of the city. On each of three sides is an immense gateway approached by a massive flight of steps. Above this is an open square, which is 450 feet each way, and in the center of which is a fountain for the purification of the Mussulmans.

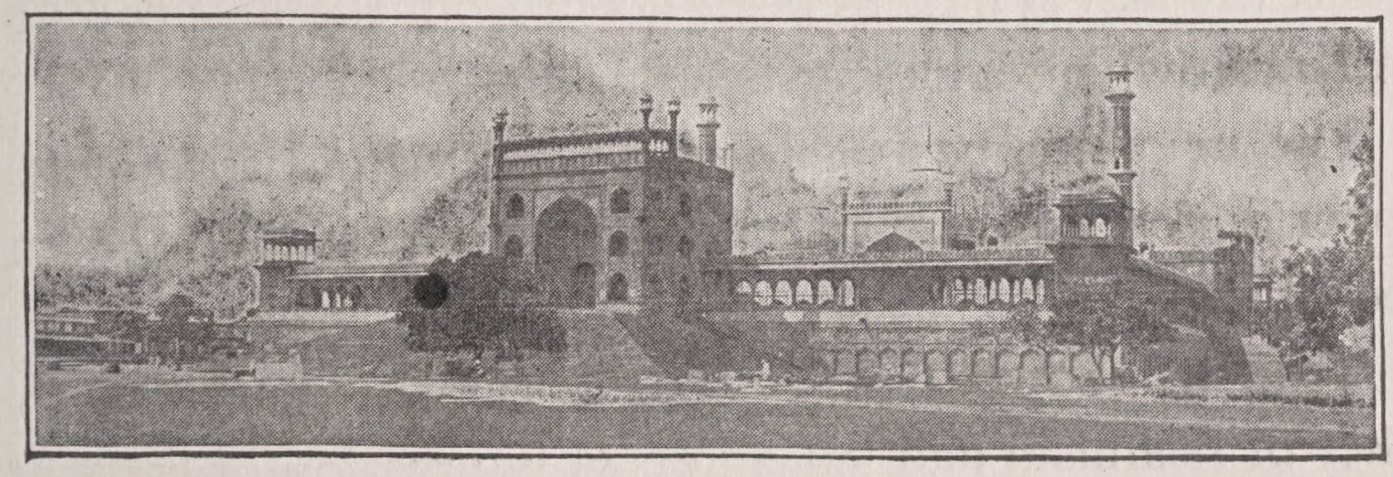
The west side, in the direction of Mecca, is occupied by the mosque itself.

Like all Mohammedan mosques, this one also has an open front. The building is one hundred and twenty feet wide and is surmounted by three huge cupolas of white marble. Formerly the visitors had to pull off their shoes

upon entering this sanctuary, but no European is required to do this in our day.

Two priests conducted me through the building, my guide, a Hindu, being compelled to remain outside.

Carpets were spread out to walk on. But I did not always look before my feet, my attention being attracted by so many different objects. I thus happened to step on the bare marble floor. But I ought not to have done this. The two priests seized my arms, worked off an unintellig-



Jumma Mosque.

ible harangue upon me and pulled me back to the mats. Then I begged pardon and told them that I would never be so rude again.

On either side of the mosque is a minaret which rises one hundred and thirty feet above the foundation. Winding stairways run up through these to the very top, affording a magnificent and commanding view of the city and its vicinity.

At the northwestern corner is a small building where no "unholy" mortal is permitted to place his foot. But an

old chief priest was standing there, wearing an unpardonably threadbare garment for a man of his rank. For a reasonable consideration he was willing to let me see the sacred relics of the place.

Expecting to get a peep at the most wonderful things in the world, I promised the old man a handsome tip.

The door was opened. The old man, crawling in upon his knees, opened a box and pulled out a few brown, dirty leaves of a book. I did not understand the reading matter; but the man protested that he was handling genuine goods, the leaves having been taken from the first copy of the Koran which had ever been printed.

The next number on the program was a worm-eaten slipper which was said to have been used by old Mohammed himself.

Then he showed me a piece of cement on which the father of Islamism had left an exact impression of his foot.

Now came the greatest curiosity and sacred relic to be found east of Mecca. It lay on a white paper, which again was enclosed in a gold case. Twofold solemn did the mien of the old man become as he brought this object, and my imagination was strained to the utmost. — It was a gray hair from Mohammed's venerable beard. The idea!

For my part I was more interested in a big female monkey which was seated on the ridge of a house on a neighboring street, suckling her young one. She looked down upon me contemptuously as she pressed her young one to her breast and glanced at it now and then to ascer-

tain that it was not frightened by the monster down on the street.

She felt quite safe from me. She was occupying a dangerous place, however. Behind her came a rascal of her own race, evidently bent on giving her a push in the back. But the watchful mother heard the steps no matter how lightly and cautiously they were taken, made a terrible face, grabbed her young one and scrambled from roof to roof, leaving the rascal behind her in dismay.

Now I know how a monkey dam carries her young one.

But I wonder which was the first one in India to carry the young ones in this fashion, the monkey mother or the human mother, both of them following exactly the same method. They push out one hip and make the little one ride astride on it, the mother pressing him against her side with her arm, thus preventing him from tumbling backward.

The Indian merchants are forging ahead with energy and success in northwestern India. In the narrow streets you will often find many shops that are not only well supplied with goods but in which the goods are exhibited in an attractive manner.

Many of them are carrying on an extensive trade with the numerous European travelers. They keep their agents at the railway stations and the hotels, and the printed business cards which they present to the traveler are by no means inferior to those which we are accustomed to in America, excepting the unpardonably long names and

the bombastic titles. And the skill with which artisans in Agra and Delhi work in alabaster and ivory is remarkable.

My guide at Delhi took me into a shop in one of the eight-foot streets. An exceedingly polite man conducted me up a dark, narrow stairway to a little room that was well lighted. He told me that he had a museum there.

Now he is up to some humbug again, I thought to myself. But I was mistaken. The man went to a safe and pulled out one object of artistically carved ivory after another. The image of an elephant loaded with a complete outfit for house-keeping was small enough to be concealed in the hand. Chains and rings were dangling all around. But it was all carved out of one solid mass of ivory. There were no joints to be seen.

In a side-room he had his workshop. Here were workmen whose ages ranged from six to seventy years.

A little boy was engaged in carving out a dog. He had spent about a month on it, and now it was half finished.

An old man was painting pictures of Taj Mahal on glass. He did not take much paint on the pencil for each stroke.

When the man had shown me everything he handed me a book in which he had induced visitors to write down their opinions about his goods.

It was an interesting book, and it contained the names of many famous men.

About a year before my visit a man had written something which no subsequent visitor had been able to interpret. He hunted it up for me, and to my astonishment it was written in Norwegian. Here is an English version of it:

"This man's art is superior to everything that I have ever seen. Delhi, 27—2—'98. L. O. Skrefsrud, Norway."

"Do you understand it?" he asked.

"Yes, Sir," I said, and smiled.

"Is it something that will do me harm?"

I translated it to him, and the man beamed with happiness. For a long time he had wished that some one would come and interpret this writing and tell him what strange man had written it.

But when I told him that Mr. Skrefsrud was a missionary he looked rather silly. He had been in hopes that the mysterious writer was at least a European prince.

Delhi was the great stronghold during the rebellion of 1857.

On June eighth the British forces encamped outside the city, and the siege lasted for three months.

On the fourteenth of September an impetuous assault was made, resulting in the occupation of the whole eastern portion of the city.

The struggle must have been fierce and the bloodshed terrible, as is indicated by the marks on the wall at the Kashmir gate and by the numerous gravestones surrounded by cannon balls in the hill outside the gate.

For five days the fight continued in the streets.

The king, who had encouraged the rebellion, took his family with him and sought refuge in an old tomb, but surrendered shortly afterwards.

After the surrender Captain Hadson set a striking example of English humanity and military spirit by killing, with his own hand and without trial, the two sons of the king and afterwards displaying their bodies in the chief thoroughfare of the city.

FORTY-SIXTH CHAPTER.

Benares.—Many Pilgrims.—An Experiment.—A Boat-Ride on the Ganges.—At the Burning Ghat.—Horrifying!—At the Marnikarnika Well.—The Purse a Weak Spot.

Benares! One day spent in Benares will throw more light on Hinduism and enable a person to judge the merits of the Brahminic philosophy more correctly, than would a whole life devoted to the study of the Vedas and the numerous learned works of a later date on that subject.

This is the heart of Hinduism.

The Jews and the Christians speak about Jerusalem! What notions we had about Jerusalem when we were devoting part of our childhood days to the study of Bible history! How often our minds were fired when we thought of the possibility of visiting Jerusalem at a riper age of life! Even at this very moment the writer is scarcely able to pardon himself for having been so close to Jerusalem without seeing the place where the Savior of the world gave up his life.

The Mohammedans look upon a pilgrimage to Mecca as the greatest blessing, and when they pray they always turn their faces in the direction of their sacred city.

But Benares is something far greater to the Hindus

than is Jerusalem to the Christians and Mecca to the Mohammedans. To them it is the most sacred spot on earth.

A Hindu, however, will maintain that Benares is not located on earth, but that it rests on a prong of Siva's trident.

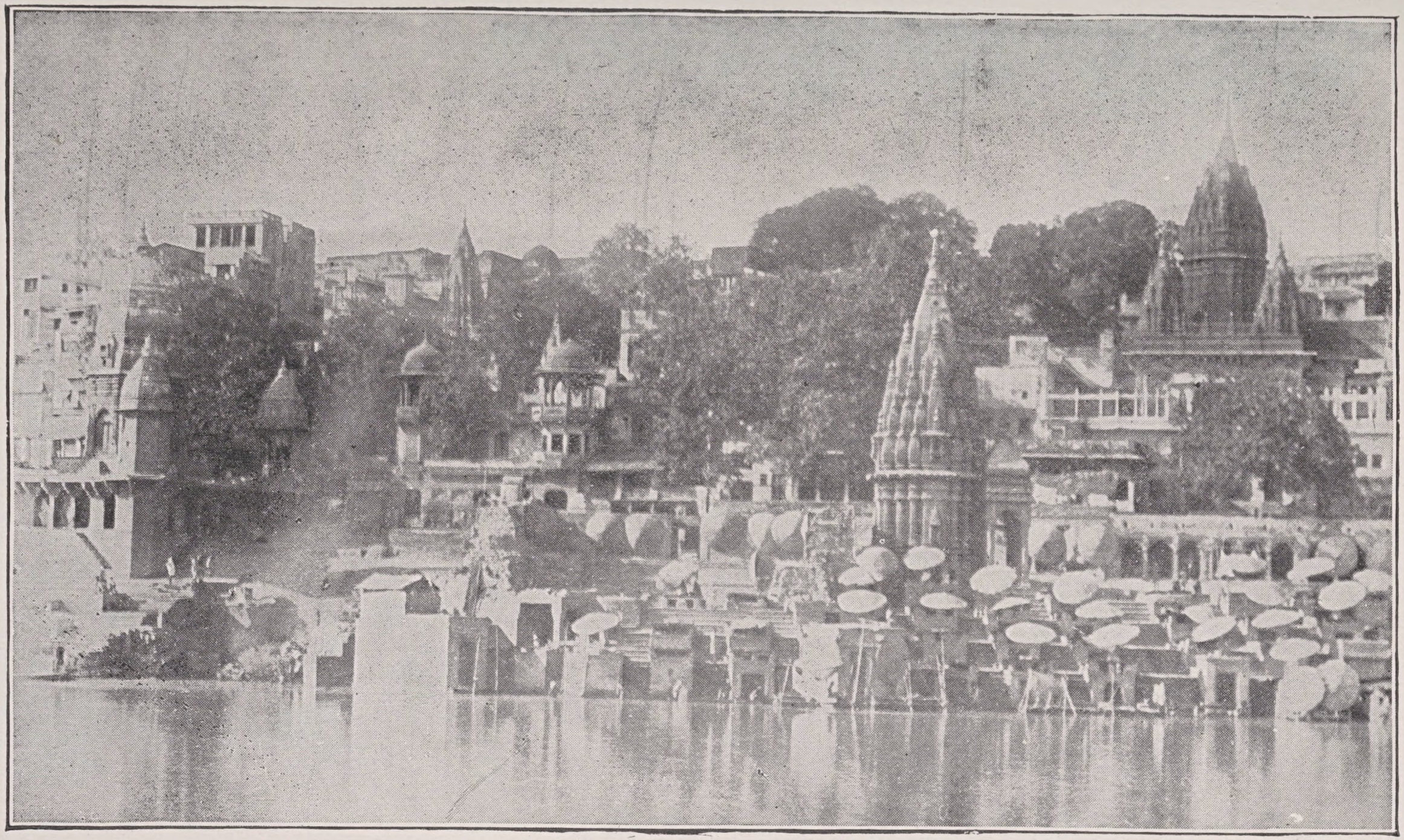
The City is called Kasi, the shining, by the Hindus. The streets and buildings were originally of pure gold, it is claimed, but by some mistake they were turned into stone and earth.

The city is magnificently located on a bay of the Ganges, 476 miles from Calcutta and 938 miles from Bombay. Benares extends in the shape of a crescent about four miles along the north bank of the river, and with its fourteen hundred temples, whose towers rise among palaces and mosques, it is, when seen from the other side of the river, by far the most beautiful city in India.

From all directions, by rail and river, along country roads and across fields, people were pouring by thousands into the sacred city of the Hindus on the day of my arrival — not in honor of me, I am sorry to say, but on account of a great festival which was to take place the next day.

Here and there people were seen falling on their faces when they caught the first glimpse of the city, and I was told that many of them would walk on their knees the balance of the way to the city, their object being to evince reverence and a penitent spirit.

It is said that a pilgrimage to Benares by means of boat or vehicle is not very profitable. It is more meritor-



Benares.

ious to foot it, and the meritoriousness increases with the length of the journey.

Nevertheless, from the remotest past to our day, some people have made the pilgrimage as easy as possible, using oxen, camels or elephants on land and craft on the Ganges as means of conveyance, according to the length of the pilgrim's purse.

The railroads have added a new facility. At first the Hindus were loath to travel by rail; for in a railway car a person must always run the risk of being seated by the side of a person belonging to a lower caste, and such contact involves a sin of the most heinous character. But the temptation was too great. When so much money can be saved and so many hardships avoided, when travel is made so easy and comfortable in all respects, even a common Hindu is inclined to test the elasticity of his conscience. From year to year there is a steady growth of the number of pilgrims coming by rail to Benares to obtain indulgence and to celebrate the holidays.

Though the pilgrims would not fill the hotels and raise the hotel charges to any appreciable degree I could not help thinking of the races at Lucknow and of the small amount of money which still remained at my disposal. I had slept several nights on the cars without extra charges.

Upon my arrival at Benares I entered the first class waiting room at the station, placed my baggage on a couch and asked the waiter to make a bed for me there by the time I returned.

This was an experiment. The printed regulations on

the wall stated that the room was no bungalow where people could stop, excepting while they were waiting for the train. But I refrained from reading the regulations.

The boy bowed and said, "All right."

A few hours before sunset I engaged a guide in great haste, and a little later we were on our way to the river.

A boat-ride on the Ganges at Benares can never be forgotten. The boat! Be it big or small, it is simply impossible to describe how ugly and wretched it looks.

But now we are in a country where beauty and ugliness, good and evil, great and small things are mingled with each other in the wildest confusion. Therefore it strikes no one as a contrast to see a well dressed European lady sitting on a rotten board in a most wretched craft by the side of a distinguished looking gentleman with eye-glasses on his nose.

For my part I could choose between a roofed vessel of several tons and a craft which was ten feet long and four feet wide. The charges were three rupees and one rupee, respectively. This settled the question. It was a small margin to risk one's life on; but if the boat had not dropped to pieces during the past one hundred years why should it do so in the course of the next two hours? And at the very worst a man may cling to the wreck and save his life in that way.

The water was bright and smooth on the surface, and the huge buildings and stone steps on the one-hundred-foot river bank had their own pictures in front of them as if in an immense mirror.

Most of the buildings lean to one side more or less, and not a few of them had tumbled over. In some cases the foundation was wholly gone on one side, while that on the opposite side seemed to be raised. My guide told me that earthquakes were responsible for these disturbances; but as they evidently occurred several hundred years ago his theory cannot be verified by documentary evidence, and it is most unlikely that the matter has been investigated by geologists.

We rowed down-stream. There was next to no current. The dead bodies floating on the surface did not seem to move, and green fungi grew in the water around them.

In my boyhood I had read a great deal about the sacred waters of the Ganges, and now I could see men all around me who were devoutly worshiping it, some of them also drinking of it and indicating by their behavior that they enjoyed the treat very much. But in me the first sight of it created the greatest disgust. Just think of bathing in this water, not to mention the use of it for drinking purposes!

But people will do many strange things to cure the body or save the soul. When Naaman, the Syrian, was at a real pinch he who had been accustomed to bathe in the crystalline waters at Damascus, stepped down into the despised Jordan and was cured. He hesitated a long while, but it finally occurred to him that he might as well try the remedy.

The Hindu firmly believes that the water of the Ganges cures diseases and takes away sins.

To bathe in the Ganges at this place, where it emits the foulest stench, will carry a dying person directly to heaven, though he has been the most abominable sinner that ever burdened the earth.

When the Brahmins, who as a rule are intelligent men, teach this, and the people believe it I can easily understand why persons who are strangers to the gospel of Christ bathe in the Ganges and drink of its water no matter how disgusting it looks. It is only natural that most people who have such faith in a remedy of this nature should turn to it instead of seeking God with a penitent heart.

And the Hindus do believe in the sanctity and health-giving properties of the Ganges, and they are never afraid of contracting diseases by its use.

A number of years ago a sensation was caused by the statement that the cholera is never spread from Benares. A scientist in the employ of the government made a series of experiments. He took some of the filthiest water to be found near the mouth of a city sewer and tried to cultivate cholera bacilli in it. But the bacilli died within six hours. He made several attempts. But the result was invariably the same. Then he planted cholera bacilli in pure well water which was used in the city, and they multiplied with surprising rapidity.

The Hindus have been ridiculed for claiming that a

person may drink of the water of the Ganges without taking sick, no matter how it stinks. But now the scientific world is pausing and asking how people could obtain that knowledge thousands of years ago.

We glided past the place where the bodies of the dead are burnt, the Burning Ghat, and landed a short distance below.

Down the steep, filthy hill-side came one group of men after another, each group carrying a corpse on a bier of bamboo poles. They did not move slowly and solemnly but ran and shouted vociferously, "Ram! Ram! Ram!" (the name of a god) over and over again until the burden was lowered and immersed in the water of the river.

Immediately a number of men who evidently followed this work as their regular occupation stepped up and began to prepare pyres on which the corpses were placed, and the bearers hurried off.

In one case a few of them remained. When the pyre was finished a torch was handed to a boy who seemed to be about eight years old. He ran around the pyre several times and finally set fire to it on the lower side.

The boy seemed to be greatly amused, and the grown people that subsequently led him away did not manifest the least trace of sorrow.

My guide told me that the boy was the oldest son of the deceased, and that good manners required him to kindle his father's funeral pyre.

Two men brought a big, red bundle suspended from a pole. It was the dead body of a poor woman. They threw down the bundle in the middle of the hill and gave it a kick to set it rolling, whereupon they retraced their steps and disappeared.

Several pyres were kindled at the same time.

In a short while they were ablaze. The fire crackled and sputtered as when a frying-pan catches fire, and the atmosphere was soon saturated with the odor of burning human flesh.

The men who were in charge of the work were kept busy. They were no doubt performing their duties with proper decorum, but in my eyes their actions were horrible. Indeed their trade made me shudder.

They walked about among the pyres, carrying long poles which they used in turning the bodies over. Occasionally they would raise a body above the pyre like a huge torch and throw it down with great force to break it to pieces and make it burn so much faster.

I had to turn away and look at something else. A person must take in such sights as this by degrees, or else he is apt to sink into a fainting-fit. My nerves at any rate could not, upon short notice, be made to endure such a sight but for a very brief space of time.

But I had taken only a few steps when an equally nerve-shattering sight met my eyes. It was a group of men of different ages who were rolling in the mud. Their condition was extremely wretched, and they seemed to have been lying there for some time.

Ganesa.

"What is this?" I ejaculated.

"People dying," was my guide's reply. "Carried here to die. Sacred place right here. When sick, carried here to die. Come to heaven sure, not to hell."

"But they are lying here without any one to care for them," I remarked.

"Relatives carry them here. Then go home. Die not, but recover, then cannot come home. Relatives afraid, shut the door, chase them away. Bad people not die here, not go to heaven, recover and go to hell. Relatives admit them, they too go to hell."

By these words the man wanted to tell that such people were carried there by their relatives that they might die on the banks of the Ganges, the most sacred place on earth, and be sure to enter heaven as soon as they breathed their last. If they are good, death will be easy and swift. If they are bad, death will tarry. But if their wickedness is unusually great they will recover in order that they may die at another place, from which the Lord is not obliged to admit them to heaven but may let them return to the world in the form of a serpent, a worm or even an ass. Such people are of course shunned by their relatives, who look upon them as though they were ghosts.

There is one gasping for breath just now, and another is writhing in the last throes of death without a friend's hand to offer him a cool drink for his burning tongue or to close his eyes in death.

O God! What creatures we are! Does any guilt at-

tach to us on account of this? Are we in any way responsible for the woe of these our brothers? Never in all my life have I felt so ashamed of myself, so sinful, so worthless and base. There I stood facing fellow-men who were laboring under unspeakable distress and anguish, and yet I viewed them as a curiosity. Their sufferings cut me to the quick, but I was of no use to them. I had to do as the priest and the Levite — I turned away and left them. Oh, if I could have acted as the good Samaritan on this occasion, how much more agreeable it would have been to leave the place! Now I can only point to the distress and say to the Lord and the Lord's friends: "Help! Help! United efforts are required in this case."

A few steps from the Burning Ghat, which to the Hindus is the most sacred spot on earth, we came to the Manikarnika well, the fluid of which is claimed to be still more powerful than the water of the Ganges.

According to the legends the well was dug by the god Vishnu himself, and instead of water he filled it with the sweat of his own body. Having finished the well, he settled down as a devotee by the side of it.

One day the god Mahadeva came to pay him a visit. As he looked into the well the light from a hundred million suns struck his eyes, and when Vishnu invited him to dwell there he was so crazed with joy that he shook off one of his ear-rings, dropping it into the well. From this ring the well is called Manikarnika.

Vishnu is still sitting there — his image at any rate,

and to one side there are sixteen altars on which the pilgrims sacrifice to their forefathers.

Wide stair-ways lead down to the well on all four sides, and the water on the bottom of it is not over three feet deep.

This well is generally the first place visited by a pilgrim coming to Benares. He sacrifices to the well such objects as leaves, wreaths of flowers, milk etc., until the water resembles broth and emits an intolerable stench. He also bathes here, washing his body, diving and babbling and rattling off long prayer formulas.

Though he be the greatest of criminals he may become pure and holy in this stinking water. No orthodox Hindu doubts that, says my hand-book.

A well-fed priest ran down the steps with a cane in his hand and proceeded to fish out a wreath of flowers which was floating on the water.

"What does he want to do with this?" I asked my guide.

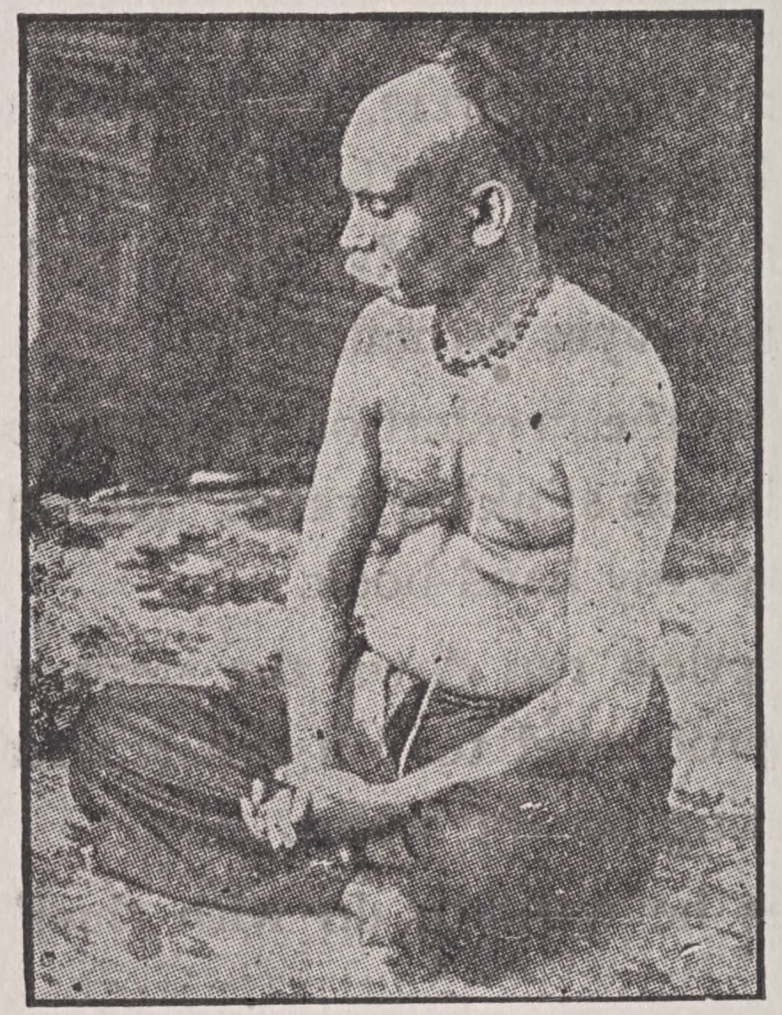
"He wants to give it to you. You give him money."

"Come along!" I said to my guide, and took to my heels.

The purse is a tender spot, I tell you. Have you ever noticed that many people sneak out of church when the collection is to be taken up, and that others are very busily engaged in staring in the hymn-book and singing devoutly and vociferously until the contribution box has passed them? What? Have you not? Well, have you seen a

prosperous parishioner raise his hand solemnly and drop a copper coin into the box?

Have you not seen even that? But are you certain that some one has not seen you do it? Do not talk about the widow's mite; for she gave all that she had. We



A Hindu Priest.

are not so self-sacrificing, not one of us. Nor would it work in India. If I had given the widow's mite at Lucknow to those who were more than willing to accept it, what would the results have been in Agra, Delhi and here in Benares? I had kept on handing out small silver coins until I finally realized the necessity of economizing. Everybody of course took me to be a Croesus because I came

from America (I was already accustomed to this), and to be an inveterate skin-flint because I was not generous enough. I had made up my mind, and when I heard, "Give him money," my program was, "To the rear, march!" without a moment's delay.

But the priest was more swift-footed than I. He was adroit too. He threw the wreath after me as a cow-boy would throw his lasso, and before I was aware of it the wreath lay around my hat.

We were overtaken by the priest. Instead of asking for money he invited me to accompany him to the great temple close by.

I went with him! I attempted to walk straight into the holy of holies but was prevented from doing so, while rats and mice were admitted free of charge.

"Well, then you will not get a cent!" But the priest did not understand me and followed me to the boat, saluting me so long that I had to think of Fido, who remains sitting upon his hauches begging until some one gives him a bite, and I bestowed the dog's right upon the priest, pushed from shore and rowed up the river, the burning human flesh still sputtering and crackling, the pyres throwing their light through the dusk upon the river.

FORTY-SEVENTH CHAPTER.

A Modest Waiter.—A Fell Dream.—Burning of The Dead.—Burning of Widows.—Desparate Condition of Widows.

The good waiter had put everything in order at the waiting-room.

He fetched me food from the restaurant in the adjoining room and did not leave me while I was eating.

When I beckoned to him that I wanted to retire he came to pull off my shoes, and he was not a little surprised when I told him that I was in the habit of doing that work myself. He placed my clothes in perfect order on a bench, and when he supposed I had gone to sleep he closed the door and lay down on the pavement outside, just where the dog ought to have lain if there had been one.

No, sir, I had seen too much misery during the last few hours, without being able to manifest the least sympathy. Here I had a good chance to ease my conscience somewhat, and I was a good deal better pleased with myself when I had succeeded in persuading the boy to lie on the inside.

It took a long while before sleep came to me. And

when it did come it was accompanied by so many ugly things that I was soon frigthened out of my slumber.

In my dreams — I rarely dream, by the way — hell appeared with all its horrors. I witnessed how thousands of devils were engaged in roasting great multitudes of human beings who everywhere crept and climbed to get out of the fire, extending their arms to me and uttering heart-rending cries for help. But to no purpose. Everywhere the devils were present to hurl them back into the fire from the prongs of their tridents.

It was better to be lying wide awake than to see such loathsome sights. Let the subject be thoroughly elaborated by the mind, let it fill the soul to satiety, and it will no longer return in the form of dreams.

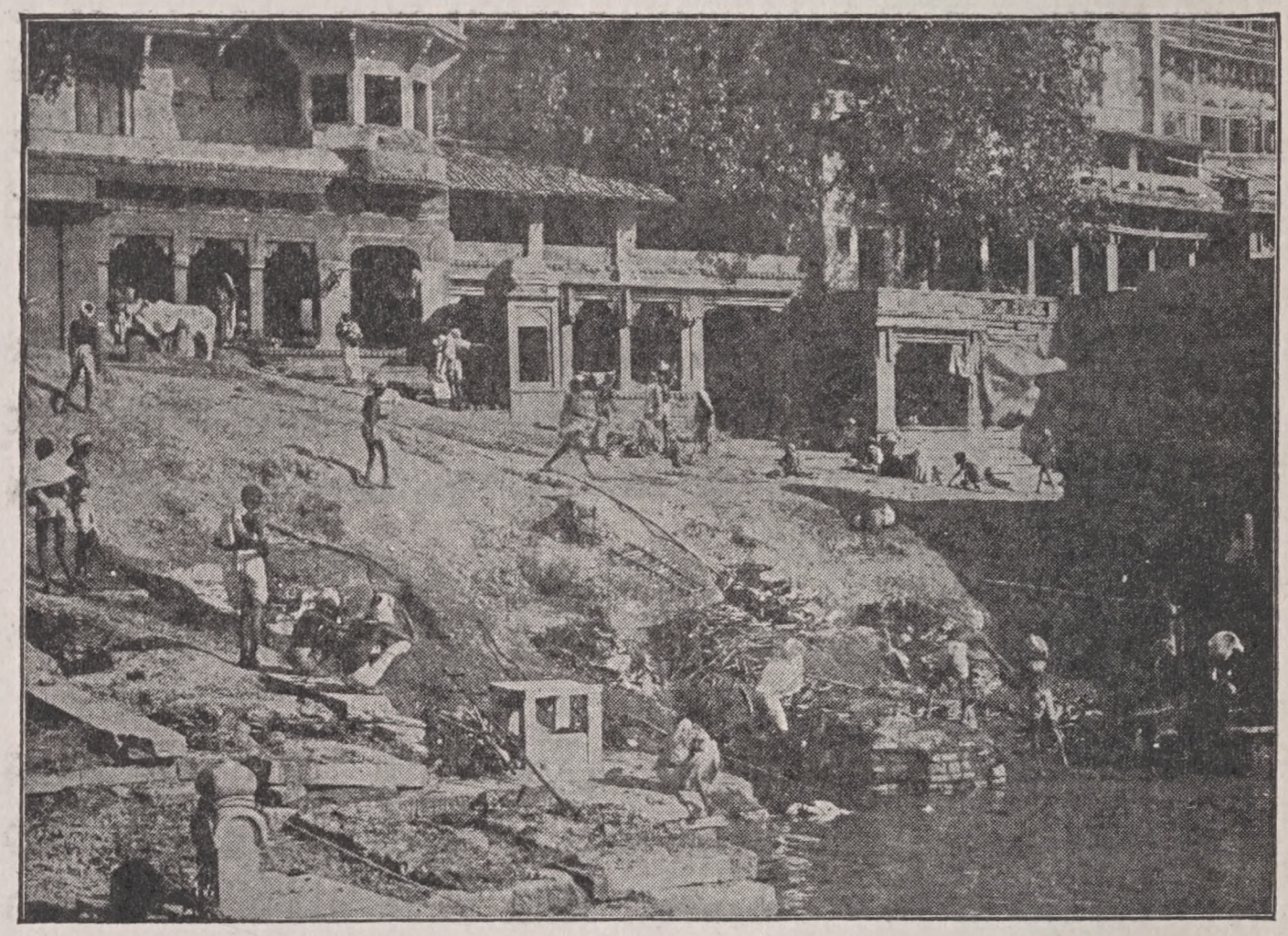
What may be said against the burning of the bodies of the dead?

To give a shrug is about as good an argument as can be produced in a discussion with the advocates of cremation. To me it has appeared that very little can be said either for or against the practice. The one points to the process which takes place in the earth and says, "Ugh!" The other dwells upon the idea of having the bodies of his dear ones placed in an oven to be turned into ashes, and he says, "Ugh!" This is about all.

The talk about sanitary considerations seems to me to be all bosh. It is sentiment, not sound reasoning, that decides a person's standpoint in regard to this matter. It is simply "Ugh!" against "Ugh!" But as to the pyre or the oven I would say, "Ugh! Ugh!"

But the Hindu believes in the burning of the bodies of the dead on religious grounds.

He despises the body. It is bad, wicked. To have soul and body combined seems to him to be a calamity, a



The Burning Ghat.

punishment because the soul was too strongly influenced by matter during a former incarnation.

To neglect or even mutilate one's body, therefore, is looked upon as a meritorious deed and a proof of great holiness.

When the soul has fled, leaving only the sinful body behind, the curse of heaven will fall upon the relative that does not see that the remains are burnt.

This explains the savage and apparently indifferent treatment of the bodies of the dying and the dead.

I almost forgot to mention the sati stones which I noticed here and there along the river. They remind us of a cruelty which fortunately is prohibited where the government is controlled by the English. They indicate places where widows were burnt alive on their husbands' funeral pyres.

Do not imagine, however, that the widows always were placed on the pyre and burnt by main force and that the women were glad to have this practice stopped. If the law against the burning of widows were abolished to-day, to-morrow thousands of widows would voluntarily mount the funeral pyres of their husbands.

Major Sleeman prohibited burning of widows throughout his district, Nerbuedda, even before this law was passed.

Shortly afterwards the most prominent Brahmin of the district died, and immediately his next of kin came and entreated the major to permit the widow of the deceased to be burnt together with her husband's corpse. Meanwhile the widow was sitting the whole day by the river waiting for an answer. The police were on guard to prevent the violation of the order, and when a negative answer was announced the widow would neither rise nor take food and drink.

Next day the body of her husband was burnt in a pit dug for this purpose. Then she left her sons and other relatives, waded out into the river and sat down on a rock rising above the water. She remained sitting there.

Her relatives, who were very fond of her, followed her and urged her to return home with them. But she could not be persuaded. She would either starve to death or have her prayer granted and be burnt to death.

She sat there almost naked in the burning sun the whole day. She sat there through a cool spring night, waiting for an answer to a new petition, only to receive a new refusal.

To put an end to the entreaties of her relatives to go home with them, she broke her bracelets and put a red turban on her head. By this act she violated the caste law and excluded herself from her family and tribe, so that no one could take her into his house without being expelled from his caste. She was now dead to them.

But if she were to starve to death, that would be a still more terrible death than if the flames of the pyre were permitted to end her sufferings in a few seconds. Major Sleeman left her in the evening and found her the next morning, on the fourth day, sitting in the same position. According to his own account "she had determined to mix her ashes with those of her husband, and should patiently await my permission to do so, assured that God would enable her to sustain life till that was given, though she dared not eat or drink. Looking to the sun, then rising before her over a long and beautiful reach of the river, she said calmly, 'My soul has been for five days with my husband's near that sun; nothing but my earthly frame is left: and this, I know, you will in time suffer to be mixed with his ashes in yonder pit, because it is not in your

nature or usage wantonly to prolong the miseries of a poor old woman.' "

Major Sleeman tried to make her realize how unhappy she would make the surviving members of her family if she persisted in her course, stigmatizing them for having starved her to death. But she answered that she was dead to her relatives and that she was under no further obligations to her children.

He promised to build a fine house for her on the banks of the sacred river and provide amply for her during the remainder of her life if she only would make up her mind to live, but if she did not yield he would see that no monument was placed on her grave. But she only smiled and said: "My pulse has long ceased to beat, my spirit has departed; I shall suffer nothing in the burning; and if you wish proof, order some fire and you shall see this arm consumed without giving me pain."

Major Sleeman finally yielded his point, but before doing so he made her relatives sign a written pledge that they would not practice sati in the future.

The old widow beamed with joy when Major Sleeman's final decision was announced to her. When the pyre was kindled she left her rock and waded ashore. Supported by one of her sons and another relative she walked with a cheerful countenance to the pit.

She stopped and looked up:

"Why have they kept me five days away from thee, my husband?"

She walked unsupported around the pit once, mum-

bling a prayer formula and throwing flowers into the fire. Then she moved slowly but firmly towards the edge of the pyre,stepped straight into the flames, seated herself and lay down on her back as if on a couch, without uttering a cry or manifesting the least sign of pain.

It is not easy to see the religious idea on which the immolation of widows is based. It is not unlikely that sati originated from some entirely different source.

It stands to reason that a woman might mourn the death of her husband until she became insane and mounted his pyre as a maniac. We may also conceive that such an act might be looked upon as worthy of imitation.

The most reasonable explanation, however, may be found, it seems to me, in the peculiar position of woman, and particularly the widows, in the Hindu world.

The woman exists only for the sake of the man. No sacrifices are made to the gods for her. Her religion must be to serve the man.

"Let a wife who wishes to perform sacred oblations wash the feet of her lord and drink the water; for a husband is to a wife greater than Siva or Vishnu. The husband is her god, her priest and religion; wherefore, abandoning everything else, she ought chiefly to worship her husband." *)

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*) Skanda Purana.

Among the Hindus it is assumed that Providence has destined a woman for a certain man. If she dies the man may marry another woman. But a widow cannot be married. If a man dies there is no more use for his wife. The widow is looked upon as a curse, and the more so because she belongs to the family of her parents-in-law or brothers-in-law.

The marriage of children contributes to the multiplication of widows. In 1881 there were twenty-four million widows in India. and less than six million widowers. The following assumption is not unreasonable. Having learnt that the savage Scythians were in the habit of sacrificing slaves of both sexes and horses on the grave of their dead master, the Hindus may have come to the conclusion that the existing conditions would justify them in adopting this Scythian practice, thereby reducing the troublesome superabundance of widows. Sir W. W. Hunter seems to be of this opinion.

The priests invented a new dogma, providing a glorious existence for the widow in the other world if she was burnt; and on the other hand her relatives made it a religious duty to worry her until she would rather be burnt than be tortured and disgraced throughout a long life as a widow.

Many were carried to the pyre by main force, and when they tried to escape they were driven back into the fire by means of thick bamboo canes; and many went voluntarily because they looked upon it as a religious duty which was richly rewarded in the life to come. But when

many widows of our day would mount the pyre if permitted to do so, their motive would in most cases be to flee from the terribly oppressive and disgraceful condition of the Hindu widow.

And the condition of the Hindu widow was indeed but very little improved by the abolishment of sati.

Sir W. W. Hunter quotes a native author on the subject:

"Let us take the instance of a child, say of three years. This is not an exceptional, but a fairly general instance. Of the fact that she has been once married and has become a widow she knows nothing.

"She therefore mixes with the children not widowed.

"Supposing there is a festivity, children run to the scene; but the sight of the widowed child is a bad omen to the persons concerned in the festivity. She is removed by force.

"She cries and is rewarded by the parents with a blow, accompanied by remarks such as these: 'You were a most sinful being in your previous births, you have therefore been widowed already. Instead of hiding your shame in a corner of the house, you go and injure others.'

"The child understands not a word. Some sugar-cane juice is given to her, and she is appeased.

"She can wear no ornaments.

"She cannot bathe in the manner in which other children bathe.

"Her touch is pollution.

"In the meanwhile, if the priest happens to visit the

place where the child is, she is immediately shaved and dressed like a widow, in order that she may appear before the priest and get herself branded or initiated into mysteries . . . . .

"She is then asked to eat only once a day. She is made to fast once a fortnight, even at the risk of death.

"She often asks in vain why these things are done to her. During the earlier part of life she is told some story or other and quieted. When she reaches eleven years of age such devices fail. Then it is explained to her that in her previous births she was a bad woman, created feuds between husband and wife, and God being angry was pleased to ordain that she should, in this generation, be a woman deprived of her husband.

"This is generally the first correct intimation to the girl of her having been declared married.

"She learns this with concern and anxiety, but is not able entirely to realize her position.

"Two more years pass away. Nature asserts its dominion. She begins to feel that, for no fault of hers in this generation, she is denied what her comrades are allowed to enjoy. She becomes an object of suspicion . . . Respectable companions being denied, an evil one is secretly associated with, who opens the world to her. Her passions are aroused. Feelings of shame cause her to struggle with them. The life-long war begins, and in most cases passion prevails over shame. She becomes pregnant, she learns it generally when she is advanced in pregnancy more than two months. No respectable

doctor will remove the cause of her shame. Quackery must come to her help. Sometimes the object is gained with or without injuring the constitution. Failure is also possible. A series of attempts is then made for seven months to hide her shame.

"If all these fail, then a wretched creature is brought into the world.

"The next step is to get rid of it. A small conspiracy is formed. It is killed, and its remains are disposed of as best they may be.

"In this attempt great danger is incurred. The policeman considers it a piece of good fortune to discover such a body. He secures it and makes a list of young widows . . . .

"Many a widow, perfectly innocent, is laid hold of, taken to a police station and marched off to a dispensary for medical examination. Some of them are declared innocent. The rest pay presents to the police and recover their liberty from the clutches of the criminal law.

"To the priest this acquittal is insufficient. His inquisition is set on foot, and is ended invariably by the infliction of a high fine payable to himself, on the receipt of which the girl-widow is branded in token of purification.

"She may have no money to do all this: she is compelled to court any paramour who will furnish her with the necessary funds, and this money enables her to come out of purgatory.

"Her relatives, however, are not satisfied. She is

shunned by them. It then becomes necessary for her to sell her body for the sake of bread.

"No doubt there are cases in which the girl finds herself strong enough to combat her passions. But what a life does she lead! Privation of food, of clothing, and even of necessary comforts; observance of fasts, which at times extend to seventy-two hours; enforced absence from every scene of festivity; the enduring of execrations heaped upon her if she unwittingly or unfortunately comes in front of a man, a priest or a bride. These become the daily experiences of her life, which is often prolonged to a great age . . . . .

"Thus it will be seen," says the author in his closing remarks, "that the British government by prohibiting widow-burning and by stopping short there, have contributed towards rendering the condition of our widows worse than it was before."

The great mass of the Hindu women do not feel their condition to be so desperate as it is, and therefore they have but a feeble or no longing at all for something better. A majority of the widows believe that their fate is predestined by Providence, and therefore they endure their disgrace without complaint. But the more intelligent of them complain bitterly.

One or two instances: A woman from Punjab writes in part:

"Separated from her husband, though she lives she is not alive! Not only is she deprived of comforts, but her friends add to her misery. Though she is in her

corner alone and must not speak to any one, they are near and talk to her in this way:

"Her mother says: 'Unhappy creature! I can't bear the thought of any one so vile — I wish she had never been born.'

"Her mother-in-law says: 'The horrid viper! She has bitten my son and killed him; now he is dead, and she, useless creature, is left behind.' And this, even though the speakers may themselves be widows.

"The sister-in-law says: 'I will not look at her or speak to such a thing.'

"They comfort the dead man's mother and say: 'It is your daughter-in-law, vile thing, who has destroyed your house; curse her; for her sake you have to mourn for the rest of your life.' " *

To the above is added the bitter complaint of one of those unhappy widows in northern India:

"Oh! Lord! hear our prayer! No one has turned an eye on the oppression which we suffer, though with weeping and crying and desire we have turned to all sides hoping that some one would save us. No one has lifted up his eye-lids to look upon us, or to inquire into our case. We have searched above and below, but Thou art the only one who will hear our complaint. Thou knowest our impotence, our weakness, our dishonor. Oh! Lord! inquire into our case! For ages dark ignorance has brooded over our minds and spirits; like a cloud of dust it rises

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* Modern Hinduism, by Wilkins.

and wraps us round, and we remain like prisoners in an old and mouldering house, choked and buried in the dust of custom. We have no strength to go out; bruised and beaten, we are like the very husks of the sugar-cane, when the sweet juice has been extracted. All-knowing God, hear our prayer, forgive our sins, and give us power to escape that we may see something of Thy world. Oh! Father! when shall we be set free from this jail? Oh! Lord, for what sin have we been born to live in this prison? Oh! Thou Hearer of prayer, if we have sinned against Thee, forgive: but we are too ignorant to know what sin is.

"Those who have seen Thy works may learn to understand Thee; but for us who are shut in it is not possible to learn to know Thee. We see only the four walls of a house, shall we call them the world or India? . . . . . Oh! God, Almighty and Unapproachable, think upon Thy mercy, which is like a vast sea, and remember us! Have our sighs sufficed to exhaust the sea of Thy mercy, or has it been dried up by the fire of fierce oppression with which the Hindu men have scorched us? Oh! God of mercies, our prayer to Thee is this, that this curse be removed from the women of India. Create in the hearts of the men some sympathy, that our lives may no longer be passed in vain longing. Thus saved by Thy mercy, we may taste something of the joy of life."*

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* The Cry at Night and the Song at Sunrise, by A. L. O. E.

This is the prayer of one of the millions of Hindu widows to that God whom she and her fellow-sufferers do not know.

Will our Heavenly Father not hear their prayers?

The English government has prohibited the burning of the unfortunate ones. But this, according to their own statements, has only aggravated their condition, compelling them to spend a life of long and weary years which is worse than death.

Is there any one who doubts that the gospel of Christ is the only thing that can remedy this distress? In the kingdom of God there is no difference between man and woman, slave and free. But where does such a state of affairs exist in the pagan world?

Christian woman, what advantages you are enjoying! Think of your sister in India! Whatever you do that her prayers may be answered will be looked upon with pleasure in heaven.

FORTY-EIGHTH CHAPTER.

In the Throng.—Bathing in the Ganges.—Abominable!

My conscientious guide had repeatedly warned me of the necessity of rising early the next morning to see the pilgrims bathe in the Ganges.

I was not in danger of oversleeping myself, however. At peep of day I was on my feet. My amiable waiter likewise. He was about to carry the honors away from Chandray. He knew a little English and had seen more strangers. One by one he picked up my articles of clothing and assisted me in putting them on. For the sake of fun I let him do just what his head and heart dictated to him. For once in my life I wanted to enjoy the privilege of playing the fashionable gentleman, and also to see how the boy was accustomed to act; for it was hardly the first time that he served a European.

When I was dressed he asked me if he could leave his place at the station and accompany me wherever I went. This question at once made me ask myself what personage he took me to be. It was no trick, however, to find out that he took me to be a prominent railway official,

and my conscience still reminds me that nothing was done to change the boy's opinion about me. But he has no reason to complain; for by saving the hotel bill I was enabled

Carpenter Worshiping his Tools.

to give him a handsome tip when we parted, and I believe we were both pleased with each other.

But out into the city again!

The people, and there were many of them on that

morning, were all walking in the same direction. People from all walks of life, of all castes and all ages of life were on their feet in order to devote the whole day to the observance of religious ceremonies.

Most of them carried, besides clothes for change, a water pitcher and a basket filled with eatables and flowers.

That the great mass of them were idolators soon struck me. Every now and then a group would be standing by some disgusting image, rattling off their prayers and occasionally breaking through their devotional exercises by yelling in a way which made me wonder whether they were shouting hurrah for their god.

At first it seemed to be a difficult undertaking to reach the river through the immense throngs of people that crowded the streets. But when my guide walked ahead of me and screamed and bellowed like one possessed a wide opening was cleared for us. The people crowded to the sides, staring at me as though I had been a horrid monster.

Just see how polite they are, I thought to myself. Several times I had passed a police station where a group of policemen had invariably risen and saluted me by presenting arms to me. This was politeness. But if they had known how poor I was in earthly wealth they would perchance have permitted me to pass by without any attention. They must have supposed that I might be a European prince, and therefore the safest course was to salute me.

As an immense space was left open for me through

the throng there was no longer any doubt about my exalted position — I must be a prince, perhaps an emperor. A situation like this, it seems to me, ought to lend to any man a lofty mien, and the reader must pardon me for cutting an unusually important figure as I stalked down the broad steps.

From the above the reader can imagine how cheap I felt when incontestable evidence compelled me to believe that my guide, walking ahead of me, announced something which to the thousands of Hindus was worse than the plague, so that they, for fear of pollution from an unclean and sinful creature, hurried so far out of the way that not even his shadow could reach them!

Happy is he that is above such trifles!

When we were on the river, facing the city, my eyes were struck by a sight which I shall never forget.

On the previous evening my attention was attracted by the huge buildings, the old ruins and the immense flights of steps up the high river bank, which seemed to testify to a glorious past. Something gloomy and sepulchral brooded over everything, a sensation which was intensified by the fact that the Burning Ghat was the only place presenting life and motion to any appreciable extent.

But to-day everything seemed to be alive.

Assuming that the population of Benares is almost three hundred thousand, three-fourths of whom are Hindus, that many thousand pilgrims were in the city on account of the festival, and that scarcely any Hindu residing in the city would miss the chance to bathe in the Ganges

Bathing in the Ganges.

on such an occasion, we may approximately estimate the number of people assembled on that morning.

The weather was by no means mild. On the contrary, it was rather chilly, and I was glad because I had taken my light overcoat with me.

But here we saw old, emaciated women, and pilgrims whose bodies plainly indicated the hardships of a long journey, whose foreheads were gloomy and whose faces wore the weariness of death, and yet they waded step by step out into the cold water. There they would stand for an hour, diving the exact number of times and repeating the proper formula of prayer each time, disregarding the chilly morning breeze which sneaked down the river and pressed the wet clothes tight around the lean, shivering bodies.

Some men and women were carried in palanquins down to the river and assisted into the water by willing hands. Feeble as they were, their presence here seemed to make them happy.

Big and little, old and young, boys and girls crowded forward pell-mell, eager to bathe in the Ganges and pay their tributes to it, which chiefly consisted of rice and wreaths of flowers.

There stands a Brahmin worshiping the sun. With formal solemnity he forms his hands into a cup, which he fills with water from the sacred river and raises towards the sun, audibly repeating a short prayer. Now he dives several times. Time and again he blows into the air around him as if he were chasing away mosquitoes. My guide claims that he acts in this way to drive away evil spirits.

Around the Brahmin a swarm of young people are swimming; they talk and laugh and splash water without disturbing him. The married women have their young ones with them. The latter sprawl and scream for all they are worth because the water is cold. But they must be submerged. Their mothers hold them by a leg, an arm or around the waist, just as it happens.

Many seem to be in a pious mood while bathing and, like the Brahmin, pay no attention to what is going on around them. Some groups are engaged in a pleasant and animated conversation; others are certainly quarreling in dead earnest; and in one or two cases the controversy developed into a hand-to-hand tussle.

Every now and then the bather will fill his hand with water, sip a little of it and rinse his mouth, take another mouthful and swallow it.

The bathers crowded most densely around the Burning Ghat. Where I could not endure the stench of the water for one minute, where the ashes and bones of the burnt dead were thrown into the river, there the pilgrims bathed, there they drank of the water.

Right in front of us a man who is through bathing has climbed up into a big river boat and is rubbing his face, arms and breast with a mixture which according to my guide is made of ashes, cow-dung and water.

"What makes him do this?"

"Holy man, Master," says my guide. "Has bathed in the Ganges. Now puts on filth, makes him more holy."

But what are the people going to do with the water

which they carry with them in brass bowls when they leave?

"Take it to the temples, Master. Give some to the gods. Take the rest home to sick people. Good people, Hindu people."

The bathers were generally well covered. When they had finished they went ashore to change clothes. In doing this they throw the dry garment over the wet one and by a dexterous movement untie and drop the latter.

The wet clothes are now washed, and the owner starts off with them in his hand and a pitcher of water on his head.

Along the shore are a number of platforms on which the Brahmins are seated under huge umbrellas, rattling off their prayers and assisting the pilgrims in their worship. The fees paid for this assistance are exorbitant.

It was plain as the light of day that this bathing was not undertaken for sanitary purposes. It is sin that worries these people, and they believe that they can wash it off in this water. The more filthy it is, the more powerfully it acts as a remedy for sin. And it helps not only the one that takes the bath, but also his dead ancestors.

Though it was early in the day the men in charge of the Burning Ghat were already in full activity. But I had enough of that the previous evening.

A man standing in the water was washing away the ashes from a burnt corpse. He held it in a basket which he slowly lowered into the water, stirred the contents

with one hand and shook the basket so that the ashes poured out as through a sieve. When nothing but a few charred remains were left he began to examine these carefully, searching for lumps of valuable ornaments worn by the deceased.

Abominable! Away from this place!

FORTY-NINTH CHAPTER.

Many Gods.—The Indian Fakirs.—Jugglers.—A Solution.—For Spiritualist and Theosophists.

Here is religion with a vengeance. It has been said that to the Hindu everything is religion. When he is sacrificing, bathing, working, buying, selling, eating, drinking, sleeping, sinning, he is always worshiping some god.

But then a whole lot of gods demand attention from the Hindu. I have read that their number is three hundred and thirty-three millions. If this number is not too high we can see at a glance that the Hindu has no time to waste if he does not want to skip too many of them.

I cannot tell whether all these gods are represented in Benares; but that there are many thousands of them, is testified to by nearly everything that we see.

There are three chief gods, however, namely, Brahma, Vishnu and Siva; that is, the creator, the preserver and the destroyer. From these, all of whom have wives, sons and daughters, all the other gods have descended.

A Hindu will adhere mainly to one or the other of these chief gods or to one of their next descendants. Thus a number of sects have originated, and the first thing to

be done by a person when he has taken a bath is to go to the priest to have the mark of the proper sect painted on his forehead, the substance used for this rite being clay or some other nasty stuff.

The gods of course have their abodes in the temples. Each temple is dedicated to a certain god. But a multitude of other gods generally belong to his household.

The gods require their sacrifices every day. They generally receive eatables, but very often money also. It goes without saying that the priests take everything sacrificed.

Not all gods, however, are contented with food and money. One requires that you walk about like an idler, begging for bread and devoting your time to "sacred" contemplation. Another requires nothing less than that you mutilate your own body, incapacitating you for work, and that you walk about to be stared at, admired and almost worshipped by the crowd.

Since my early boyhood I have heard a great deal about the fakirs. There is a multitude of them in these parts.

They are men who pretend to be dead to the world and to have devoted themselves to meditation and the observance of sacred rites.

Down by the river I saw a whole bevy of them wallowing in the mire. The impression I received from them was that they were double-distilled scoundrels who had abandoned themselves to a life of the most despicable idleness. They eke out a livelihood by begging, and people

Holy Men on the Banks of the Ganges.

must be generous to them. I was also told that many choose this mode of life because they are too lazy to work.

Well, if a person can make a good living by lounging about like a hobgoblin, with unkempt hair and the body bedaubed with dirt, it causes small wonder in me that many an ingenious soul should devote himself to such a life even if his craving for holiness is less than skin-deep.

But those people who expose themselves to dangers and sufferings of all kinds imaginable!

Here is a man lying in the street where a stream of people keep pouring past him the live-long day. He lies practically naked in the scorching sun. His mouth works incessantly. Otherwise he does not move a limb. He has spread out a dirty sheet in front of him. Upon this sheet a passing pilgrim occasionally throws a handful of rice, pease or maize. Before night he doubtless receives all that he can eat.

But it occurs to me that the man might find a more comfortable way of making a living if that is his sole aim.

I asked my guide to give his opinion, and he said: "Holy man, Master. Poor, holy man. Pray make him more holy. Not rich."

When I prepared myself to take a photograph of the man two snake-charmers came and wanted me to see what tricks they could perform. But they abused me fearfully as I walked away after having secured a negative of them.

I saw a man that kept his right arm perpendicular

above the shoulder. He headed a procession which crowded the narrow street to the utmost. His hair hung down in tangled locks as though it had not been washed for ages, and his body was gray with a coating of clay. His

A Fakir.

erect arm seemed to be dry as bone, and its nails were several inches long and looked like claws.

But he was a highly respected man. Those walking next to him were no doubt his servants, and those who followed were his admirers if not worshipers.

Bishop Thoburn writes about such men: "I myself have only seen a very few, and have conversed with only

A Devotee.

two in more than thirty years. There can be no doubt whatever about the reality of the suffering of such men. One poor creature sat down beside me, and described at some length the manner in which he had kept his arm in this position until it became rigid. He told me that he had suffered excruciatingly for six months, after which the arm ceased to give him pain. His arm, which was kept perfectly upright, had been kept in this position for a number of years — if I remember correctly, eight or nine — and had shriveled to about half its natural size."

He that wants to become a perfect devotee must pass through six different grades, each requiring a period of twelve years. During one of these periods the devotee is not only allowed to eat what a Hindu otherwise is prohibited from eating, but he is even obliged to consume whatever people offer him. If he declines to eat something, be it ever so disgusting and indigestible, he loses not only the esteem and confidence of others but also forfeits the merits of his former ascetic life as well as the favor of the gods.

"If I had not been in India," Bishop Thoburn writes, "I could not believe that much which I know these men to do could possibly be practiced by human beings . . . .

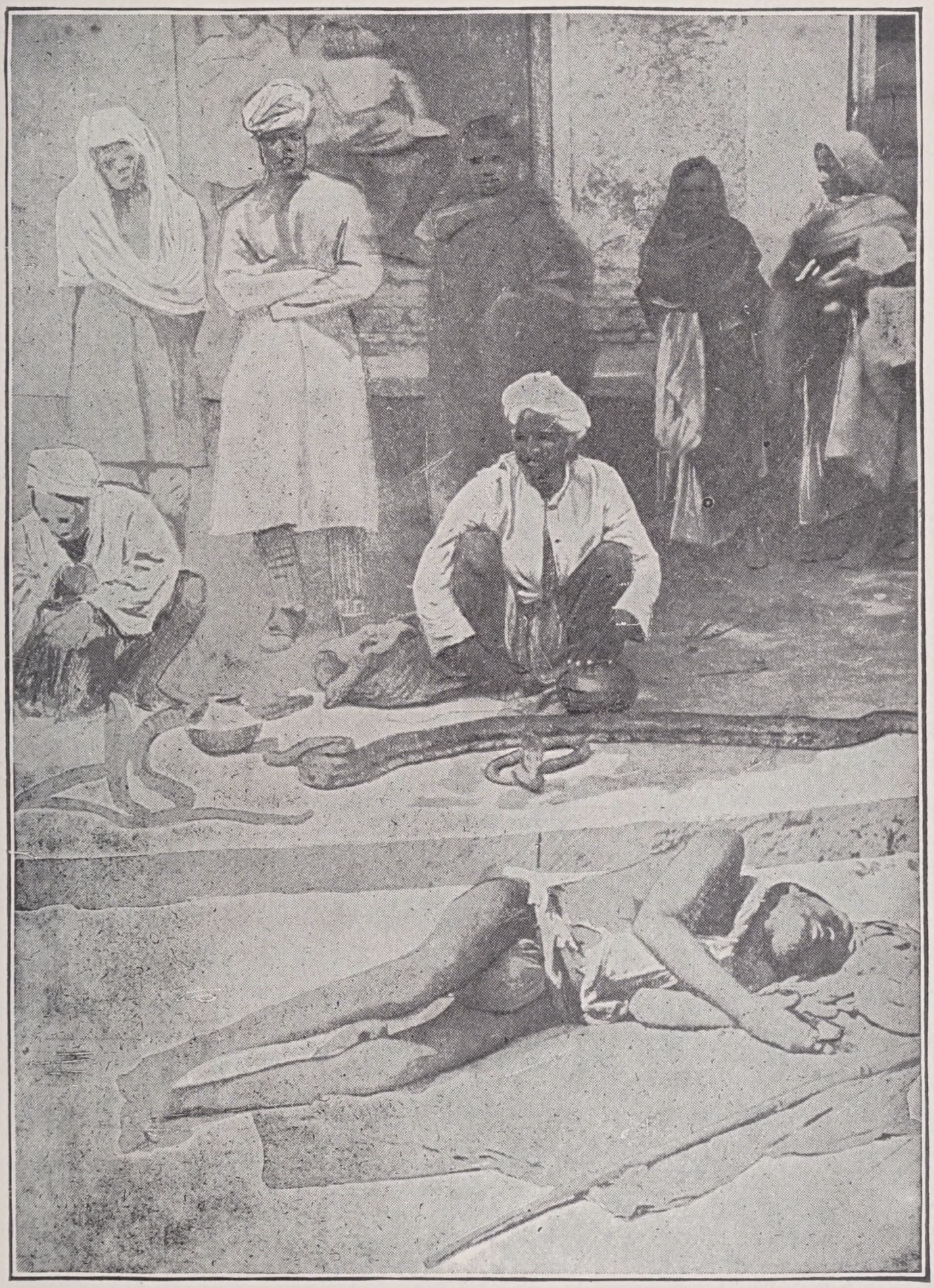
"Many years ago an old devotee lived in the city of Najibabad, in Rohilkhand, who had acquired a great reputation for sanctity. His house, which was on the outskirts of the city, was decorated with human skulls. His companions were dogs . . . . He was early impressed by the

preaching which he heard in the city, and was actually baptized as a believer in Christ. He did not, however, leave his home, nor put away his dogs, although, if I remember correctly, he removed the skulls, and gave up the revolting part of his life. This old man told me, with the utmost particularity, that he had eaten pieces of flesh cut from dead bodies which he at times would find floating down the river, and this one disgusting act did more to raise him in the estimation of the credulous people of the city than anything else he had ever done. This, however, was only half the story. I cannot put in print other things which he told me, which I find it impossible to doubt."

Mr. Skrefsrud told me that he once attended a great festival where several men had big iron hooks fastened in their backs, and that they were hoisted high up in the air by these hooks without uttering a sound or manifesting the least token of pain.

It cannot be doubted that many of these miserable wretches subject themselves to such tortures in all sincerity, believing thereby to become holy in the sight of God. But reliable men volunteered information which would convince any one that many devotees are swindlers who have endured the most terrible sufferings only for the purpose of acquiring fame and power.

The common people look upon such wrecks as demigods, and woe to the Hindu that dares to cross the path of these "holy" men! They commit one crime after another; but in the eyes of the people this only proves that



A Street Scene in Benares.

they are far above what is law to others, and to them there is no such thing as sin.

The traffic of these men, who often succeeded in blackmailing whole villages, the inhabitants not daring to make objections, has received a hard blow from the government by way of a general and vigorous endeavor to make even these villains obey the laws.

A great number of Indian fakirs and devotees make a living as magicians and soothsayers. You run across them everywhere in India, and in Benares they appeared at almost every corner.

The jugglers could do the most incredible things, it is true, and they manage to make the people look upon their tricks as something sublime.

People have often asked me what I think of the Indian fakirs and their tricks. Is there anything supernatural about them? Have they penetrated more deeply into the mysteries of life than we, utilizing powers which are unseen and unknown to us? Are their performances based on optical delusions, or are they real? Can they make a tree grow from a small seed and bear fruit in the course of a few minutes? They are said to lie apparently dead for some length of time and then let themselves be aroused again?

To all these questions I may answer that I did not take sufficient interest in such things to attempt to make a close investigation.

I could not, however, avoid witnessing numerous per-

formances which the jugglers executed with marvelous dexterity. But I am sorry to say I did not see any one

A Serpent Charmer.

produce a fruitbearing tree in ten minutes, nor did I see any one wake up dead persons.

But I talked with many who claimed to have seen jugglers put a seed into the ground, and that they had

seen it grow so fast that in a few minutes it became a mango tree which bore fruit. My old friend D. L. Miller has seen it. Though he is an old, pious Dunkard, he has taken sufficient interest in the art of juggling to make a thorough investigation and to expose its secrets. He says in his book, "Girdling the Globe":

"At Agra the noted conjurer, Khali Khan, came to our hotel. A number of persons were sitting on the porch, and Khali seated himself on the ground and, without the aid of an assistant, performed a number of what appeared to us to be wonderful feats. We watched very closely and were unable to solve the mystery of his doings . . . Among other things he performed the mango tree trick . . . We had heard much of this extraordinary feat, and it was claimed that more than human power was required to perform it . . . First the conjurer gathered some dust from the roadway and filled an ordinary eastern flower-pot with it. Into this he put a dry mango seed. He covered the pot with a white cloth some two yards square. In a few minutes he lifted the cloth and poured some water into the pot and covered it up again. In his right hand he held the skull of a monkey, and this he passed over the cloth, repeating some words in Hindustani, and then, when he lifted the cloth, behold the seed had sprouted, and two small leaves had pushed their way above the ground, showing that the tree was growing. Again more water was added and the pot covered, and when in a few minutes the cloth was again lifted, the rustling leaves and small branches of a mango tree a foot high met our astonished

gaze. But the surprise was greater when Khali dug up the little tree and showed us how it had sprouted out of the seed and how the rootlets had grown down. He then replanted it, poured in more water and replaced the cloth. In the meantime he performed a number of feats, all of which showed him to be an adept in his line of work. He then turned his attention to the mango tree again. He raised the cloth, and there stood a miniature tree between two and three feet high, with several branches all covered with bright green leaves, among which appeared two mangoes, one fully ripe, the other green on one side and yellow on the other. All this had been done so quickly and so cleverly that, nothwithstanding we had watched every movement of the juggler, we were unable to tell how it was done. In the open street, without the aid of an assistant, the conjurer had caused a mango tree to grow and bear ripe fruit in less than ten minutes after he deposited the seed in the dry earth. Look at it as we might, it was a wonderful feat. There stood the tree with its fruit. To doubt this would have been to doubt our senses. To us it seemed that the performance was fully equal to what Jannes and Jambres had done. Every one present was perplexed. Could it be possible that Khali possessed more than human power, and that the claims of the Spiritualists, after all, were true? We could, by no possible means, tell how the feat had been accomplished, but we felt sure it was a clever display of sleight-of-hand, and we determined, if possible, to find out how it was done.

"After Khali had finished his trick and taken up a collection, we called him to one side and invited him to our room. There we had an interview with him, and by the offer of a few pieces of silver we induced him to give us an insight not only into the mango tree trick, but into a number of other equally clever performances.

"The different-sized mango trees were carefully and clocely wrapped up in the edge of the cloth in such a manner as to entirely escape notice. While he was pouring water into the flowerpot, and manipulating the cloth, he managed to put the first shoot into the earth, and this he did so quickly as to escape detection. In like manner the succeeding growths were put in. The fruit was an imitation, and it was so much like the real mango that every one was deceived. After we were shown how the trick was accomplished we wondered at our simplicity in being so easily deceived. But as the old man sat on the floor of our room, and several of us sat around him watching him closely before he showed how it was done, he performed the trick again and we failed to solve the mystery. We saw illustrated here that motion is quicker than sight. After he disclosed to us the secret, it all seemed simple enough. We now had evidence of what we were personally fully convinced of before, i. e., that the claim of the Spiritualists that the jugglers of India have supernatural power is false, that it is based upon the clever ability of the sleight-of-hand performers in playing their tricks, and that, as the conjurers deceived Pharao, so, in like manner, have the jugglers of India deceived the Theosophists."

This is Brother Miller's testimony, and its reliability is as firm as the Rocky Mountains. For the edification of the credulous Spiritualists and Theosophists, who, of course, always base their theories on "scientifically established facts," I shall further add the testimony of an experienced man about the well known power to wake up the dead after they have lain in the grave for months.

That such wonders occur quite frequently in India, is well known to most civilized people. The newspapers at any rate tell us every now and then about miracles of this kind, and there is no lack of learned dissertations about the supernatural forces which the fakirs of India possess and which they again and again have manifested by being buried and after some length of time rising from the grave with sweet smiles on their lips and without having sustained any harm from their long rest in the bowels of the earth.

Dr. Buckley, who has made such questions an object of special study, once wrote to Bishop Thoburn and asked him for all the information on the subject that he could obtain. The bishop, whose devotion to science is as noted as his conscientiousness in the ministry of the gospel, wrote as follows:

"I began at once to make inquiries, and was repeatedly told that such cases did actually occur; but after trying in vain to run down even one of the floating stories which reached my ears, I gave up the task as hopeless. The man who is able to do it always lives a good many hundred

miles distant. The name of his town or village can never be given. The exact place and time at which he performed the semi-miracle are never known. In short, there is never anything but the most vague and shadowy rumors on which to build such a story. So far as the stories which reach Europe and America are concerned, they may one and all be traced to a man named Hari Das, who belonged to Kashmir, or possibly to Punjab, and submitted himself to be buried alive in the presence of Ranjit Singh, in the year 1837. The authority almost invariably quoted for this statement is Dr. John Martin Honiberger, formerly physician at the court of Ranjit Singh, then ruler of the Sikhs. I was personally acquainted with Dr. Honiberger about thirty years ago, and had every reason to esteem him as a man of veracity and integrity. He was at that time very old, but with a retentive memory and clear judgment. So far as his testimony to an occurrence which he had seen is concerned, I should not hesitate for a moment to receive it without question; but when I examine the story itself, I find it far from satisfactory. Dr. Honiberger never witnessed anything of the kind. He says that he returned from a furlough in Europe in 1839, and on the voyage out he had a traveling companion, General Ventura, who was at that time in the service of Ranjit Singh. In the course of the voyage General Ventura told him that during his absence some wonderful things had taken place at Lahore; that, among other things, a fakir from the mountains had been able to place himself in a state resembling death, and which in this condition was buried,

and when disinterred returned to life again. Dr. Honiberger says, after speaking of Hari Das as having thrown himself into a hypnotic or unconscious state: 'He was wrapt in the linen on which he was sitting; the seal of Ranjit Singh was stamped thereon, and it was placed in a chest, on which the maharaja put a strong lock. The chest was buried in a garden outside the city, belonging to the minister; barley was sown on the ground, and the space inclosed with a wall and surrounded by sentinels. On the fortieth day, which was the time fixed for his exhumation, a great number of the authorities of the durbar, with General Ventura and several Englishmen from the vicinity, one of them a medical man, went to the inclosure. The chest was brought up and opened, and the fakir was found in the same position as they had left him, cold and stiff. A friend of mine told me that had I been present when they endeavored to bring him to life, by applying warmth to the head, injecting air into his ears and mouth, and rubbing the whole of his body to promote the circulation etc., I should certainly not have had the slightest doubt as to the reality of the performance. The minister, Raja Dhyam Singh, assured me that he himself kept this fakir four months under the ground when he was at Jummoo in the mountains. On the day of his burial he ordered his beard to be shaved, and at his exhumation his chin was smooth as on the day of his interment, thus furnishing a complete proof of the powers of vitality having been suspended during that period.'

"The same story is related by two or three other writers; but it is worthy of note that we have it only as hearsay. Dr. Honiberger himself did not witness this wonderful scene. It is also stated that the man Hari Das had a bad reputation, and that his moral character was of the worst description. There is nothing incredible in the statement that he threw himself into a state which resembled death. That can be done by many men, both in India and elsewhere. Nor is it incredible that he was buried in the presence of Ranjit Singh. There, however, the admissions must cease. It is perfectly credible that the body was removed from the grave almost immediately after the guard had been set. Large numbers of these devotees are accomplished jugglers, but we need not assume that any real deception was used in this case. A very moderate bribe would accomplish all that was necessary. The story of the barley being sown over the ground was probably a later addition to the original statement. So also with regard to the interment lasting four months. The statement was made to Dr. Honiberger by an officer of Ranjit Singh; and even if we assume that this gentleman intended to tell the truth, he was no doubt credulous to the last degree, and perhaps noticed that he had a sympathetic hearer in the person of Dr. Honiberger.

"The weak point in the whole story, however, is found in the fact that a little later an English officer proposed to Hari Das that he try an experiment by allowing himself to be locked up in a strong box, suspended from the ceiling of a room, so that the white ants could not pos-

sibly reach the box, while the officer in question held the key. To this Hari Das would not for one moment consent. The key, no matter what happened, must be in the hands of his chosen friends. Dr. Honiberger states that many Englishmen lost confidence in his pretensions, because of his unwillingness to have the experiment tried with reasonable safeguards to test its reality. When we remember that the whole occurrence took place more than fifty years ago, that all India has been searched over and over in vain for another man who can accomplish the same wonderful feat, and that only one case has yet been located so that even the most rigid examination of the alleged feat could be made, one must hesitate to believe so extraordinary a story. From the first the Indian jugglers and the Indian devotees have been practically one and the same, and it is from this extremely doubtful source that Theosophy has drawn most of its wonders and all its traditions. Our friends in America need not trouble their minds about people in India having learned how to bury themselves alive, and remain in the grave four months, forty days, or any lesser period. Thus far the assertion that such a wonder has actually occurred rests upon an exceedingly slender foundation."

As already stated, I have quoted all this for the edification of the Spiritualists and the Theosophists. We have treated of the main pillars on which their theories rest. The Theosophists think Christianity is too old-fashioned for them. They must have something newer and fresher and more reliable to build on. And their refuge is Hari Das. They are welcome to him!

FIFTIETH CHAPTER.

A Remarkable Deity.

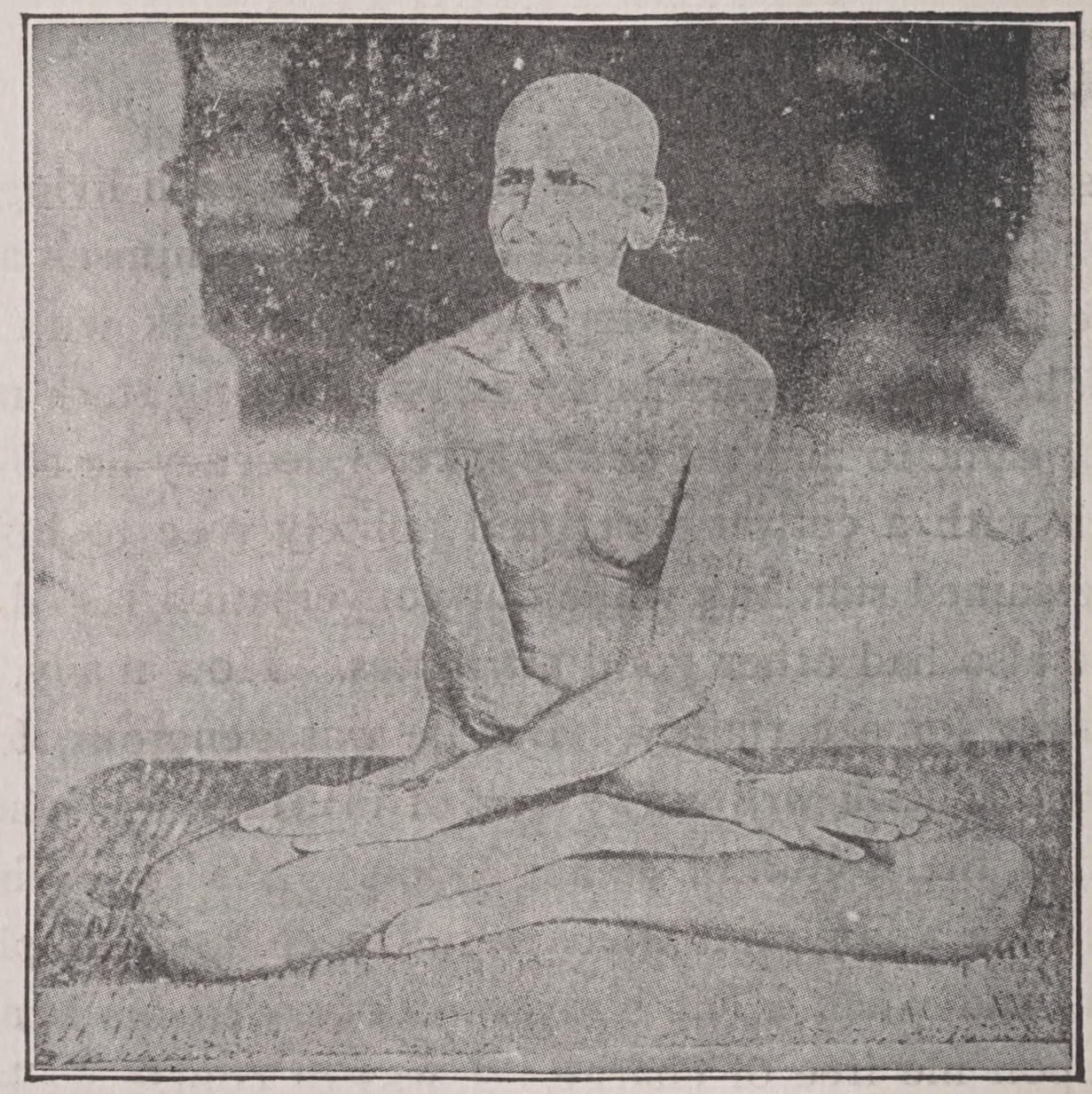
I saw many kinds of gods in Benares, both living and dead. But there was one that distinguished himself above all the rest. He was living, for I had a talk with him. He looked like a human being and was sitting stark naked when I came to him. For the sake of decency he covered himself with a cotton sheet and politely rose to his feet and remained standing while our conversation lasted.

He also had other good attributes. How many, I do not know for a certainty. But he was generous, for he gave me a book written by one of his disciples, whom I also had the honor of calling upon. As souvenirs he handed me a bouquet, which I still keep, and his photograph; and when I left him he pronounced his benediction upon me free of charge. I was of course well-bred enough to ask him what his charges were. I am dead sure there was nothing illusory about this seance, for when I took leave of him he offered me his hand, which I pressed with all my might as a hearty good-by.

According to the book which he gave me his name is Shri Swami Bhaskaranandaji Saraswati. But Mark Twain,

who visited him three years ago, holds that this is only an abbreviation. He received a book by another author who writes his name thus:

Sri 108 Matparamahansaparivrajakacharyaswamibhaskaranandasaraswati.



SHRI SWAMI BHASKARANANDAJI SARASWATI.

I will not exchange books with Mark; for the name in mine is the longest one that I am able to spell. Furthermore, mine is of a later date, and more complete in other respects.

Originally his name was Pandit (not Bandit) Mati Ram

Mishra. I wish he had kept this name, for it is more manageable. But it must have been utterly useless for his purpose when he ceased to be an ordinary human being.

It may be assumed that he adopted his new name piece-meal as he gradually rose from a purely human condition to the perfection which he, according to the book I received from him, attained many years ago.

He is said to have been born in 1833. Quite advanced in years, you see. His father was a learned and prominent Brahmin, who sent his young boy to a learned master, under whose guidance he made such progress that in his seventeenth year he was noted for his great proficiency in Sanskrit. Then he took up philosophy and studied under several famous masters until he soon excelled them all, the fame of his learning spreading throughout India.

Pandit Mati Ram Mishra — for this was yet his name — was married when twelve years old. How old his wife was, I do not know. But the book from which I am digging my wisdom tells me that she was good-natured, and this, you know, is the main thing about a wife's character. Age cuts a smaller figure. But all men ought to have good-natured wives. It is likely that Mrs. Mishra was not less than six nor more than ten years old when she was married. They had no children during the first six years of their married life, and the son that was born in his father's eighteenth year was — as might be expected — a wretched thing which did not live long.

According to the book that I received, many

philosophers would have taken such a death to heart. But it did not affect Pandit Mati Ram in the least. Oh, no. These philosophers have so many different ways. It goes without saying that it will never do to compare them with other people. And Mishra least of all. No more is said about his wife. If she was affected by the loss she would have to carry her sorrow alone for all he cared; for now he left her and went his way.

I do not know whether he had even at this early period commenced to figure on posing as a god for the many million Hindus that now worship him as such. It is not easy to tell what a philosopher at the age of eighteen may set before himself as his goal. If a man wants to reach lofty heights in life he must aim high while he is young. This is a rule which many hold to be advantageous to common boys, and it may be that philosophers to a still greater extent have found that they can apply it to advantage.

Well, be that as it may. But Pandit Mati Ram Mishra — we must use this purely human name no more — left his wife, who could not yet have been very old, and started on his journey as a pilgrim and scholar. He passed one degree of learning and holiness after the other, always dropping a corresponding amount of human attributes, until he was not only known throughout India for his great proficiency in Sanskrit and philosophy, but was looked upon as one to whom the world had become nothing, whose mind had penetrated the innermost secrets of the universe, who had seen all things as they are and had

become one with God. He became a real yogi. And still he was only twenty-two years old.

Henceforth no one was allowed to mention a particle of his old name. "Now he became known to all the world as Shri Swami Bhaskaranand Saraswati."

Still he was not quite perfect. I do not think he became fully a god until much later. At any rate he walked on foot up and down the banks of the Ganges for many years, wearing out one piece of clothing after another without donning anything in place of it, until he had only one narrow strip with which to cover his nakedness. Arriving at Benares, he threw away even this, presumably because clothing is not a divine attribute, and since that time he has stayed in a rich man's court-yard, where he devotes his time to profound meditation, sitting on a mat the livelong day as naked as when he was born. "Blessed is the gardener Jagesur, who serves the Swamiji with the earnest devotion of a Hindu disciple," it is written.

It was this Jagesur who upon his master's order picked the flowers that I received.

Gaya Prasad is the disciple who has written the book to which I have referred. He is a "banker, contractor etc. etc., Cawnpore," has a good education and speaks English fluently. He was in Benares during the pilgrims' festival and came to pay his master a visit just as the old man and myself were conversing. But the audience was not long on the part of Gaya Prasad. Having introduced him to me and permitted us to exchange a few words in English, His Marvelousness reached out his left foot and

pointed to it, and the latest arrival, Gaya Prasad, banker, contractor etc., solemnly bowed his whole figure to the ground and kissed the extended big toe which, with due respect for its owner, did not look very much divine. Thereupon the man was shown the door.

I had to write my name and address in a big book while His Highness was holding it. He was anxious to know my own occupation and still more so to know what my father was. I told him that my father was a farmer. But that word was too hard for him. He and the interpreter discussed its meaning for some time, finally agreeing that it meant zemindar, that is, baron, and I let the matter rest there. For I could not help that my father was not a baron, nor do I think himself was to blame. The old man hunted up the signature of George Vanderbilt to show what American dignitaries had visited him. He had been visited by several missionaries. But Vanderbilt, the man of the world, was far more highly esteemed by this deity than were any of them.

All things considered, he was a pleasant old man, and I would have attempted a lengthy conversation with him if I had had a better interpreter. But as soon as I ventured beyond trivial every-day matters the translation came too much staccato, and I had to give it up.

The conduct of this man plainly indicated that he was an intelligent and educated person, and I received the impression that he must surely be an honest yogi.

He is certainly a man of vast experience, and if all his efforts from his early youth have been actuated not

by ambition pure and simple but by a sincere search for truth, he deserves our respect. The old Sanskrit was the only revelation upon which he relied. Along this line he forced his way as far as he could go.

But if the life which this old man is leading after half a century of self-denial is the greatest thing to which the much-vaunted Brahmin philosophy carries its devotees, then I cannot but pity him. He now enjoys the happiness of having millions worship him. But soon he too goes the way of all flesh without leaving anything of everlasting benefit to the people among whom he has lived.

How different is the way pointed out to us in the Bible! That too is one of renunciation and self-denial, it is the way of the cross. But it is a way of love, a way of self-sacrifice, work and strife which ends in rest everlasting. The Christian's life is love, which impels us to work, not for a reward in this world or the other, but in order to serve others. This love pervades and rules Christian society, where it is really Christian. This love is the gospel of Christ. This love is one with God. Such love never dies.

This was not known to our man in Benares. In him there was nothing but dry learning and useless mortification of his own flesh. He had nothing but his philosophy to live for, and his fellow-men would have to shift for themselves as best they could. The Brahmin philosophy knows nothing about living for others. And there you find the antagonism between Christianity and Brahminism.

FIFTY-FIRST CHAPTER.

The Monkey Temple.—The Well of Knowledge.—Animal Worship.—Transmigration of The Soul.

Near the abode of Swami Bhaskaranand is the Durga temple, or the temple of monkeys, as the Europeans call it. And it deserves its name.

The priest had just finished sacrificing a goat, the remains of which were carried away. This sight filled me with great wonderment.

"This is not a Hindu temple," I said to my guide.

"Yes, yes, Hindu temple, master."

"But a goat has been killed here to-day."

"Yes, yes, sacrificed goat, master. God wants goat sometimes."

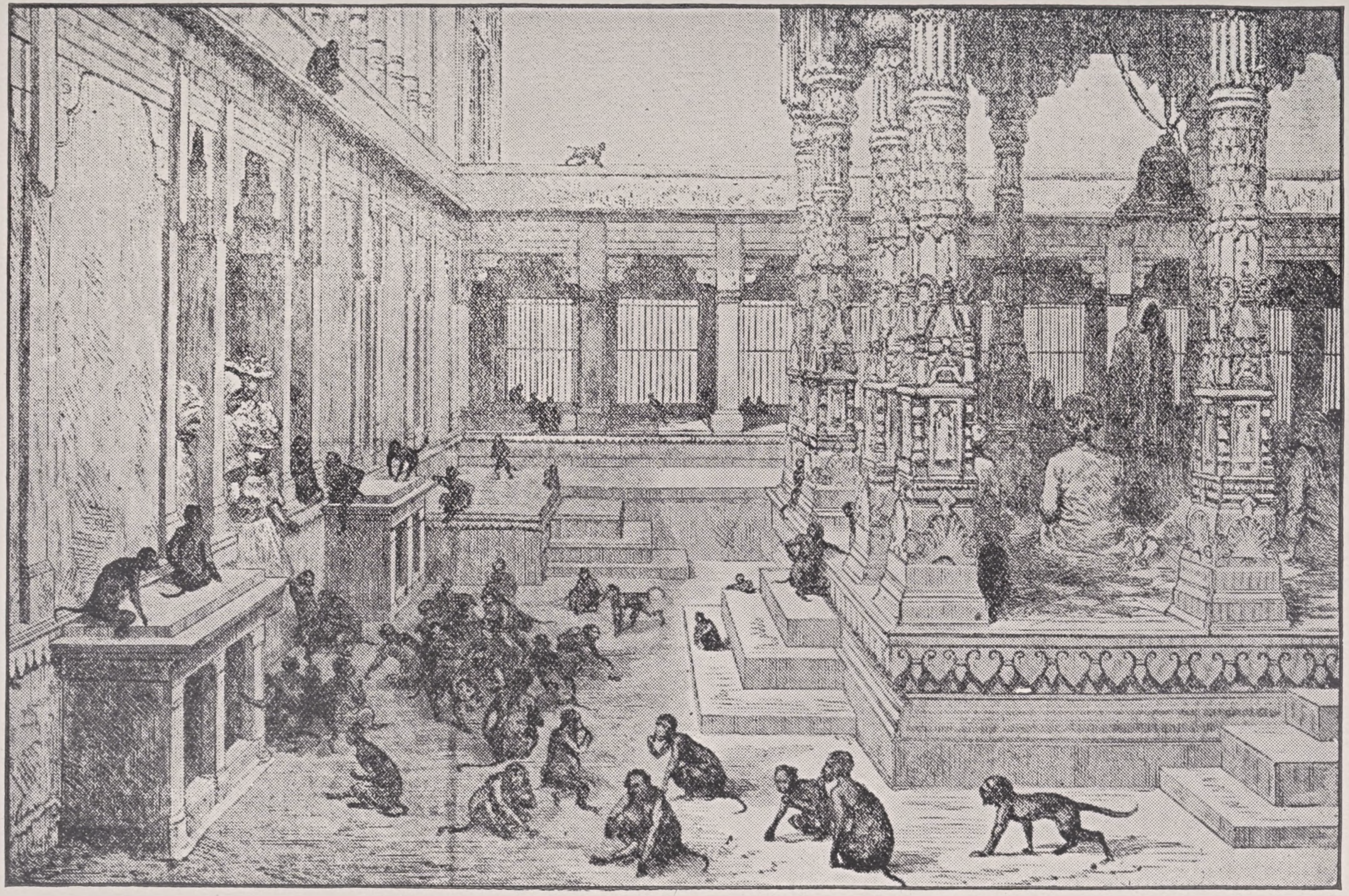
"If I am not mistaken," I said, "the Hindu gods have prohibited the killing of animals."

"Yes, killing animals. Priest kill animals. Good meal for god."

"Oh, bosh! You don't understand!"

"He no good interpreter," said the priest.

Well, how interesting to find a Hindu priest who could speak English!



The Monkey Temple.

"Why have you killed that goat?"

"Sacrificed it, sir. Durga only Hindu temple animals sacrificed."

"Was it your servants that carried away the carcass?"

"Worshipers, sir."

"What are they going to do with the meat?"

"Low-caste Hindu eat it."

"What are you doing with all these monkeys?"

"Gods, sir."

"You hypocrite! You don't believe that!" fell from my lips. But the priest treated this as a joke and laughed.

"God lives in them," he continued. "People worship monkeys as if God."

"Oh, yes; but you don't believe that yourself?"

"Yes, sir. Will you come in?"

I bowed and was about to enter the temple proper.

"Shoes off, or one rupee."

"Neither," said I.

"Here is my brother. He is a strong giant."

"What? Does he want to fight? I am not so big as he; but be not so sure as to who will be beaten. He may be sure that he cannot scare me."

A small religious book protruded from my coat-pocket. This he pulled out and asked me if he could have it.

"Can you read English?"

"A little," he answered.

"Then I shall be pleased to give you this book."

"Walk in," he said.

But besides a number of pilgrims nothing was to be seen except a few ugly idols, the monkeys and their dung, and I soon finished the place.

In a court-yard outside of Bisheshwar, or the golden temple, I saw the "well of knowledge."

To this well the pilgrims came in a steady stream. Each of them bought a cup of stinking water from a priest, and they drank it apparently with great pleasure.

A seven-foot ox was standing on one side of the well. He was made of stone. A sleek, fat cow walked about wherever she pleased, and she received greater attention than the priest. No one passed her without caressing her, and when this was done they rubbed their faces and breasts with their hands as though that would imbue them the more thoroughly with the holiness of the animal. Several stepped reverently up behind the cow, solemnly raised her tail to their mouths and kissed it.

What the pilgrims did with the dung of this cow, I will not describe. But it seemed to be a precious substance.

The Hindus are kind to animals. They are careful not to injure the smallest creeping thing. An American business man in Bombay told me that one of his bookkeepers, an educated Hindu, would be out of sorts the whole day if he had been careless enough to step on an ant while on his way to the office in the morning.

Sick and decrepit animals are cared for with great solicitude. In Bombay the Hindus have a hospital where such invalids are nursed free of charge. Even old and helpless bedbugs have a compartment, and great blessings are supposed to be bestowed upon him who permits these

A Holy Man.

well known creatures to tap his veins for a shorter or longer period of time.

It often happens that even larger animals become quite offensive, knowing full well that they have nothing to fear

Worshipping the Serpent.

from man. The monkeys, for instance, these villainous shysters, chuck full of thievishness and up to all sorts of pranks as they are, may behave just as they see fit. Sometimes they will come in crowds from the woods and begin to pull the roofs off the houses. Being gods, however, they must not be interfered with.

The serpent, known for his cunning, including the poisonous cobra, is greatly esteemed by the Hindus. It is even looked upon as a good custom to prepare a separate place in the garden for the accommodation of the snakes.

But the cow is superior to all other animals in holiness. It constitutes a kind of unity of numerous gods. Every part, every member, every hair is a god. A man is said to have committed suicide to atone for the great sin which he committed while drinking unstrained milk, thereby swallowing a cow's hair, in which of course a god resided.

We find it difficult to conceive how people who are so cruel in the treatment of their women, for instance, can devote themselves to such worship of even the most malicious and repulsive of animals. But the Hindu sees the matter in an entirely different light.

Educated people surely do not believe that these animals are gods. But they all believe in the transmigration of the soul. The common opinion is, that a human soul must pass through about eight and one-half million creatures before it reaches its final goal. When a person's father or mother dies no one knows where his or her soul goes. But it is assumed as a probability that it entered some animal which came into the world at the moment of death. Hence no one is safe in hurting living things. By stepping on an ant or mutilating a mosquito a person may make life painful to his deceased father, grand-father or some more remote ancestor.

It is of course this theory which gradually has induced the great mass of the common people to worship animals.

FIFTY-SECOND CHAPTER.

Caste.

Leaving Benares with its fourteen hundred Hindu temples and twenty thousand priests, we shall give a brief account of caste, the sum total of Hinduism, which oppresses the whole people like a night-mare, dwarfing its development in every respect.

In his divine worship the Hindu is liberal in a certain sense. That is to say, he permits every one to enjoy his own faith and worship whatever god strikes his fancy. No common religious system is known to Hinduism. There are numerous schools which adhere to widely different systems, and there is a multitude of sects. But they all recognize each other as good Hindus as long as the law of caste is maintained. If this is violated there is an end to Hindu tolerance.

Originally there were only four castes, namely, the Brahmins, or priests, the warriors, the merchants and the Sudras, or servants. Subsequently a new caste has been instituted for each profession.

The priests constitute the highest, the servants the lowest caste. To try to obtain a social position not occupied by one's father is looked upon as the greatest of all sins, God having once for all put up the partition walls between the castes. To attempt to rise to a higher position involves brazen impudence, and a person occupying a higher position is polluted by coming in the slightest contact with a member of a lower caste.

According to Manu the earth and the whole universe are the property of the Brahmins, God having appointed them lords of all creation. Only a Brahmin eats his own bread, wears his own clothes and gives alms from his own belongings. It is only through the mercy and generosity of the Brahmins that other people have the wherewithal to sustain life.

What requires capital punishment in the case of common people, the priest can atone for by having his head shaved. If he kills a servant or a working man he shall suffer the punishment prescribed for the killing of a cat, a toad, a dog, an owl or a cow.

God has ordained that the Sudras shall serve the higher castes without grumbling. A Brahmin can compel a Sudra to work for him whether he has bought him or not; for the Sudras were created for the purpose of being the slaves of the Brahmins. Even if a master liberates his slave the latter is still under obligations to serve others; for he was born to be a slave, and who can exempt him from a service into which he was born?

A Sudra must not acquire property, because it would injure the Brahmins. If he has been able to save something the Brahmin may take it away from him without any ado at all.

A servant's hire shall be offal from the table, old clothes, spoiled grain and second-hand furniture.

If a Sudra speaks discourteously to a member of a higher caste his tongue ought to be cut out, for he is of the basest origin.

If he mentions their name or caste disrespectfully a ten-inch red-hot iron shall be driven into his mouth, and if he arrogantly proposes to instruct a priest about his duties the king shall have boiling oil poured into his mouth and ears.

If a man of the lowest origin injures a man of the noblest birth by one of his members, said member shall be lopped off. If he raises his hand or his cane against him his hand shall be cut off, and if he kicks him his foot shall be severed from the body.

One who ventures to sit down by the side of a man of superior birth shall be banished after his thigh has been branded; or the king may have his posteriors slashed off; if he spits upon him the king shall have his lips clipped off; but if he grabs him by the hair the king shall immediately have both of his hands cut off.

Members of certain castes have abodes assigned to them outside of the city. They are prohibited from owning anything but dogs and donkeys. They must use no clothes but those worn by members of other families and thrown out after their death. No one is allowed to give them food except on broken plates.

No Sudra shall receive any information whatever, and no remains of offerings shall be given to him. Whoever ventures to tell him about laws and rights or performs sacrifices for him shall sink together with him down into darkest hell.

This is what the code of Manu teaches, and every Hindu will submit to it without reserve.

A person belonging to a low caste is doomed to grow up in ignorance. The only thing that he is permitted to learn is his father's profession, but he must not think of improving his condition and he must be careful not to come in contact with those below him.

There are many Hindus who chafe under the oppression of caste and testify against it. Still they are bound to it. For them to transgress the caste laws would result in excommunication, and it is difficult for a European who has not been in India to conceive what this implies. Sir Monier Williams gives an example:

"A cloth merchant at Ahmedabad was proved to have committed a heinous caste crime. He had married a widow of his own caste, and to marry a widow is, in the eyes of a Hindu, a most awful offence. A woman once married belongs to one husband for time and eternity. Forthwith he was sentenced to complete excommunication. No one, either of his own or any other caste, was to be allowed to associate with him; no one was to eat with him; no one was to have any trade dealings with him; no one was to marry any of his children; no temple was to receive him as a worshipper; and if he died no one was to carry his body to the burning-ground. On the morning after the sentence was passed he went to the bazaar as usual, but not a person would buy from him or sell to him; he could get no home to live in; and none of his debtors would pay him their debts. It was impossible to sue them, as no one would give evidence. He was a ruined man, and had to leave the country."

A man who refuses to give his daughter away in marriage before she is ten years old is himself excommunicated. He may see the nonsensicalness of worshipping abominable idols and decline to perform the prescribed offerings and ceremonies, and out of his caste he is driven. And no mercy must be shown to one that has been excommunicated.

It is a sin to perform acts of mercy for the benefit of low-caste individuals. And strangers can receive no aid in sickness and distress unless they prove that their family connections are of a high order. Bishop Heber writes:

"A traveler falls down sick in the streets of a village (I am mentioning a fact which happened ten days ago), nobody knows what caste he is of, therefore nobody goes near him, lest they should become polluted. He wastes to death before the eyes of the whole community, unless the jackals take courage from his helpless state to finish him a little sooner, and, perhaps, as happened in the case to which I alluded, the children are allowed to pelt him with stones and mud."

And Rev. J Vaughan says:

"Outside their own caste the weal or woe of their fellows affect them in no degree whatever. We have again and again witnessed along the pilgrim routes harrowing illustrations of this sad truth. We have seen poor creatures, smitten with disease, lying on the roadside passed by hundreds of their co-religionists with no more concern than if they were dying dogs; we have seen the poor parched sufferers with folded hands and pleading voice

crave a drop of water to moisten their lips, but all in vain. Hundreds thus perish, untended, unpitied, unaided; perhaps even before death does its work, the vultures and jackals begin theirs, and thus lines of whitened bones and blackened skulls border the roads leading to the sacred shrines. And whence this worse than brutal callousness? What has dried up the springs of human sympathy? It is caste."

We can easily understand why the priests have introduced the doctrine of castes and made it a religion for the people. But the fact that they succeeded so marvelously well in making vast multitudes of people absorb it into their very blood as it were, enjoy it, observe the caste laws and take pains to have them perpetuated to the extent of the minutest details, this fact only proves what a terrible power an ambitious and corrupt priesthood may wield over an ignorant and credulous people.

Caste is an ingenious contrivance, and on the part of the Brahmins it has been observed with prudence and firmness, until it now stands as a mighty bulwark, apparently defying all attempts to bring relief to the deluded people.

The people are satisfied with their condition. The common man has been oppressed by the higher castes from time immemorial. He has been kept in ignorance and degradation, has been forced to perform hard work for the merest pittance. He has been brought up to see himself in the same light as the other castes see him. He looks upon himself as a scion of a polluted, base, wicked, despicable race which is not worthy of approaching a

Brahmin, of performing a religious rite except through the mediation of a priest, of receiving the least instruction or of occupying any position but that of the slave. He has become dull and stupid.

But the power of the priests is not the only thing that is based on this institution. It may be said with equal truthfulness that caste is the safest support of the English rule.

We will let Sir Monier Williams speak. He is an Englishman himself and knows what he is speaking about. He writes about caste: "Its action tends to arrest progress, to paralyze energy, to crush manly independence, to stifle healthy public opinion, to make nationality, patriotism and true liberty almost impossible . . . And certainly the antagonism of these caste associations has helped us to govern the country by making political combinations impracticable."

That there are Englishmen who for political reasons find it worthy of their country to support this diabolical institution, is proved by the following utterance made by Sir Lepel Griffin in The Asiatic Quarterly Review:

"If England continue to rule with justice, moderation and impartiality, with clean hands and an honest and eager desire to work for the good of the people, there is no fear that the Hindus will ever turn against her. And the explanation of this security is chiefly to be found in the caste, which, by depriving the people of ambition, has left each man content with his position in life.

"Last year, Mr. Lowell, the late American minister,

told us that one of the advantages of democracy was that it enables a man to 'climb from the coal-pit to the highest position for which he is fitted.' But in India, fortunately for society and the government, the collier would have no inclination to climb at all. Every occupation, even thieving, is hereditary; and the rules of caste ordinarily compel a man to follow the occupation of his forefather, except where English influence and education have displaced the conservative tradition in favor of a more democratic view of the rights of humanity. But the English embroidery is only upon the hem of the mysterious garment of Indian life, and the great mass of the people are unaffected by the struggles of the young men of our schools and colleges to obtain a share in the offices at the disposal of the government. Even with these, the spirit of caste is still strong, and a wise policy would encourage and not stifle it."

But as a civilized nation England should, from a higher point of view, not practice this prudential policy. There is no doubt that England will make herself both superfluous and impossible in India by abolishing caste. If this yoke is removed India will be one of the most powerful nations in the world and will brook no political supremacy. For this reason it is to be feared that very little will be done through the policy of England to elevate these deeply degraded races.

But the missionary work, which is eagerly carried on or powerfully supported by Christian Englishmen, has for

its aim nothing less than the complete abolishment of this, the chief support of England's prudential policy. It will damage the English speculators and politicians, but it will be an inestimable blessing to the millions of India.

The gospel of Christ is the only power that can raise the masses and crush the wicked dominion of the Brahmins over the minds of the people. But if the gospel is permitted to do its work in India the English rule will also be a thing of the past in that part of the world, and the mission of England among the races of this great empire will be finished.

FIFTY-THIRD CHAPTER

To Assam.—The Scotch.—A Pensioned Judge.—The Ganges and The Brahmaputra.—An Irksome Ride.—Thinking of Bread.—In the Christian Colony.—The Medical Art.—Three Lives Sacrificed.—On the TeaPlantation.—A Photographer.—The Soil.—Rain.—Famine.

From Benares we proceed to Calcutta.

At Rampur Hat Mr. Boerresen met me to accompany me to Assam, where he and Mr. Skrefsrud have established a colony for Christian Santhals. Mr. Skrefsrud, who was on his way home from Calcutta, also met me at this place and had a good breakfast ready for me.

I was delighted to meet my old friends again, and I fairly rejoiced because I was to continue my journey in company with the venerable Boerresen.

At Calcutta we called on a merchant from Dundee, an old friend of the Santhal mission, with whom I became acquainted at Ebenezer, while he was spending the Christmas holidays at that place. Now he had left his winter quarters and gone home to Scotland, and his brother was managing his business. This gentleman entertained us and cared for us in fine fashion.

I like the Scotch. The Scotchman has a cheerfulness about him which I fail to find in the Englishman. Do not

call a Scotchman an Englishman. He is a Briton, but no Englishman. The Scotchman is usually straight-forward, and in his home there is a spiritual atmosphere that permits you to breathe freely. In him you find nothing of that distinguished stupidity and dense self-sufficiency which the Englishman finds it so hard to conceal in his dealings with foreigners.

Having taken a good long rest, and having procured the necessary provisions, which Mr. Boerresen always tended to, we took the train to Gualondo, at the confluence of the Ganges and the Brahmaputra.

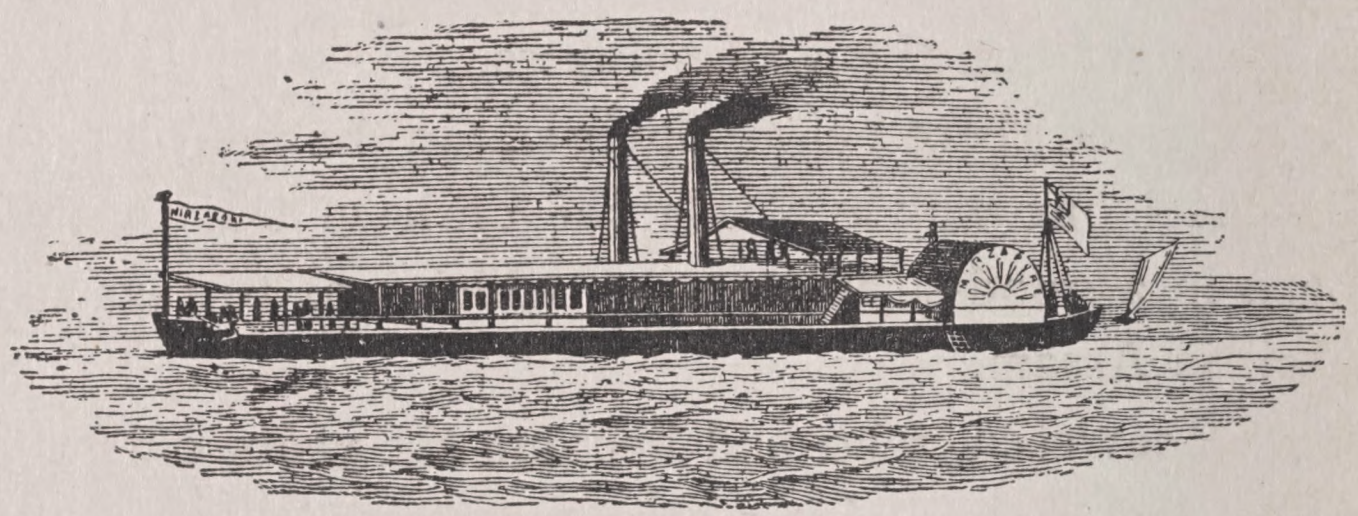
We arrived there before daybreak in the morning. We had to feel our way through the dark to the river and embark in a good-sized steamer, which was to take us to Dhubri, in Assam.

Mr. Boerresen, who had become six years older than when he last visited this place, complained of the dilapidated condition of the road, and he thought he would never have reached the steamer alive if he had been alone. Twenty years earlier the road had been in a far better condition. But I have a notion that Mr. Boerresen himself, without knowing it, has become so much feebler. He has grown old in service, and the years begin to tell on him. In his old age he should not be compelled to make such long journeys.

The voyage up the river to Duhbri took us about thirty-six hours.

On board the steamer we met a pensioned judge and a tea planter.

The judge I had learnt to know on my voyage from Marseilles, France, to Mokame, India. He was one of those affable Englishmen who take pride in being condescending and who gladly salute a plain man by a hearty, comrade-like hand-shake. On our voyage out he was a first-class passenger, but he often came over to us to attend our common prayer meetings. He occasionally took part in the conversation; but when his rationalistic views



A River Steamer.

failed to meet with approval he would become angry, take his Bible and leave us.

Now he was on his way to Assam to inspect a tea garden which had belonged to a relative of his, whose children he was serving as guardian. He had heard of the Christian Santhal colony in Assam, and a week previously had written to Mr. Boerresen for detailed information as to the advantages of founding such a colony. Mr. Boerresen answered by proposing that they make a trip to that country together and make a personal inspection.

As soon as we met, the judge began to ask questions about the colony. He had been questioning himself whether it would be profitable to import Santhals, who have the reputation of being the best laborers in India, and to establish a colony at the tea plantation, which had been confided to his supervision. He preferred Christian Santhals.

"I advise you to have nothing to do with a Christian colony," Mr. Boerresen answered. "Pagans are good enough for your use."

The judge was struck with amazement.

"Have you not a tea plantation of your own?" he asked.

"We have. But this is due to the wickedness of a manager of a plantation. We had never thought of raising tea. We were looking around for a place where the Santhals could emigrate from their over-populated country and till the soil. We negotiated with the government and had a tract of land in Assam reserved for us. But no sooner was our colony started than a tea plantation was opened close by. The owners of this plantation thought they had a chance to obtain good laborers. We were alarmed, knowing how most of the plantations are managed. Our fears soon proved to have been well founded. By means of promises of good wages the young people of our colony were induced to work on the plantation, and soon we were in the toils of a series of excesses which gave us great worry and grief. We appealed to the manager of the plantation, entreating him, who himself claimed to be a Christian, to work more closely in harmony with our

mission. But he answered that he was there to do business, not to cater to the demands of missionaries. At last the wickedness was carried so far that we realized the necessity of either moving away entirely or obtaining control of the plantation. Through the aid of a friend in London we negotiated with the owners of the plantation and finally bought it with money received from friends in Denmark. Since that time we have been permitted to live in peace. We are now running the tea plantation as a branch of our missionary work. But we do not use the people of the colony on the plantation. We do not want them. They ought to till the ground. That is more to depend upon in the future. We engage idle people, mostly pagans, to work for us, and we keep native preachers and teachers among them. In this way the tea plantation has become a blessing to many."

The judge had heard enough. He said no more about accompanying us, but continued to discuss the question with the other tea planter.

Immense masses of water unite at Gualondo and flow on to the sea through the numerous branches of the Ganges. And the traffic on these rivers is enormous. Steamship navigation is rendered exceedingly difficult by the loose sand which is constantly shifted from one side to the other, and before any one is aware of it a huge bank may have been piled up in the middle of the river-course. On account of this the leadline must be kept plying incessantly. The Brahmaputra is utterly unmanageable in this respect. It cuts out a new course every now and then, throwing

up large tracts of land at other places. A year ago the steamers used to run close up to Dhubri, now an elevated tract of land extended a mile and a half between the town

On the Ganges.

and the river. Down at the delta great masses of alluvial matter is accumulated, and where the water perhaps was fifty feet deep in the spring the ground is plowed and sowed in the fall. But in spite of this irregularity an extensive steamship traffic is carried on along these rivers.

The bulk of the freight, however, is doubtless carried by the boats of the natives. They are swarming everywhere. The ugly, ragged sails assist in pulling the boats up stream. But the people generally walk along the shore, pulling their boats by means of long ropes.

From Dhubri we continued our journey in ox-carts, one having been sent from the colony for each of us. We tried to sleep. In each cart was placed a fearfully worn excelsior mattress. If I could have pitched mine out of the cart, giving me a chance to lie on the even boards, I might possibly have slept. But here was a series of hills and dales, of holes and knolls which pulled my limbs awry and left me weary and sleepless.

"You have struck the best cart, my dear friend," Mr. Boerresen shouted to me when I, supposing him to be sleeping soundly, attempted to drive away my blues by singing. "I have a high mountain right under my back and a deep valley under my shoulders. What in the world did those dear people have in mind when they sent me such an outfit as this! Their intentions were good. They must have found these remnants of mattresses after Mr. Bahr or Mr. Bunkholdt, who died up there, and have supposed it would be a very nice thing to send us them instead of plain straw."

Upon my assurance that no one could lie in a more uncomfortable place than I did the mutual envy passed away, and we could continue the journey with a much easier conscience. There is always consolation in knowing

ChurchBuilding a nd Congregation in Assam.

that one does not suffer alone, and one feels better when he sympathizes with another than when he has a grudge against him.

At breakfast time the next morning we had traveled eighteen miles.

At a bungalow we were met by a native from the colony. He brought tea and eggs. The man who was to haul our provisions was lost in the night, and therefore we had no bread. But Mr. Boerresen found a way out. We should only think of bread and drink tea with it! He had been compelled to do this so often, thus knowing from experience that it would do very well for a change!

Towards noon we caught a faint glimpse of the Himalaya mountains, and from the colony, where we arrived a few hours later, the mighty mountain range seemed to be only a few miles away. This was the only chance we had to see these towering mountains, the fog shutting them off from our view during the remainder of our stay in Assam.

It was agreeable to meet Christian Santhals again. Let people say what they please, Christianity has no equal as a power of education and transformation. In this colony the change was perhaps more striking than in Santhalistan itself; for here the people were Christians almost to a man, the colony being a Christian community shut off from the pagan world. Verily, it was like an oasis in the desert, like a light in the pitch-dark night.

The Christian colonists have established their villages and government in perfect conformity with their tradi-

tions, excepting, however, everything that relates to religious matters. Instead of the traditional seat of the council a school-house is built in each village. Here a school for children is taught in the day, and in the evening the head-man gathers all the villagers to evening prayers, which are conducted by the elders of the congregation.

At the main station a spacious church building had just been completed. Here the people assemble every Sunday to services which are conducted by Rev. Pitho.

The present head of the colony is Dr. Raya, one of the graduates of the school at Ebenezer. He had evinced natural aptitude for treating diseases and applying medicine, and the missionaries provided instruction for him and afterwards sent him as physician to the colony.

He began to practice medicine on me the very day of our arrival. Not that I was sick. But Mr. Boerresen thought I might easily contract malarial fever, and he made the doctor understand that he would make him responsible for my health. On this account I received a dose morning and evening.

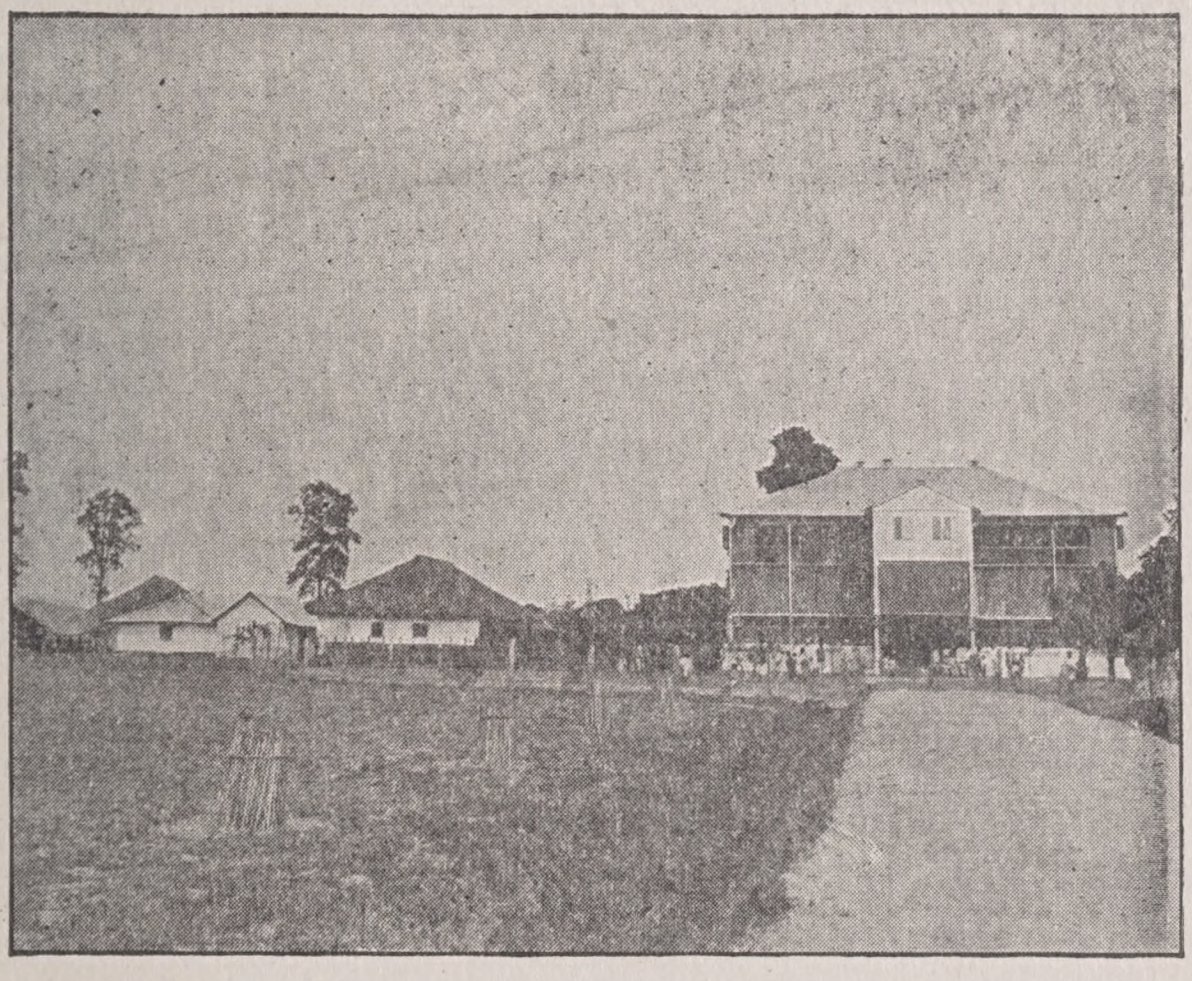
In regard to the medical art this Raya has a competitor in his pastor, who even is a specialist in the treatment of hydrophobia, and who would run Dr. Pasteur a close race if his method were more widely known.

Mr. Skrefsrud one day told me of several Santhals who are familiar with excellent remedies for different diseases. He also mentioned Rev. Pitho and his treatment of hydrophobia.

I asked Raya, who understood a little English, what

In the Tea Plantations.

he thought of this. He said that after having applied the medicine to several persons who had been bitten by mad dogs, he had come to the conclusion that it is an absolutely reliable remedy. We went in company to Rev. Pitho to see if we could possibly worm out of him what



Station Building and Church in Assam.

the compounds of his medicine are. But all I could understand was, that old shoes had something to do with it. This made me still more curious, and at the earliest opportunity I asked the manager of the tea plantation, the only European in these parts, to act as interpreter. Now it was brought out that the medicine was compounded of a certain kind of flower, a kind of plant-louse and skin from an animal. The whole of it must be dried and pow-

dered. Hot water is poured on it, and the patient drinks the strained tea. The story about the shoe was due to an association of ideas.

The large, commodious station building has been

The Village of Takurpura.

standing empty for some time. I was deeply grieved when I saw this building. The intention had been to have the European manager of the colony reside there. When Mr. Wilken Arendrup, a young physician from Denmark, had sacrificed his life as the first manager of this colony, the building had been erected for his successor, Halfdan Bahr, who from love for the Santhals left a pleasant and remu-

Transplanting Tea.

nerative position as botanist at the government garden in Darjiling, to assume charge of this colony. But he had not stayed there long before his life too was cut short. Now Mr. Bunkholdt was sent there from Santhalistan; but shortly afterwards he followed his predecessors in death.

Since that time the spacious and airy building has been unoccupied, and the colony has been managed with ability by the native physician.

The tea plantation bids fair to become a good source of income to the mission. It is a comprehensive enterprise and employs many hands.

There was not much to do at the time of my visit. Still I had ample opportunity to see how everything is done in the field among the tea bushes as well as in the factory.

On a tea plantation a laborer may get employment for his whole family. The sucking-child cannot do much thorough work, but the mother keeps it suspended in a sling under her arm anyway.

Accordingly, people of all ages were on the scene. Some of them were well dressed and looked contented. Others were half naked and filthy. While the children of the Christians were well covered, the pagan children walked about naked as at other places.

Many of the elders of the congregation were engaged in evangelistic work among the laborers on the plantation, and as a rule the heathen laborers do not stay there long before they are influenced by Christianity.

Mr. Boerresen engaged a native photographer at Calcutta to accompany us. He followed me all around with his large camera to take landscape views.

He was an educated man and a good photographer. At the market-place he was greatly embarrassed. There were five natives of Assam who wished to be photographed, but they could not agree with him on the charges. When he was ready to take a negative of the market-place the five thought they found a chance to have their pictures taken free of charge. They all stepped up in front of the apparatus, posing as best they knew how and refusing to move.

A bright idea struck him:

"Stand still now! One, two, three! There you are!"

And they were a happy lot, for they did not know that there was no negative in the apparatus. They now became very eager in their endeavors to have the great throng of people keep quiet until the photographer was ready.

Next morning he was again on the point of being tangled up, the worthy five returning to see their picture. But he hit upon a fresh ruse and sent them away.

People speak about rich soil and tall grass. Here are both of them. The American prairies can produce no counterpart. The grass is wilted at this season; but in many places it remains partly standing, so that I can easily see how tall it must have been.

The people around here are comparatively prosperous, and a failure of crops is unknown in these parts.

What makes sustenance so uncertain to many of the millions of India is the ever recurring drouth. During the first summer months almost all vegetation is singed, and the soil becomes dry as ashes. But all depends upon the rainy season. If this brings sufficient moisture, life and activity are in evidence everywhere, and there will be enough to eat for all mouths.

But if the rain fails it means death to those who have no money with which to buy a year's supply of food.

This accounts for the fact that India so often is ravaged by famine.

Drouth and its attendant, famine, always occur only in certain limited localities, however, and there is always food enough in the country to sustain all its inhabitants. But, unfortunately, those who have the goods will not aid the sufferers. On the contrary, they are rather inclined to take advantage of the situation by hoisting the prices. If law and order had not prevailed in the country the needy ones, who always number millions, would have helped themselves. But the government protects property from looting, permitting the famine-stricken people to die like flies. It is proper indeed that the possessions of the rich are protected; but to a foreign observer it seems strange that human life should have so little value.

Off and on it happens that the government furnishes a little aid, but generally after it is too late. As a rule the government makes it the business of the missionaries to care for the famine-stricken people. The missionaries then appeal to Europe and America for help, describing the

distress as best they can, but far from adequately. For the misery and terror accompanying an Indian famine can more easily be imagined than depicted.

When the money arrives the missionaries must go to the greedy blood-hounds whose store-houses enjoy the protection of the government, and buy of their rice and make soup for the thousands of emaciated bodies.

There is always food enough in the country, and the importation of food-stuffs for the natives is wholly out of the question. But the government is either too weak or too indifferent to take the necessary measures to palliate the disastrous results of the frequent failure of the crops.

From the above it may be understood how dependent the famished victims are upon the aid furnished them by charitable people in other countries. It is apt to arouse indignation to know that such aid must contribute to swell the wealth of the speculators. But until the Indian government in some way is compelled to devise and apply an effective remedy, this is the only method by which we can do something towards preventing the many unfortunate people from starving to death.

But in Assam, as I have already said, drouth and famine are unknown. Here the rainfall is always sufficient to insure good crops.

The average annual rainfall in Punjab is from seven to eight inches, but in Assam the water falling in the course of three hundred and sixty-five days is forty feet.

The precipitation at Cherra Punji was eight hundred and five inches in the year 1861.

This volume of rain is favorable to the productivity of the soil, but it also renders the country unhealthy, reducing the population to a minimum.

The Santhals, however, seem to be doing well here, and immigration should not be stopped.

FIFTY-FOURTH CHAPTER.

Good-by to Santhalistan.—Contradictory Testimony about the Mission.—Have Christianity and Paganism a Common Origin?—Calcutta.—Many Monuments.—England and India.

Calcutta, March 13.

On my way home!

I am tired of sight-seeing. The soul, or the brain, or whatever a scholar would call it, is tired of the new impressions which it constantly has been subjected to for the past few months. Now I am only anxious to board the steamer and take a rest. We ought to have left Calcutta yesterday. But the ship-owner changed his mind the last moment, wholly ignoring me and my hotel bill. The time refixed for our departure is Wednesday morning.

From Assam I returned to Santhalistan, where I spent one more week with my dear friends at Ebenezer.

During my last meeting with the Santhals I found that these simple-hearted children of nature had won my heart. They deserve to be loved, they are worthy of the labors devoted to them, their lives ought to be raised to nobler heights. It must be admitted that they are despised by the higher races and tribes, and that they cannot well

exert any influence upon the civilization of their neighbors; but if it is possible to find men who have hearts and brains sufficient to continue the work on the plans already laid down for the salvation of the Santhals, in a few years this missionary field will afford an illustrious instance of the unique power of the gospel of Christ to elevate and transform a degraded nation.

Many travelers have expressed their surprise to me because they never met a native Christian. In a country where the missionaries are so numerous, one who travels through the length and breadth of it ought to run across some Christian representing the fruit of the work which is aided with so much money from home. If you ask a business man, an agent, an official or a soldier about the fruits of the missionary work you will most frequently receive the answer that he does not know a single native Christian, and those who know such will generally add that they are consummate scoundrels to a man.

Such testimony is discouraging, and it will not do to brand it as false in every particular. On my flying trip through Hindustan I met no native Christian, and a few churches for Europeans were the only evidences of the Christian religion. When I questioned some one in regard to the matter I received answers of the same nature as those alluded to above. Most of the European business men with whom I have talked have not only cast slurs upon the missions but protested with considerable vigor that all Christian missionary work is harmful. A

man who employs several hundred hands told me that he had been compelled to make it a rule to hire no Christian. The Christians had invariably turned out to be arrogant villains, who would neither do what they were told to do nor brook a well-meant reprimand. "Just let those people keep their own religion," he added. "That will do them most good. When some one pretends to be a Christian and permits himself to be baptized you may look upon it as a symptom of rascality. They think they see some kind of profit in being baptized, and they take their chances, not hesitating to fool the missionary."

There must be many travelers who from year to year bring such reports as these from heathen India to the friends of the missions, and the harm they have done cannot easily be estimated.

There are, however, so many things that are overlooked, but which ought to be taken into consideration before the traveler passes his final judgment. There are about three hundred million natives in India. Of these scarcely two and one-half millions are Christians. If the latter were scattered throughout the whole country they would constitute less than one in every hundred heathens. Under such conditions a traveler might have to talk to a great number of heathens before striking one Christian. But as a matter of fact the Christians usually find each other and settle down in groups. If they were scattered in groups of only three and he did not know their whereabouts, he might have to talk to three or even four hun-

dred persons before finding one Christian. Perhaps he would give up the chase when he had asked three hundred, return home and tell his countrymen that there are no Christians in India.

The Christians, however, are not scattered in small groups of two or three. In many localities there are churches which have several thousand members, and these churches are not located in the way of the tourist. He does not care enough about the matter to hunt them up. He only inquires in the large cities, where the wickedness of the European population is the greatest drawback to missionary work, and he seeks information only from men who have as vague notions of true Christianity as he has himself. The information which he obtains is in keeping with the sources on which he draws.

In regard to the charge that the Christians are such great rascals that a man cannot employ them, it may be said that I, on the other hand, was told that most of the European employers are such low characters that a Christian cannot possibly work for them, and, taking everything into consideration, I am compelled to say, though regretfully, that the second charge is the more tenable of the two. The mere fact that a Christian will not work on Sunday is sufficient to make him obnoxious to the European who has come to India only to accumulate wealth.

But through all the conflicting testimonies I was glad to be able to point to the mission in Santhalistan. It stands before me as a shining light in the dismal gloom; not

because there are no other places and missions that deserve the same eulogy, but because this is the only mission with which I am to any degree familiar.

The friends of this mission, in Europe as well as in America, have done well by supporting it, and as the expansion of the work requires greater incomes it is to be hoped that the interest will increase in the same proportion.

Some travelers seem to find so many things in paganism which deprives them of all respect for Christianity. One gentleman told me he was firmly convinced that the whole of America and Europe would turn their backs to Christianity in disgust if the masses could see how the heathen perform their divine services.

The numerous and striking similarities are supposed to be particularly offensive. They are taken to prove that Christianity has its root in paganism and not, as the Christians claim, in a divine revelation.

It must be admitted that such similarities do exist. For instance, take the traditions of the Santhals. Baptism, and more particularly the baptism of children, is by no means unknown to the heathen races. Monasticism is an old institution among the Buddhists. Sacerdotalism, sacrifices, incense, requiems etc. are still older. The repetition of prayer formulas accompanied by a series of movements of the body is strikingly similar to the liturgical exercises performed every Sunday in many Christian churches, and there can be no room for doubt as to the

common origin of all these ceremonies. Yet it strikes me that he who concludes from this that Christianity only is a more refined form of paganism betrays ignorance of the real nature of Christianity.

If a heathen had occasion to walk about in our churches of a Sunday and see what takes place there, without understanding the sermons, he would be very apt to conclude that there is but slight difference between his religion and that of the Christians. He would, in other words, be apt to reason in the same manner as so many European travelers in his own country have done. But there are two facts which are wholly unknown to him and which he therefore cannot take into account:

1. The Christian professes that all men have a common origin and that they once had a common Divine revelation. Of this revelation there may yet be remains in the traditions of the heathen. Such remains testify to a common origin. But instead of weakening the Biblical accounts they corroborate them.

2. Moreover it is a fact that Christianity was introduced among our forefathers to a greater extent by laws than by evangelistic missionary work. The result was that they remained pagans after they were baptized, and although they had to give up some of their pagan practices they dragged many old nuisances with them into the churches. During subsequent ages some reforms have been introduced. Still there remains much that is surely more pagan than Christian and which will be dropped

in the same proportion as the spirit of Christ is permitted to leaven Christian society.

The fact that the traveler finds monasticism, special clerical vestments, mass, repetition of prayers and a lot of other rites observed by different denominations, to be of pagan origin, does not justify him in rejecting Christianity. For Christianity does not consist in any of these, nor does it depend upon them. Christianity is a power, and this power is charity. Let everything else drop away. Charity remains, and with this, Christianity remains. But charity does not come to us from nature. On the contrary, from nature we have egotism, sin, which are the same. If we are to become truly charitable we must be born of God; for God is love. And this power will manifest itself in us in the same manner as it does in God, namely, by a vigorous endeavor to advance the happiness of the individual and the race. This is Christianity.

Of this life we have but very little. But that fact does not prove that we should reject what little there is of it.

Christianity cannot be made responsible for the fact that many of our religious ceremonies are essentially pagan. It only shows how little we have and how much we still lack of Christianity.

This, however, cannot be used as a pretext by such as suppose to do God's kingdom a great service by tramping about, preaching against church associations, failing to conceive any higher aim than that of setting the believers by the ears and making them quarrel about church rites.

Such people are like those missionaries who walk about among the heathen, scolding their gods. They suppose it is necessary to make them turn away from their old gods before they listen to the gospel of Christ. But experience shows that such missionaries do more harm than good. "We never mind paganism in the least," said a missionary, "but preach Christ to the people. Those who become interested in him and like him will continue as we do until the love of Christ has taken possession of their hearts, and during this process paganism drops away without a word against it from us."

Is not this the right way? Certainly. The preacher who stands in the proper relation to the Savior will proclaim him and not run the errands of the devil by preaching church rites.

But as to my remark about baptism? I propose to maintain as an established historical fact, that baptism was practiced among the heathen races long before the time of Christ, and that the Jews admitted proselytes by baptizing them, their servants and their children. Then John the Baptist came. Of him it is written that he also baptized Jews, proclaiming that they too had to pass through a transition in order to become true Israelites. Christ came to establish a new kingdom of God, namely, the church. He instructed his disciples to go "and make disciples of all the nations, baptizing them into the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Spirit,"* and those who were

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* See Revised Version, 1881—1885.

thus made his disciples through baptism should be taught to observe all his teachings.

We thus find that baptism was practiced among the heathen, among the Jews and in the Christian church, and the Christian church was unquestionably the last to adopt this rite. Among the heathen it is an official admission of the child into society; among the Jews it was an official renunciation of paganism and adoption into the people of Israel in order to learn and practice the religious rites of the Jews. According to the command of Christ the baptism used in the church is an adoption into the body of the Lord's disciples, which disciples the church undertakes to educate and instruct. Christian baptism, therefore, should take place where the church begins its work of instruction in the Lord's teachings; for a person does not become a disciple when he has received instruction, but when he begins to receive instruction. The grown heathen who is attracted by the gospel and declares that he desires to familiarize himself with the Christian economy should therefore, like Lydia and the jailor of Philippi, be baptized with his whole household. This was a good custom in the days of the apostles. The same thing occurred in Jerusalem on the day of Pentecost. Likewise at the house of Cornelius. And those who were baptized continued steadfastly in the apostles' teaching. For the same reason we also have our children baptized into disciples of the Lord for the purpose of educating them and instructing them in the fear of the Lord.

Of the origin of baptism we know nothing. But we know that Christian baptism is a new baptism; and though its form does not differ essentially from that of the heathen rite, the difference between their aims is as wide as the vault of heaven. Christian baptism is incorporation into the body of the disciples of Christ and admission into the school of the Holy Spirit. It is a baptism into the name of Jesus Christ. And the heathen have no such baptism. The new element in the command of Christ is not the act of baptizing. This was known to both Jews and gentiles and was performed upon little and big, children and grown people. But the new and essential element is, that the Lord's disciples shall be baptized into the name of the Father, of the Son and of the Holy Spirit.

In view of these facts I am unable to see how the similarity of ceremonies can justify the assertion, that we have received our baptism from the pagans.

Calcutta ranks among those cities which have a million inhabitants or more. It does not cover a very large area, but the natives are closely packed together. They do not need large sites for their houses, and still less space do they need for their court-yards. If there is not room enough in the house for the family to sleep because the cow, which is quite bulky, has gone to rest in the middle of the floor, the street is open to everybody. It must be granted that the pedestrian runs the risk of stumbling over the sleeping people along the sidewalks, and sustaining injuries. But he who must needs be about after bedtime

will have to reckon on such eventualities and be on the lookout for every step that he takes.

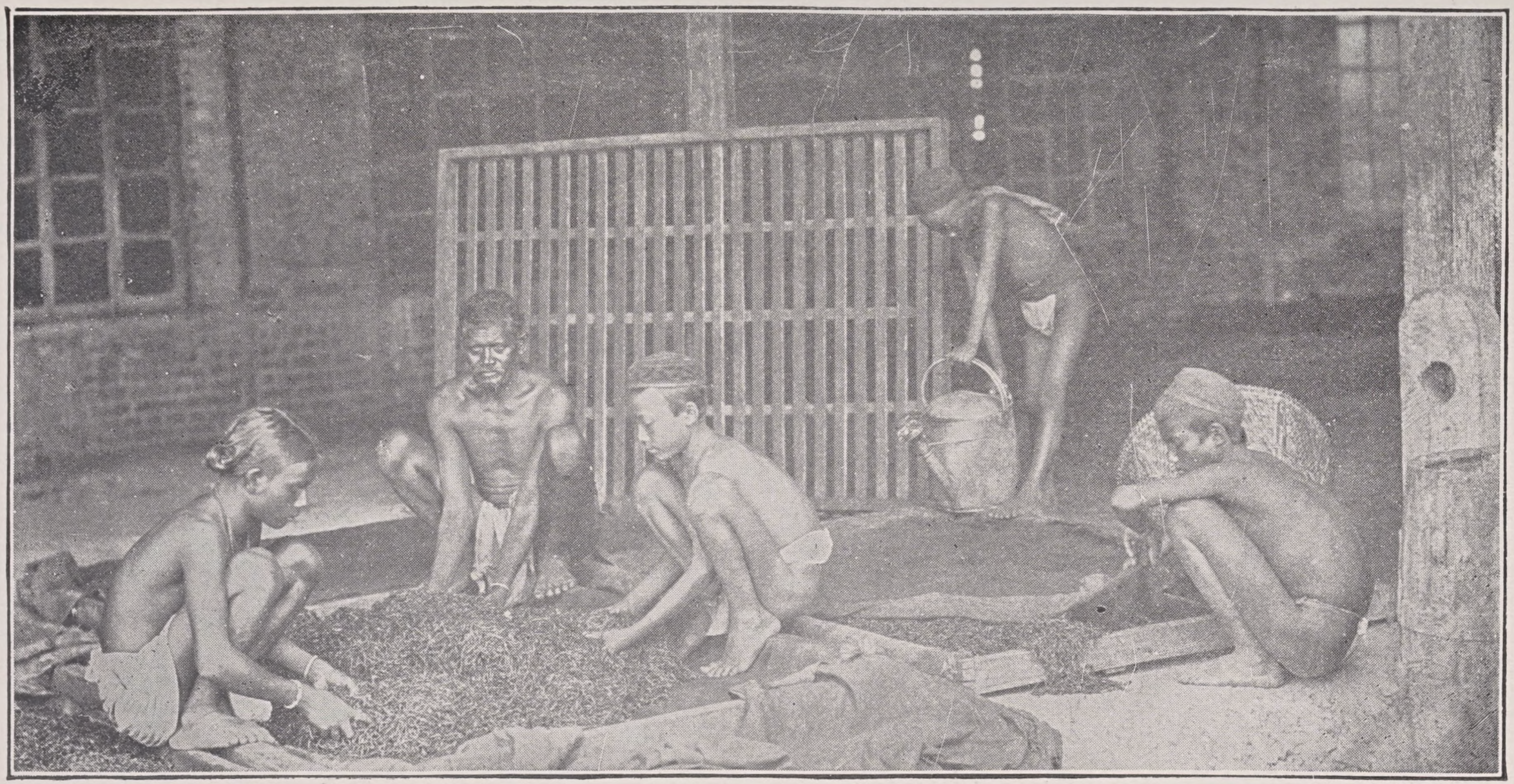
The Europeans rarely walk on foot, and on that account they are not so apt to stumble. As a rule they ride either in carriages or palanquins.

For that reason they do not care much about the condition of the streets either. Even in those quarters where most of them travel the air is full of dust. Now and then one may see a water-carrier engaged in emptying his water-bag in the street. But it is soon dried up, and the dust flies as merrily as ever.

The Europeans as well as the rich natives generally surround their houses and gardens with high walls, which often conceal a wealth and beauty of vegetation which are to be found only in Oriental gardens.

Of embellishments I may mention the Gardens of Eden near the fort, and the Botanical Gardens, which perhaps in more than one respect have no counterpart.

In the latter stands the world-famed banyan tree, under whose branches a whole army may find shelter. It is not more than eighty-five feet high; but its crown has a circumference of about one thousand feet. It has a main trunk which is not so very thick. But on the other hand it has 417 secondary trunks. When a branch does not seem to get sufficient nourishment it simply sends a fine thread down into the ground and draws nourishment through this. While doing this work the thread adds to its own thickness, and in the course of time it becomes



Work in the Tea Factory.

as thick as the trunk of a small tree. The whole tree now looks like a little forest.

The Zoological Gardens and the museums are also worth seeing.

The English have endeavored to make themselves immortal here by a multitude of monuments. What is meant by all these bronze and iron statues, I cannot exactly make out. But I wonder if the natives look upon them as the white man's gods. At any rate I have grave doubts about this kind of monuments among the pagan Hindus. They can hardly be looked upon as emblems of enterprise and progress. To me it appears that a people is most apt to begin to perpetuate itself in stone and bronze when it is growing old, when it is doting, when it is going the way of all flesh. In America, where everything is still new, we have so much else to build up, to arrange and to put into order, that we have had neither time nor inclination to adorn our surroundings with statues of our departed heroes. In Europe it is said that we are lacking in artistic taste. Maybe. But it strikes me to be both untimely and out of taste to erect expensive monuments among dung-hills and morasses, where a traveler must hold both nose and mouth while he is taking a look at them. Among us it is supposed to be more seemly to clear the ground first. And in this regard it would do the English no harm at all to learn from us; for India is still in need of a great deal of that rough work of clearing and putting things in order which has been carried on with such vigor and success in America.

When travelers meet out here they often ask each other: "What good has England done for India? Has the English rule injured or benefitted the country?"

Let me make a confession at once. I firmly believe that the supremacy of England has been of inestimable advantage to the country as a whole. Not that the aim of the English policy has been good. It is based on egotism, which is a refined expression for sin. But even in this case we may apply the words, "Ye thought evil against me, but God meant it unto good." The numerous peoples who were hostile to each other are kept in check. They are not permitted to fight each other incessantly; but as fellow sufferers under the same yoke they may in the course of time learn to cultivate a better feeling among themselves.

An extensive and complete railway system has been built among them. It is true that military operations necessitated the construction of the railways; but they have nevertheless rendered the people inestimable services. By facilitating communication and by packing the passengers together without regard to birth and merits, the railways have dealt a mighty blow to caste.

Upon the whole the government has done all that it possibly could do to protect and advance the commercial interests of England. Evidently the English speculators are not in India for the sake of their health, nor for the sake of the welfare of the dusky races; therefore it cannot be expected that what the government has undertaken at

The Banyan Tree in the Botanical Garden in Calcutta.

their suggestion should always redound to the greatest advantage of the population of the country in the proper sense of the term. But here and there the interests coincide; and when so little harm has been done in other respects, we meet with another and very important factor which deserves credit for this. I refer to the missions.

Here England takes the lead. In the English nation there are antagonistic forces—commercial interests and the missions. For years they have been engaged in a mortal struggle. Wherever the missionary has gone with the gospel of Christ the agent of the English merchant has followed with his idols, his liquor and his European vices. This is at least true as to India. It is not merely loose talk, that the great mass of the idols in the market of Benares were manufactured in England and exported in English ships. It is a firmly established fact.

It goes without saying that the work of the missionaries in the fields must clash with this sort of commercial interests. The energetic and praiseworthy work in the interest of Christianity and enlightenment which the English missionaries are carrying on in India is a thorn in the flesh of the merchant and the politician. I have mentioned instances on former occasions. If the cause of the missions, which surely have a great future, is carried to victory, blending the millions of India into one enlightened Christian nation, then this people will not only be able to manage its own affairs in every particular; but as I have hinted in another connection, the English supremacy will

be an absolute impossibility, commercially as well as politically.

If this is the consummation of the missionary work it is easy to explain why the politicians and the speculators have such a grudge against it. But it is the more praiseworthy that patriotic and philanthropic Englishmen, many of whom reside in India or have important business connections there, support this work or even make it the chief aim of their lives. These men are the salt of England and — the hope of India.

FIFTY-FIFTH CHAPTER.

A Cattle-Steamer.—A Prompt Board of Health.—An Interesting Frenchman.—Irish Stew.—In Penang.—In Singapore.—Time for Our Departure changed.—Extra Consumption of Coal.—One Hour too late.

We are on our way to Hongkong.

Far be it from me to say that ours is a first-class steamer. No such thing plies regularly between Calcutta and Hongkong. But so far we have managed to get along without injury to life or limb.

Having arrived on board I discovered to my horror that my conveyance was a cattle steamer, and when I saw that the way to my cabin lay between a flock of goats on one side and one of sheep on the other I immediately had an errand to the captain. But he had not dressed yet, and when he turned up he swore that he had nothing to do with the passengers. This was a cattle steamer, and the passengers would have to rough it as best they could.

I was not the only one standing on the deck, however, with his hat full of question marks. Several well-dressed ladies and gentlemen had come on board provided with first-class tickets. Their prospects were as desperate as

mine, and it grew upon our minds that our circumstances could not be improved by means of grumbling and frowning. Having no choice, we might as well leap as crawl into it. Hence we indulged in sarcasms and witty remarks, endeavoring to master the situation to the extent of our endowments.

We were greatly surprised at being ordered to land again all of a sudden. Every living soul, excepting the one thousand goats and sheep which had just been dragged on board through clay and mud. We had to be inspected by the health commissioners before we were permitted to continue our voyage in company with those blessed animals. The plague had broken out a few days previously at Calcutta, and in order to prevent the spreading of the contagion orders had been given to have the passengers on all out-going steamers examined. The natives, who occupied the steerage, were placed in a row along the shore, and we whites were ordered to assemble on a quay. Then came the commissioners. They acted promptly. Wonder if those fellows had been in America to learn to get a move on themselves. They only shouted down to us that we were all right, and more truly they perhaps never had spoken.

The one thousand natives were as quickly disposed of, and we were all satisfied with the examination.

There was one exception, however. This was an elderly French gentleman. He was not tall of stature but very comprehensive, and his better half still more so. He and

his spouse were on a voyage around the globe. They were accompanied by two servants from the very city of Paris, and they made it known in different ways that they were people of noble birth. Neither of them knew much English, but they had a way of utilizing the supply they had stored up. Our Frenchman was very eager to talk, and our captain at first treated him with extreme politeness. But matters soon changed. The captain thought the questions came too thick and fast, and perhaps some of them were a trifle importunate. The Frenchman wondered whether really the most scrupulous measures had been taken to prevent the plague from being taken on board. But when the captain said that he would pardon the plague for everything if it would only come to Paris, there was an end to the friendship, and during the following week scarcely a day passed without those two gentlemen speaking harshly about each other, the captain using coarse language, the Frenchman speaking in a refined, sarcastic vein.

The animals and the aroma which surrounded them soon became familiar to us; and when the goats were standing on the hatches outside, peeping through the windows and saying ba-a-a! while we were dining it was a welcome variation in the midst of the captain's witticisms, which at times were stale or rude.

Between the meals nothing was so thoroughly discussed as the bill of fare. The Frenchman gave us the pitch, and his remarks in broken English were so precious

that some one was always ready to broach the subject of French cookery and Irish stew. The last mentioned dish was served almost every day, and it was highly nauseating to the Frenchman. In some way or other both he and his wife might have put up with the rest of our bill of fare if they only could have procured something better for their two servants from Paris. But it cut him to the core to see those servants compelled to live on such stuff without any guilt on the part of the sufferers.

Not only the captain of the steamer but the very president of the steamship company, who was our fellow- passenger, had to endure the Frenchman's diatribes.

At Penang we were threatened with a quarantine of several days. But we escaped by landing all native steerage passengers on an island, where they and their baggage were thoroughly disinfected, while we had to put to sea again until their places on board had been cleaned. This gave us a chance to make a pleasant trip around the island on which Penang is located.

Penang is growing up into a commercial town of some note, and it is already an important station for English trade connections in the Orient. The population is a strange mixture. The Europeans, especially the English, are well represented. The town is practically English, and it wears a European aspect. The Malays constitute the bulk of the population. But there are also large numbers of Chinese laborers and merchants.

Among the curiosities of Penang is a little brook which

forms an insignificant waterfall in leaping down a rocky precipice. But this waterfall is advertised as nothing else, and it must be the chief source of revenue to the coachmen and the jinrikishamen. No sooner is a tourist on shore than he is asked to take a trip to the waterfall. And

A Street in Penang.

if one takes a seat in a vehicle without saying a word he may be sure to turn up at the falls. But when he arrives there he will admire the way these people know how to improve their resources.

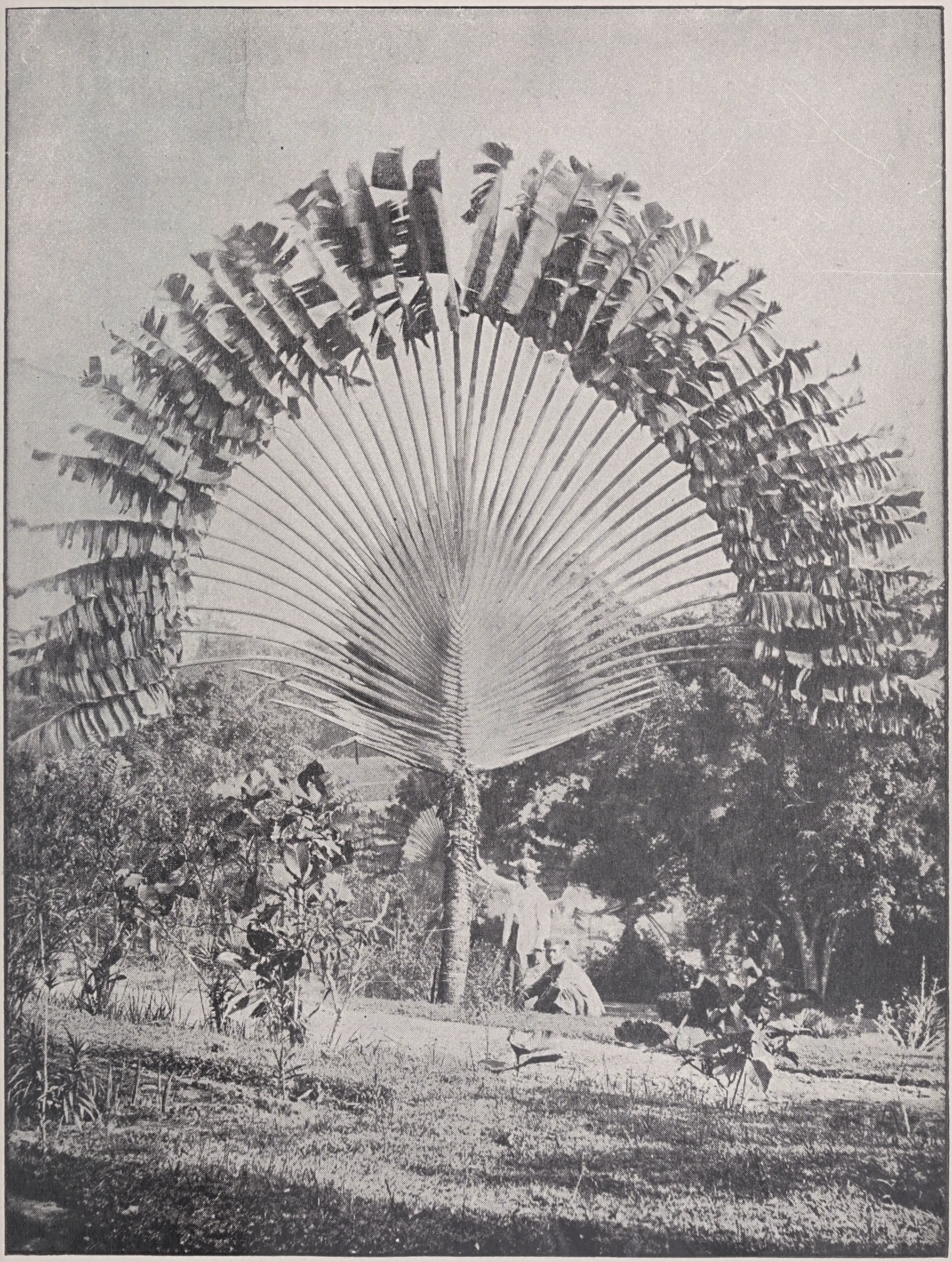
Singapore is the most beautiful seaport town that I have seen. The entrance is simply charming. This place being located only a few miles from the equator, there is no appreciable difference between the seasons. The cli-

mate I would call rather pleasant. There is not the oppressive summer heat of India, and the air is not so dry.

Malays.

The vegetation is rich and diversified, and of fruit there is an abundance of varieties not seen in many places.

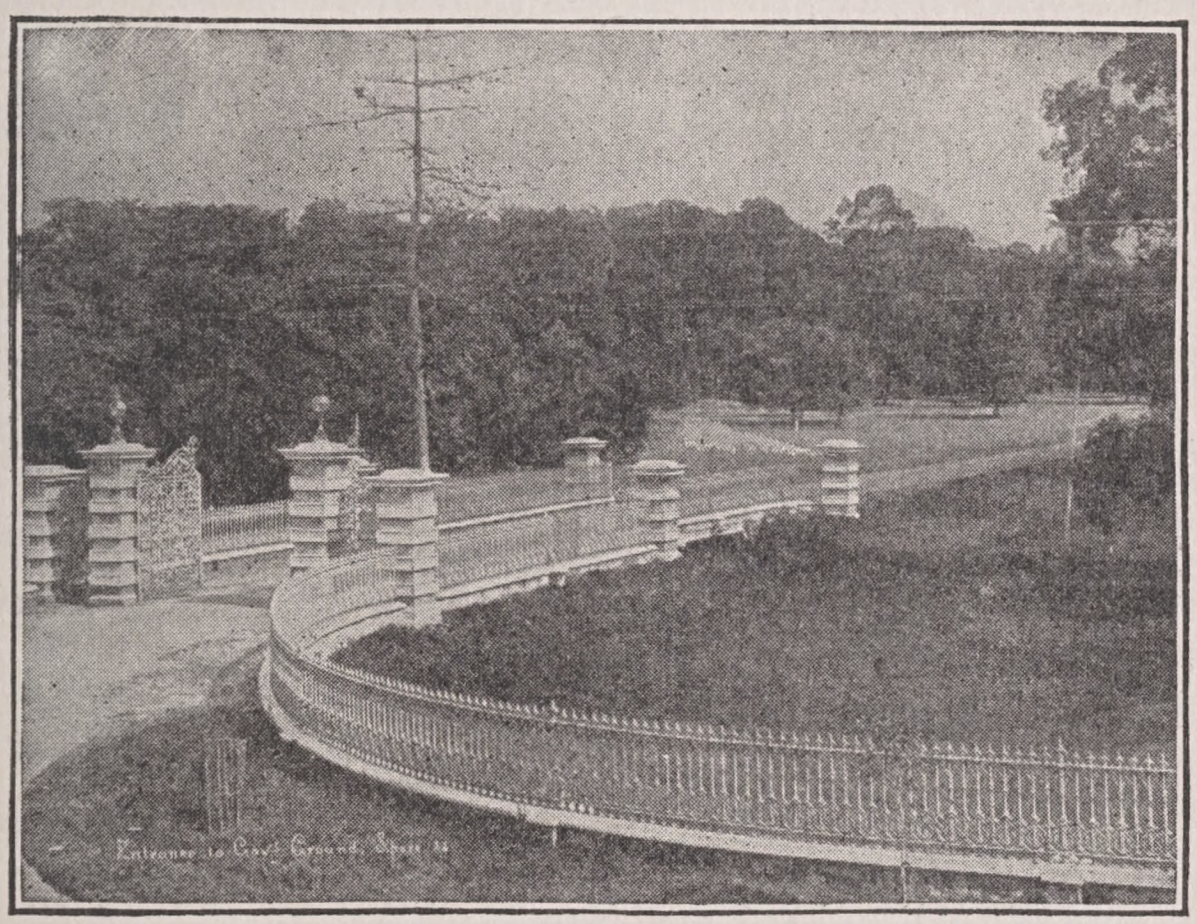
The population is composed chiefly of Chinamen, and this is the finest selection I have seen of the sons of the



The Travelers Palm.

celestial kingdom. They prove themselves to be not only active and energetic, but they display a grit and push which go to demonstrate what this race may become if granted a more liberal development.

Our Frenchman said good-by to us in Singapore. The French consul met him on board and conducted him to the



Entrance to the Government Building in Singapore.

hotel. He wished to continue the voyage with a French steamer and a French cook, but no Irish stew. He assured me that he would rather live on gammelost and fladbrod (a kind of Norwegian bread) than on Irish stew. He had traversed Norway lengthwise and crosswise as early as the year 1869. Then he had learnt to speak a little Norwegian and to eat gammelost, so that he knew what he was talking about. As I passed the dining-hall in the hotel

the French couple were already seated at the table. He sprang up and invited me to come and dine with him. But I had already accepted an invitation from Mr. and Mrs. Sherman of Boston to be their guest at the same hotel during our stay at Singapore. When we entered the dining-hall a little later the Parisians were gone; but the bill of fare remained, and on this we read among other designations, "Irish stew." We promised ourselves fun when we were to meet them at the breakfast table next morning, and we got it. But the Frenchman protested that this was not the same kind of Irish stew. It contained much meat and little potatoes. This might do. "But Irishman very poor man. Plenty potatoes, very little meat;" and that was the kind of stew that we had while on board the steamer. No objection could be raised against the cooks of this hotel.

When we left the steamer in the morning the captain had fixed the time for our departure at three o'clock in the afternoon the next day. This left us plenty of time for sightseeing, and we laid our plans accordingly. We had just returned from a pleasant outing in the jinrikisha, a vehicle pulled by one man, when the purser, trotting and gasping for breath, came and told us that the steamer had been waiting for us a whole hour. How was that? According to our calculation we still had two hours to spare. Well, the president of the company had received information which necessitated a change of the time of departure.

"We shall be on board by three o'clock," said Mr. Sherman. "We cannot be there any earlier."

"Then we must sail away," said the man and left us.

And what should I do, who did not have enough money to buy another ticket!

"Keep cool," Mr. Sherman said. "If he departs we

Various Kinds of Fruit.

shall be amply paid for our stay here as well as our delay in Calcutta."

Between us the president was a snobbish Armenian who had managed to rise until he had become one of the most influential business men of Calcutta. On this occasion himself and the foreman at his iron works were on their way east to inspect a large steamer, for the purchase

of which he was negotiating. He was prevented from going on the day fixed for our departure, and on that account all of us had to stay in Calcutta waiting for him almost a week. This is my conclusion from a few words that escaped his foreman, who is my state-room companion. At Singapore he had received more definite information as to the place where he might see the steamer. But in order to reach it he would have to be in Hongkong no later than the eve of Good Friday. Hence the change of the time. By means of a lead of three hours and the extra consumption of a few hundred tons of coal Hongkong might be reached in time if no storm interfered. This was the calculation.

We reached the quay exactly five minutes before three o'clock. Our ship was not there, and Mr. Sherman was just giving orders to have us taken to the American consul when we were told that a steam launch was waiting for us to take us to the steamer, which was restlessly rocking to and fro about one mile off the harbor.

Mrs. Sherman and myself were somewhat afraid that the people on board the steamer would make fun of us upon our arrival. But Mr. Sherman made us understand that he would dispose of that part of the game. And so he did. Both the captain and the shipowner were standing at the gangway as though each of them were ready to gobble up his man. But Mr. Sherman ran up the ladder, stared them squarely in the face and asked them if they took us for Chinamen or missionaries whom they could

handle as they pleased. Not a word in reply, and not a muttering afterwards either. But the engine at once began to beat, and no attempt was made to save coal.

From day to day the shipowner walked about, anxiously inquiring how many miles she had made during the past twenty-four hours and asking the captain whether she could make her mark. During the first days the captain spoke in a rather hopeful vein. But then we encountered contrary winds, and just at dusk we anchored at the entrance to the harbor of Hongkong. One hour earlier, and she could have glided into the harbor. As we weighed anchor next morning we were passed by the steamer with which our nervous shipowner was so anxious to continue his journey. It had cost him hundreds of dollars' worth of coal to reach the place in time, and now he blamed us for his vexation, delay and loss.

But Mr. Sherman thought it cost us passengers fully as much both in cash and patience to wait for him in Calcutta; and now we had just about squared our accounts.

FIFTY-SIXTH CHAPTER.

The Easter Holidays in Hongkong.—Soldiers and Warships.—Drunkenness among Our Warriors.—Comfortable Vehicles.—Swift Runners.—The Police of Hongkong.—Mendacity.—Small Boats used as Dwellings.

We came to Hongkong on Easter eve.

Hongkong is an English city, and the Englishmen have a large number of holidays which are scarcely known in America. The Easter holidays had commenced on Maundy Thursday, and all business houses were closed until the next Tuesday. The rats had taken a square meal out of one of my shoes during the last night I was on the teamer, and now I had to walk about during the Easter holidays with a part of one of my socks exposed to the view of the public. But being Mr. Sherman's guest now too at the largest hotel in the city, I was not suspected of being a tramp anyway.

Hongkong is built in terraces along the sides of a mountain which rises almost two thousand feet above the sea. The island belongs to the English, and the plan of the city is wholly European. A cable tramway carries passengers up and down the mountain slope, accommodat-

ing the numerous citizens whose residences are located high up the mountain.

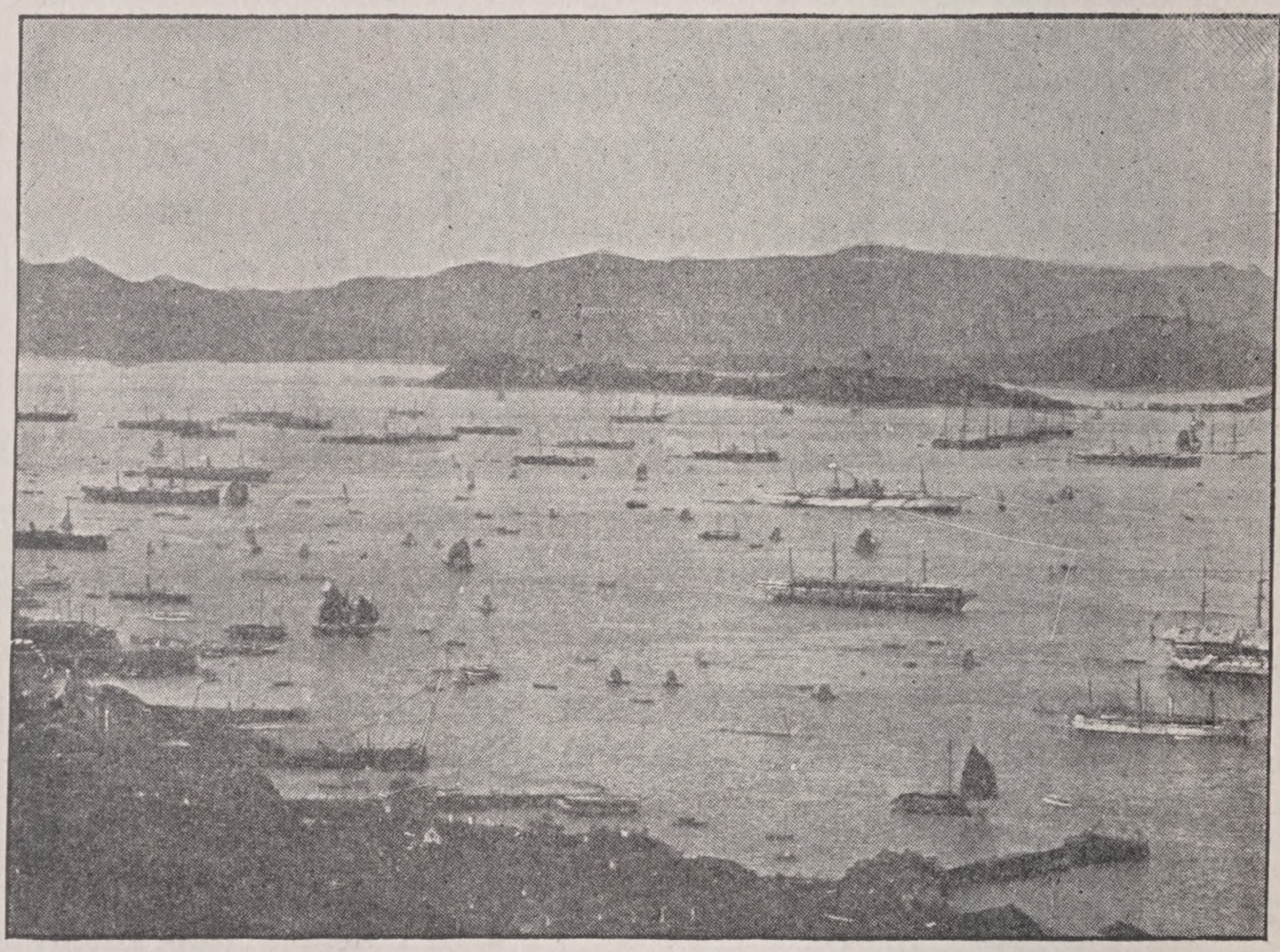
The view from the summit is quite charming. But the city below is lost, while just above the verge of the declivity your eye sweeps the harbor with its numerous ships, and the islands on the opposite side.

Hongkong is England's chief naval station in the Asiatic waters, and there are always several warships in the harbor. A strong garrison is also kept at this place, and at times the streets are swarming with soldiers in blue or red uniforms.

After our war with Spain Hongkong has become one of our neighboring cities, being located only a three days' voyage from Manila, and the harbor is often visited by our warships. Just now there were no less than four such. Three of them had belonged to Spain and had been taken here by Lieutenant Hobson to be repaired. We boarded two of them, which were standing on dry land and were practically minus both sides and bottoms. It seems to me that bran new vessels might have been built for what it cost to repair these old boxes. But honor, you see, and that is expensive at times. Now we may evermore point to these as unquestionable proof of our terrific fighting qualities.

One of our well manned little gunboats lay in the dock, and our blue-coated heroes had furlough every day. As an American citizen I felt proud when my eye struck the stars and stripes waving from the little steam launch which

carried a squad of our brave men ashore. But more than once I was ashamed when I met a Chinaman trundling an American officer who was dead drunk, in a wheelbarrow. I have heard a great deal about intemperance in the American navy, and I have believed part of it; but it never



The Harbor of Hongkong

occurred to me that we were to be advertised thus in foreign seaports.

I talked with several soldiers, and they assured me that the condition of the army at Manila was still worse. Debauchery of all descriptions was not only tolerated but actually encouraged by the officers, who set the young men a bad example and led them to speedy ruin. I would not

have mentioned it here unless I had ascertained from other and absolutely reliable sources that it is a sad truth which should arouse the American people to indignation. We began this war in the name of civilization and humanity. The nation demanded it, and she gave her best men into the hands of the government to liberate an oppressed people. The government was not authorized to lead them to moral perdition, to disgrace our civilization among the heathen. Let every conscientious citizen step forth and make the proper party responsible for the young men! Or will the fathers and brothers of the young men shoulder the responsibility themselves?

The most interesting personages in Hongkong are the jinrikishamen. We met a number of them both in Penang and in Singapore. But in those towns they find the horses to be dangerous competitors In this city it is different. I saw only two horses in the course of the week I stayed there, and they were not in use. If one desired a ride, the cheapest and most comfortable way was to be carried in a palanquin or drawn in a jinrikisha. The prosperous Europeans generally keep special carriers. It is cheaper than to keep a horse. But to the traveler the two-wheeled vehicle seems more attractive. When a person is ready to start he simply walks out on the street, steps into a jinrikisha and tells where he wants to go, and off he goes at a trotting speed to the tune of five cents an hour.

It is actually incredible how fast these men can run. In Singapore the Shermans and I mounted one jinrikisha

each, and we covered a distance of about seven miles in one hour. The men ran a race, laughing and shouting the whole distance, while the sweat coursed in streams down their naked backs. We told them not to run until they burst. I do not know whether they understood us, but they only laughed and increased their speed.

A Street in Hongkong.

I cannot tell anything about the lungs of these men, but their legs and feet were very highly developed.

But they do not want to pull up hill. On Easter Sunday we were going to the graveyard, and we came to a little hill. My man, who was in the lead, suddenly stopped, dropped the shafts, faced me and said: "Walkee, too high". This he took to be English, and it could easily be understood. I had to step out and walk. It was "too high" for him to pull, and the others followed my example.

The policemen of Hongkong are distinguished from the common run of people not only by their uniforms but chiefly by their complexion, all of them having been imported from northwestern India. Their complexion is dark brown. They are well formed, and according to my notion they are the finest type of men on earth.

It was a shrewd move on the part of the English to import these men to keep order among the Chinamen of this place. They are both tall and strong, and they cherish a certain aversion to all Chinamen and Chinese affairs. So there is no danger of collusion between them and the natives in case the latter should cause trouble.

I witnessed how one of these policemen settled a quarrel between a Chinaman and one of our Nowegian-born marines. The question was how much the soldier should pay for a jinrikisha ride. The Chinaman was not contented with what he had received, while the blue-jacket claimed he had paid according to the regulation; when the policeman had heard both sides, without understanding a word—he was evidently devoid of even the least smattering of either English or Chinese—he placed his fist under the chin of the Chinaman, who took to his heels, pulling his rickety jinrikisha after him.

Of course the policeman knew who was apt to be the biggest liar of the two, the Chinaman having the reputation of being unexcelled as a prevaricator. The Hindu is smooth; but John Chinaman is said to go him one better.

And lying is accompanied by dishonesty and stealing. At times he will carry it so far that it must be regarded as an art in its way. I recently read about one who came into the court house in Hongkong just as the supreme court was in session, and began to raise a ladder near the judge. The judge and the officials were somewhat dismayed at the untimely action of the man and asked him what he was up to. He claimed that he had been ordered to take the clock to the watchmaker for repairs. But if he caused any trouble he would gladly leave and return at a more convenient time. Oh, no; the judge held that when he had already caused so much of a disturbance he might as well take the clock with him and be through. He was not the man to refuse such an advance, and the clock never returned. This game could not be beaten even in America.

I do not know whether I am right, but I have a vague suspicion that a Chinaman does not think it is a very grave sin to lie a little to a foreigner or cheat him out of some of his earthly belongings. If he is very successful, avoiding punishment, it is a question whether he does not even look upon it as something meritorious. But he is well aware that it is sinful to lie to and steal from another Chinaman.

Though there is room enough on dry land hundreds of families are living in small boats all around the harbor. The family live from the water either by fishing or by carrying passengers back and forth. And in China it seems to be a rule that those who make a living on the water should also dwell on the water.

These boats are provided with loose decks which may be taken apart and removed. Below this is the sleeping room. There a person may lie down, but there is not room enough for sitting erect. The wife acts as captain. She stands at the helm, manages the sail and commands the crew with a nimbleness of tongue and a loudness of voice which borders on the indescribable.

Out of curiosity I took a ride with one of these family boats. We had a good breeze, and the sail was well filled. But the mother still kept the other two grown women at the oars, and the boat made such speed that the spray flew around us. Two boys on the deck were making fun of me; and five chickens were perched on the gunwales, looking out upon the water. A strange sound was heard right under me, and the looks of the mother told me that I had to shift my position. She raised a trap door and with one hand pulled out a screaming little boy, whom she slung upon her back and fastened with stout ribbons, without minding the little fellow's actions. But she did not for a moment cease lashing the other women with her tongue, and they in turn made good use of their talking apparatus in self-defense. As to the whereabouts of the man, I have no idea. Perhaps he was sleeping below. He might as well do so, I think; for I could see no use for him on deck, his worthy spouse ruling everything there.

FIFTY-SEVENTH CHAPTER.

Opium.—A devilish Mission.—The English Government in the Role of Opium Smuggler.—A Heathen Government confiscates Queen Victoria's Opium.—The Opium War.—Warnings.

Opium? Poor people!

I saw more than I desired of the use and effects of this article among the Chinamen that accompanied us from Singapore. In Hongkong I had ample opportunity to see opium smokers who were older in the service, and there are uncomfortably many dens where the vice is cultivated before the eyes of the public.

During my stay in India I repeatedly passed through the city of Patna, a station where the government manufactures large quantities of opium. I noticed that the opium chests which were exported were marked with the stamp of Empress Victoria, but at that time I did not think of the significance of this label. Now that I have seen a little of the effects of the use of opium, which I shall not undertake to describe in detail, I have also thought and read more about the cultivation of and trade in this poison, and in this connection I thought it would not be far out of the way to point out a few historical facts.

The opium plant has been known in China from ancient times. The poppy has been cultivated, and opium has been prepared and used by the natives. But as the Chinese opium is mild it does not acquire such a powerful dominion over its victim as does the article made from the Indian plant.

Opium Smoking.

In India too the opium plant was known at a remote period. But as it attained its greatest perfection in that country the people at the same time also learned to realize the dangerous qualities of opium. The heathen, therefore, prohibited this destructive poison by a religious law. Some of the rulers went to the extent of prescribing capital punishment for using opium.

But that happened before Christian England acquired

control of the country. Since this event a change has taken place.

The first English governor-general of India ignored all laws and regulations bearing on this matter; sent out agents provided with the necessary means to encourage the cultivation of the plant; built factories and established agencies for the preparation and sale of the goods—all for the purpose of raising revenue for the government.

But the consumption did not increase fast enough in India. Hindus and Mohammedans could not easily be made to destroy themselves by the poison, and the government had to look around for a better market in order to swell this revenue. There are the Chinese. And they too are only pagans.

To hell with them, the governor must have thought, if there only is a chance to make money.

The Chinese heathen, however, were not aware of the excellent qualities of the Indian product, and they were not disposed to buy it. But where there is a will there is a way. The Chinamen had to be educated up to the use of the drug. It would cost some money of course. But just imagine what revenue would flow into the coffers of the government if the millions of China could be made to acquire a taste for Indian opium!

Two cargoes were sent to the celestial kingdom for free distribution, and government agents followed the expedition to proclaim the gospel of opium to the Chinese pagans. The use of this article would blot out all sorrows

and anxieties, make life bright and delightful and every now and then enable a person to take a flying trip into the higher and brighter regions, where everything is glorious and where a poor mortal may enjoy pleasures which can never be comprehended by him who does not indulge in the use of Indian opium.

The Chinese at first acted as the woman in the garden. Opium was "a delight to the eyes" and "to be desired to make one wise," and as it did not cost anything they placed just a tiny bit of it into the pipe made for that purpose. The English agent lit the pipe.

"Wasn't it beautiful?" he asked the Chinaman when he came to.

"Where have I been?" the pagan asked.

"In heaven," said the representative of the Christian government. "Be not afraid. Use diligently what I have given you, and next year I will bring some more. Then you will not get it for nothing; but I will sell you this blessing reasonably cheap."

And he kept his word. He returned with one thousand chests of opium. The trade at first was somewhat slack, only those who had already fallen being willing to buy. But these were in turn used for the purpose of proclaiming the great blessing of the new article until the sale in a few years had not only grown to considerable volume but had also brought a handsome revenue into the treasury of the government at Calcutta.

But the Chinese officials soon became aware of the dan-

ger with which this traffic threatened the nation. The emperor appealed to the English government with an earnest protest against the opium trade, pointing out that thousands of strong men had been reduced to mental and physical wrecks by the use of Indian opium. He employed all the arguments known to diplomacy; but England had a chance to make money, and that consideration determined her course.

The emperor now tried his best to stop the opium trade by law, prohibiting the importation, sale and use of the poisonous stuff, and prescribing severe punishment for violating the law.

But England was not to be checkmated. The Chinese empire was large, and some of its officials could easily be bribed. Smuggling, therefore, was the next step resorted to, and the sale, instead of being stopped, increased faster than ever. Now the emperor prescribed capital punishment for smoking opium and even had a number of guilty persons executed in the English warehouse to make the representatives of "civilization" understand what a nefarious traffic they were engaged in. But this only gave the English government a chance to put on angry looks and demand satisfaction for such an offensive procedure. Meanwhile the English agents were agitating in favor of having a license substituted for the prohibitory law, explaining that such a measure could be made to yield the Chinese government a large revenue.

But the pagan emperor would not listen to such diabol-

ical arguments. On the contrary he made up his mind to destroy the dangerous traffic root and branch. A commissioner was appointed to see that all imperial edicts relating to this matter were strictly enforced. This commissioner came to Canton in 1839 and confiscated no less than three million pounds of opium belonging to the English. The value of the goods was put at ten million dollars. The emperor gave orders to dump the opium into ditches dug for the purpose, mix it with lime, salt and water and turn the mixture into a creek which carried it to the sea.

This act caused England's greatest queen, Her Majesty Victoria, to declare war against China in 1840. Her majesty's warships soon turned up, forts were bombarded, soldiers were landed, and the great queen was victorious everywhere, leaving thousands of butchered Chinamen who sacrificed their lives for a holy cause. But the powers of hell and Queen Victoria's government stood behind the soldiers, and China was defeated and had to sue for peace.

England demanded that four new harbors be opened and that she be permitted to import opium. Besides, the island of Hongkong and twenty-one million dollars were exacted as indemnity for the expenses of the war. It goes without saying that China had to yield to these demands, and the Christian (?) nation conquered the heathen nation. Or what?

It is claimed a prominent preacher in London has said that the war with the Boers is the darkest spot on the government of Victoria. He is mistaken. This is not only

the darkest spot on the government of Victoria but the blackest and most infernal act recorded in the world's history of wars.

I once saw a painting representing England's popular queen facing an African prince, who asked where the secret of England's greatness was to be found. She handed him a Bible, saying: "This is the secret of England's greatness."

This contained a truth. The blessings which the Bible has brought England are many and great, and the influence of England's many Christian men has been far-reaching. But if this great queen and this powerful people have been conscious of this fact, she and her people must also have been prepared to be fully responsible for the manner in which this power and greatness from God have been wielded.

It is true that the secret of England's greatness lies in the Bible. But in the same book lies also the secret of England's great fall—or does it require a prophet to predict this? He that has some knowledge of the course of history and believes in the truths of the Bible knows that the Lord is an avenger of all recreancy to the duties imposed by him, this rule applying to nations as well as to individuals. He did not spare his own people, Israel, and why should he spare a nation which, though better informed and more enlightened, has been still more recreant?

As surely as the Lord of Heaven holds the fate of the nations in his hand, the English nation will some day be called upon to square accounts. The fact that this day has

not already come is due to those believers in the Bible who never cease protesting against the unjust foreign policy which England has pursued during the past one hundred years. The late Gladstone, supported by the pious element of the English people, was one of those who checked evil influences and endeavored to conduct the government of Victoria in closer conformity with the truths of the Bible and the Christian code of morals, and there are those who still believe that his statesmanship was as able as his piety was ardent. Will somebody take his place, or is the cup almost full? Time will tell.

Other Englishmen have also raised powerful voices against this particular national sin. As an instance of this we quote a few lines from Rector Cleife's "Darkest England." He is himself a patriotic Englishman and knows what he says:

"I have called the opium traffic 'England's Greatest National Sin' for these, among other reasons:

"1. Because we allow our Indian subjects to indulge in a vice which is unlawful in this country.

"2. Because we sell opium in Burmah against the religion and wishes of the people.

"3. Because we sell it to China, and will not allow an extra tax to be put on it when carried inland, thus preventing any province of China from protecting itself by a local prohibitive duty.

"4. Because it is a very great hindrance to Christian missions.

"Dr. Medhurst tells us, 'Almost the first words uttered

by the Chinese is, "Why do Christians bring us opium? . . . The vile drug has destroyed my son, has ruined my brother, and well-nigh led me to beggar my wife and children. Surely those who import such a deleterious substance, and injure me for the sake of gain, cannot be in possession of a better religion than my own."

Rector Cleife further writes:

"Perhaps there is no greater anomaly than the fact that her Most Gracious Majesty is both 'Defender of the Faith' and also a dealer in opium, selling it in very large wholesale quantities; and what perhaps seems still more anomalous is that a single cake of the drug can be purchased at the Government stores for other than medicinal purposes. Moreover, her Majesty identifies herself with it so closely that her initials are placed on the drug, and the stores are guarded by her soldiers.

"When our beloved queen in 1858 took possession of India, the proclamation announcing her direct control renders homage to our national faith in God and in Christ, 'Firmly relying ourselves on the truth of Christianity, and acknowledging with gratitude the solace of religion.' Let these noble words inspire us to use every effort, that no one may say: The same person who is styled 'Defender of the Faith' may also be described as 'A seller of opiumballs for other than medicinal purposes.' — — — — — — — —

"The 'Annual Reports on the Administration of the Bombay Presidency' show that opium which is grown, manufactured, and sold by the Indian representatives of our

Christian queen, Victoria, is beginning to find its way into Africa. In her early womanhood she was able to tell an African chief that the secret of England's greatness was the Bible. The majority of Englishmen concur with that statement. Let them therefore demand that our Asiatic policy be not contrary to the teaching of God's Word and thus uphold our religion and the honor of our beloved queen."

Let the Christian men—and women too, for that matter—of England heed the appeal of Rector Cleife, urge and urge again until the people are so thoroughly aroused that nothing can prevent the washing away of this stain at least, the ugliest stigma with which history has yet branded any civilized nation.

Or does anyone believe that England's opium traffic does not look so base and infamous in the eyes of the sober and critical historian as I have represented it? For the benefit of him who thinks the author of this book is guilty of exaggeration I shall quote a few lines from Cesare Cantu, one of the greatest historians of the world:

"Though the English would seem to owe some consideration to a country with which they carried on an immense trade and which supplied them with tea, an article of trade which is now looked upon as necessary, they demanded that the Chinese should change both laws and customs, and after the manner of smugglers they defied the authorities by violating the regulations prohibiting the importation of opium. The emperor was shocked at this outrage on the part of the foreign barbarians that so recklessly transgressed his boundaries and his laws and encouraged the vices of his subjects, and the trouble led to bloody encounters, which developed into a formal war."

FIFTY-EIGHTH CHAPTER.

In Shanghai.—To eat with Sticks.—The Chinaman's Sense of Beauty.—Small Feet.—Christian Missionaries in Chinese Dress.—The Late Rebellion.—Locating the Responsibility.

From Hongkong I sped homeward, A stay of twelve hours did not leave much time for sight-seeing at Shanghai. But I had the satisfaction of seeing how a genuine Chinese city looks.

The portion ceded to the Europeans constitutes a sort of suburb down to the river. I had to hunt up the American consulate, the more so because the consul was a Minneapolis man. But I found only Chinamen dressed in silk at the office.

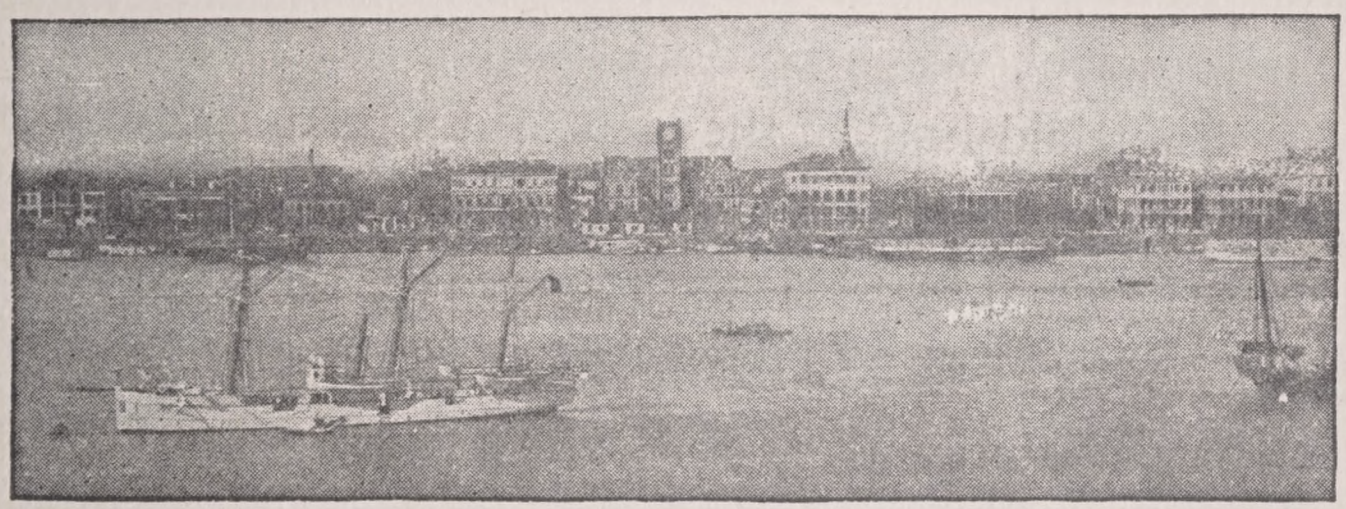
Shanghai proper is enclosed by a high wall. You may ride in a wheel-barrow or a jinrikisha up to the gate. But inside of this the streets are not wide enough for any kind of vehicle. Those who do not want to walk must be carried, or else they can get absolutely nowhere.

A guide took me through the narrow passages, and in less than three minutes I lost my bearings entirely.

I was conducted from trading booths to tea gardens and pagan temples, and everywhere my guide bawled and bragged about the glorious sights which he showed me.

A drinking booth in a bizarre tea garden cut an important figure in his mind. Only people of distinction came there to spend a few pleasant moments in company with their friends. This was one of Li Hung Chang's favorite resorts when he was in the city.

In the pagan temples he urged me very persistently to have the priests make an offering in my behalf. It would do no harm and might do me some good. The white



Shanghai.

man's God was all right as far as his field extended. But in Chinese waters every sensible European ought to pay some attention to the Chinese gods. In one temple he was bound to have ten cents. I gave him the money. Immediately he handed the coin to a priest, who pulled out a bunch of strips of paper which he burned. Now, my guide assured me, I could continue my journey with greater safety. By this ceremony the priest had offered a prayer for me. It cost me five cents in United States money. Cheap enough. The natives do not pay that much. But

there are so many of them that I trust the priest is doing a good business at his stand anyway.

At first it occurred to me that the prices of Chinese goods were rather high, and I said so to my guide. "You no ask plices," he said. "Me ask. Me no Eulopean fool. Me Chinaman."

Next time I let him ask for the price. But the merchants suspected that I wanted the goods and put their prices accordingly. Then the old man became angry—he was advanced in years—and they soon were in the midst of an excited quarrel, which no doubt would have lasted longer if I had not laid hold of the arm of my man and told him to follow me.

"Me teach them, me no Eulopean fool, me show, me Chinaman," and he waved his arms in all directions.

What is a missionary to do with himself when he comes to a city like this? I thought to myself. The problem is not so difficult in cities having European colonies. But for a European to go among the Chinese and settle there requires firmness and courage. Seven-foot streets, house upon house everywhere, and everyone of them swarming with human beings of all ages and sizes. Many places in India presented a discouraging aspect; but this is far worse. A few hours gave me all that I could stand, and I was glad to come outside the wall again and breathe fresh air.

But for all that it would be unfair to say that the Chinese are a thoroughly filthy people. Dirty as the

streets were, men could be seen tripping along without soiling their shoes, and even people whose clothing bore an unmistakable stamp of poverty were scrupulously clean. In many cases I saw how they prepared their food, and almost invariably I would have dined with them without hesitation if I had been very hungry. I would have been obliged to employ my own methods, however, for it would have been a long and laborious process for me to fill up an empty stomach by using two slender pins instead of a spoon. Perhaps I might have followed the example given by some others in my presence: they put the bowl to the mouth, using the pins only for shoving the food into the mouth; but I plead ignorance as to whether this method indicates good manners. It occurs to me that the pins are to be held by the fingers of the right hand, one finger being placed between the pins. The two little tools must be managed in such a way that they take up the food as if in pliers and carry it to the mouth. It is a trick which I shall not undertake to learn until I have more time to spare, and even then I may possibly shrink from it. But John Chinaman makes it work.

What the Chinaman holds to be fine he stubbornly persits in using even if it proves to be unpracticable. His style of dress, for instance. He looks upon it as more beautiful than ours, and on no account will he give it up. Whether it is comfortable or not is out of the question.

To us it would seem uncomfortable for a lady to have such small feet that she cannot use them to walk on. But

it is an old fashion. Men of good breeding cannot brook ladies having well developed feet, and mothers who want their daughters married to prominent men must see that their feet grow no bigger than they were when they were born into the world.

It causes excruciating pain to the girl to have her feet squeezed and crippled. For years she must suffer unspeakably, until the circulation of the blood is stopped and the deformed limbs become insensible. Her moans and cries doubtless touch her mother's heart; but the thought of her daughter's future requires obedience to the dictates of fashion, and fashion prevails.

Poor people cannot afford to practice this torture upon the feet of their daughters. What makes the practice so expensive is the necessity of keeping servants to carry them. For that reason none but the daughters of rich people and people of rank have their feet dwarfed.

I saw several Christian missionaries wearing Chinese garments. Cannot say that it was very becoming to them. They must suppose that this will bring them nearer to the people. But I suspect that the natives will not think so much more of them on account of this condescension. They cannot conceal their European origin by means of clothes, especially if their hair is red; and if I was correctly informed the Chinese think that the European garb is good enough for white people, while a European is apt to be suspected of being conceited when he wears a mandarin's uniform and tries to imitate the manners of the Chinese nobility.

At the time of this writing there is rebellion in China. The Christian missionaries have been either murdered or chased out of the country. The great powers have sent considerable military forces to Peking to relieve the legations of the different powers, which have been besieged for some time, and establish order.

This rebellion has been characterized as a persecution of the Christians and a struggle against our civilization, for which reason attempts have been made to make the missionaries responsible for the international complications growing out of this event. The missionaries, it is claimed, have grown bolder and bolder, forcing their way into the interior of the country, thereby arousing the hostility of the people and causing a general uprising. We often hear expressions of this nature: "Let the missionaries stay away. They have no business there. The Chinese have their religion and civilization. which are good enough for them. And if the missionary is bound to meddle with their affairs, then let him suffer for it without embarrassing the government of his own country. The different governments ought to absolve themselves from all obligations to protect the lives and property of missionaries in other countries," etc.

Such expressions as these betoken more of ignorance of the matter in question than of evil intentions.

It is a grave mistake to suppose that the missionaries and Christianity are directly responsible for the rebellion in China. And it is equally far from the truth to claim that

the uprising of the so called Boxers is aimed at the Christian civilization. In fact the Chinese are not so unsusceptible of religious influences from the outside world as they have been represented to be.

This is proved by the prevalence of Buddhism. It is well known that this religion is comparatively new in China. Some two thousand years ago it flourished in India, for a time entirely eclipsing Hinduism. But when Hinduism again prevailed in India, Buddhism forced its way across the Himalayas into Thibet and thence into China and Japan. But it was introduced by missionaries who were not followed by a host of venders of opium, dealers in liquor and ravishers of women.

It may as well be admitted that not a few missionaries are sent out who ought to have remained at home, because their stubbornness and foolishness make them do more harm than good in the missionary field. Furthermore, China is a missionary field that requires special gifts which very few European men and women possess. It requires capacity for learning the language of the country, interest in the traditions of the people, its religion, mode of thinking and general habits of life, as well as eagerness to become familiar with these subjects; but above all a warm and generous heart which not only takes pity on the people and is willing to suffer for them, but which is keenly alive to the particular distress under which they are laboring; a heart which enables the missionary to identify himself unreservedly with them and endeavor to carry their bur-

dens. When such a missionary is permitted to continue his labors in a community which the rumor of a European merchant has not reached, he needs not entertain any fear for his life. The Chinaman may find it difficult to understand the doctrines of the Christians. But there is one language which all heathens understand, and that is the love which they find here. It takes Jews or Christian pharisees to kill people on account of such love. None but men who have hardened themselves against love can kill the Lord's messengers.

Unfortunately, however, the Chinaman has learned to know the white man through the opium peddlers, England's opium war and business men of other nationalities; and as all white men claim to be Christians the Chinaman judges Christianity according to the acts of those representatives of Christianity—acts which he has seen and still can see from day to day with his own eyes. He concludes that a person is only what his religion has made him.

To him the white man's behavior looks devilish, and in keeping with this the Chinese call the Europeans "white devils."

Now the missionaries enter where the rumor of the European outrages has gone before them, and they are naturally looked upon as the pioneers of the religion and civilization which are responsible for the foreign evils which have made the whole people tremble.

This is doubtless the cause of the uprising against the missionaries in China. If the different governments, and

more particularly those of England and Russia, had acted honorably, conscientiously and in a Christian spirit towards China, and if the products of our civilization with which the Chinese had come in contact had corresponded with the requirements of the Bible, perhaps no one would have raised his hand against the missionaries. Place the responsibility where it belongs!

But it may not be untimely to ask whether it benefits the cause of the Kingdom of God in China to have the missionaries appeal for protection to those very governments which have forced the opium trade and other ugly sins upon the country and disgraced themselves. It is certainly reasonable to ask how the missionaries expect to win the confidence of the people as long as they seek refuge among the enemies of the people.

No one should seriously propose to have the governments refuse to protect the missionaries when it proves necessary. But on the other hand it may be worth while to consider whether the Christian missionaries in China should occasionally side with the people and not prove themselves to be so dependent upon the temporal power.

FIFTY-NINTH CHAPTER.

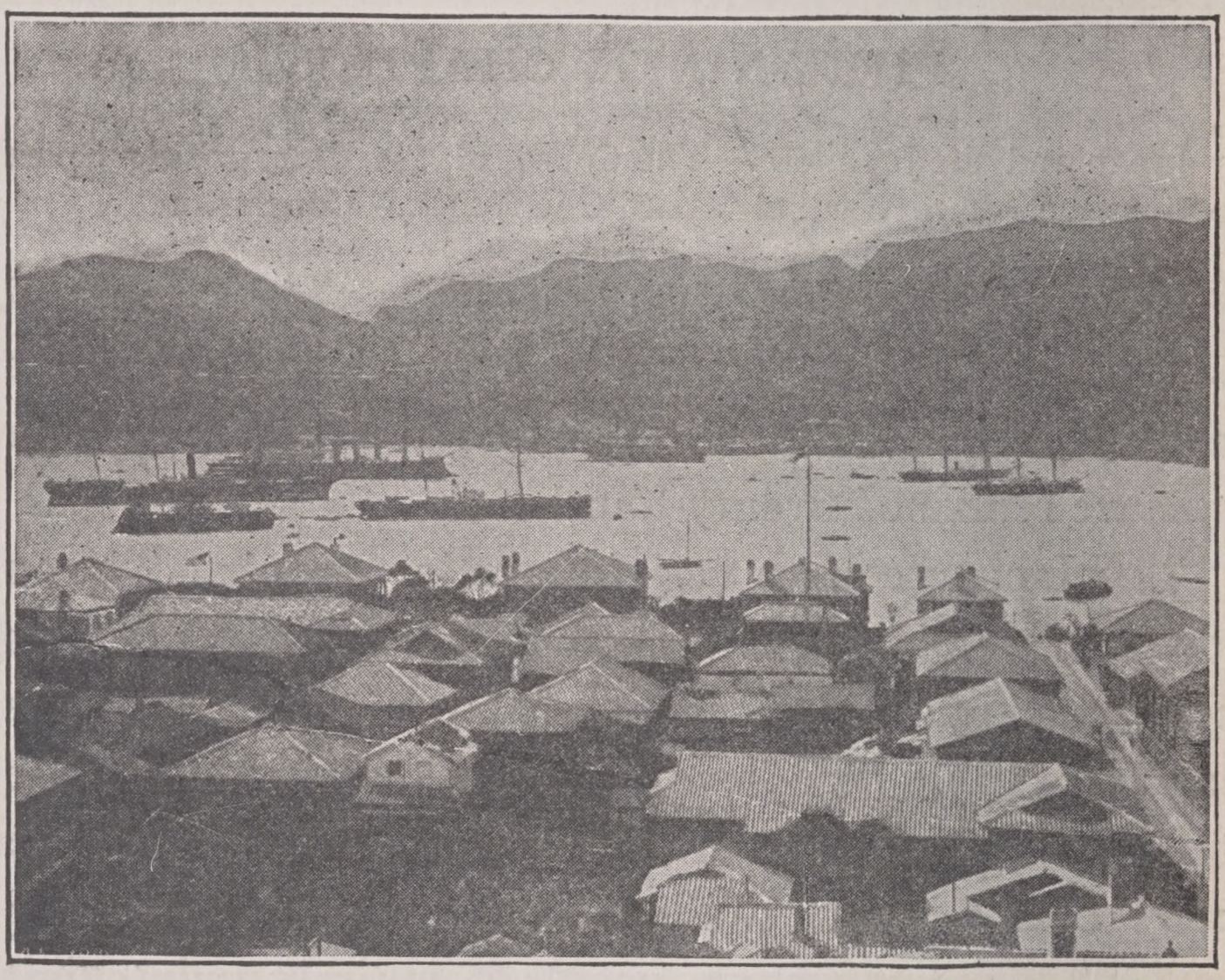
Japan and the Japanese.—The Couse of the Enterprising Spirit of the Japanese.—Two Wednesdays in One Week.—Conclusion.

Our next landing place was Nagasaki, Japan. We spent one day there. Thence we sailed through the Inland Sea to Kobe, where we also had one day's rest. At Yokohama we remained twenty-four hours.

The Japanese are a very interesting people. They are closely related to the Chinese, but differ considerably from them both in facial features and habits of life. Strange as it may seem to us they have the same written language but entirely different spoken languages. The written characters mean the same to the Chinese and the Japanese. But the pronunciation of one people is entirely unintelligible to the other.

In ancient times the emperor was supposed to be a god or his vicar, and the divine worship of the Japanese consisted mainly of obedience to the commands of the emperor. At a later date Buddhism was introduced and mixed up with the old religion of the people, and there is scarcely a place in the whole world where Buddha has been held in greater esteem and honor than in Japan. I

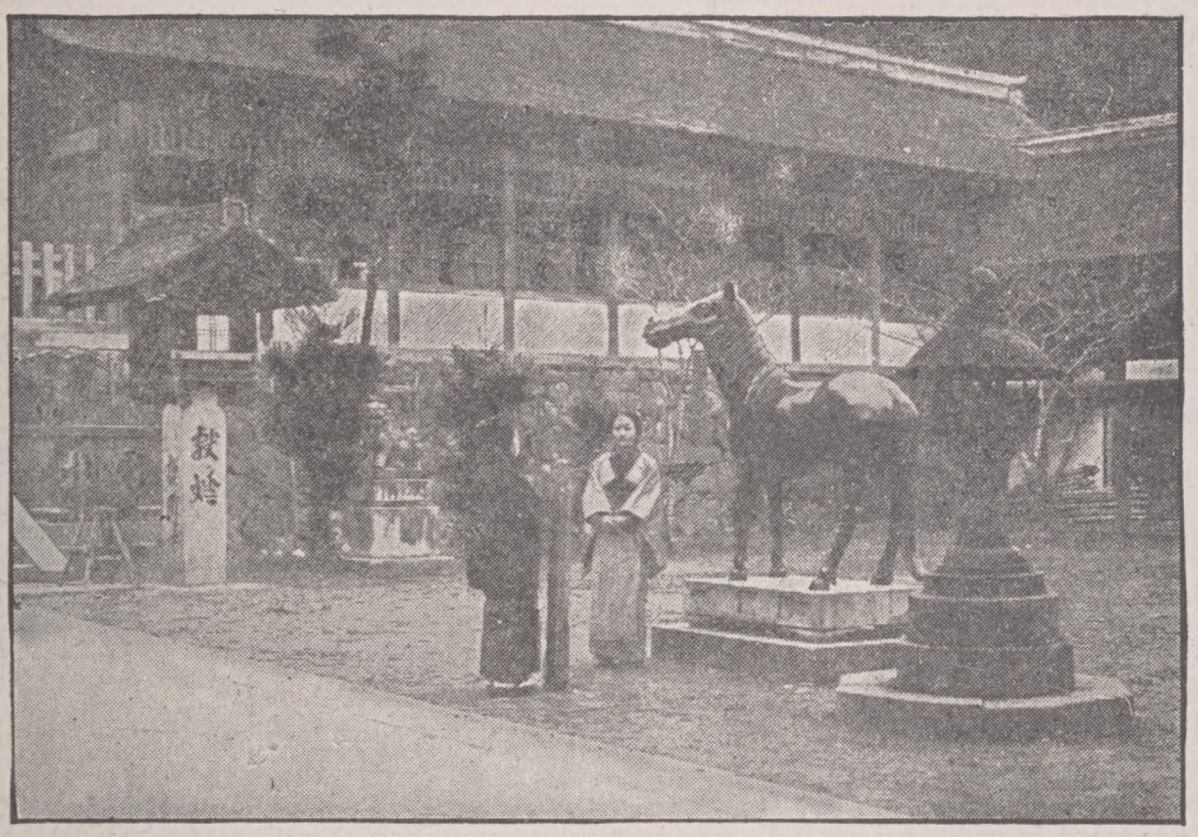
entered several of the temples and can truly say that he is doing well, excepting that he is suffering from old age. But it appeared to me that a little fresh paint would improve his looks in many particulars.



The Harbor of Nagasaki.

The Japanese are not so afraid of foreigners as are the Chinese. They are glad to see a European and learn from him. They are polite and accommodating and do not resort to abusive language even if there are grounds for doing so. For instance, when a tourist walks through a large and elegantly furnished Japanese store to look at its numerous curiosities, have their prices given and their

merits explained, but leaves after an hour's stay without buying anything, the proprietor remains amiability personified during the whole time, accompanies the tourist to the door, bows profoundly and extends a most cordial invitation to him to call at the store on some other occasion.



The Bronze-Horse Temple at Nagasaki.

In all the harbors were large steamers flying the Japanese colors. Ten years ago a Japanese steamer was a rare object. The Japanese have learnt from the Europeans to build ships and to trade, and they have already done enough to prove that they are fully able to compete successfully with their teachers.

How can this Japanese progressiveness be accounted for? Do the Japanese differ so greatly from the Chinese?

Hardly. Originally the Japanese were as much afraid of foreign influences as are the Chinese. But during the past one hundred years the Japanese have come in contact with the outside world in an entirely different way. Japan was opened to the world without war and bloodshed, by a na-

Jinrikisha.

tion which had no opium smugglers to protect. In the year 1853 the government of the United States succeeded in opening negotiations with the emperor of Japan, and the result was a commercial treaty which was signed at Yokohama the following year. Through the commercial connections thus established between America and this country the people gradually learned to see that closer re-

lations to foreign peoples might be advantageous, and soon the same privileges were extended to England, France and Russia. Such rank injustice as that perpetrated upon China has never been offered to Japan. The Japanese have learned to know the best traits of the foreigners. They

A Japanese Kitchen.

begin to perceive that we are human beings and not "white devils", as the Chinese call us.

Whether the missions have any great future in Japan, I cannot tell. I visited several schools in one of the cities. They were all American institutions. One of them was a learned apparatus which compares very favorably with an American college. Pagans as well as Christians

are admitted to these schools. I was told that several members of every graduating class are baptized, and one of the missionaries informed me with a certain satisfaction that a goodly proportion of them are of noble birth, which fact he took to be a good omen.

Another authority claimed with considerable emphasis that the educational development of the people is characterized by a rationalistic and sceptical tendency; that many of the pupils of the Christian schools have lost their faith in Buddha; but that this loss has not been made good by the spirit and ardor of Christianity.

Little can be said about the voyage across the Pacific ocean. I was eager to return home. It took over two weeks from Yokohama, Japan, to Vancouver, British Columbia, and in one of them we had two Wednesdays. We came to the 180th meridian on a Wednesday, and when we reached the western hemisphere we found it to be one day behind, the day of the week there being Tuesday. The only thing we could do was to submit and run in another Wednesday.

The journey is successfully completed, and only the memories remain. They are not all recorded in this book. Many of the best ones are left out, and so are a few that cause me pain whenever they are recalled. I have had occasion to compare Christianity and paganism, civilization and barbarism, and I feel both grateful and humiliated. Grateful for the unspeakable mercies showered upon us who have

been living under the influence of the gospel of light and have been benefited by the progress of the nineteenth century. But humiliated on account of failure to perform the duties imposed by those blessings.

The darkness of paganism is great, and the burdens of the nations are heavy. The Christian missions have accomplished great things. But there is still an immense host to be gathered in. "The harvest is plenteous, but the laborers are few. Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that he send forth laborers into his harvest." In view of the vastness of paganism the Christian missions are still like glimpses of light in the darkness.

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